ON THE COROMANDEL COAST

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

HISTORY OF FORT ST. GEORGE, MADRAS.

THE NAUTCH GIRL.

THE FOREST OFFICER.

A MIXED MARRIAGE.

THE SANYÂSI.

DILYS.

CASTE AND CREED.

THE TEA PLANTER.

THE INEVITABLE LAW

ON
THE COROMANDEL COAST

BY

F. E. PENNY

AUTHOR OF THE 'INEVITABLE LAW' ETC.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1908

CRITICS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

'We must receive with discrimination what we are told about India, for it is the most distant of lands and few of our nation have seen it. Those, moreover, who have seen it, have seen only a part, and most of what they say is no more than hearsay, Even what they saw they became acquainted with only while passing through the country with an army in great haste. Yea, even their reports about the same things are not the same, although they write as if they had examined the things with the greatest care and attention. Some of the writers were fellow soldiers and fellow travellers, yet ofttimes they contradict each other.'

STRABO.

'One thing is sure; they [the natives of India] are much the most interesting people in the world—and the nearest to being incomprehensible. At any rate the hardest to account for. Their character and their history, their customs and their religion confront you with riddles at every turn—riddles which are a trifle more perplexing after they are explained than before. You can get the *facts* of a custom—like caste and suttee and thuggee and so on—and with the facts a theory which tries to explain them, but never quite does it to your satisfaction. You can never quite understand *how* so strange a thing could have been born, nor why.'

MARK TWAIN.

All rights reserved

DS
485
M28 P4

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	THE FISHER-FOLK	1
II.	FAMINE	15
III.	MADRAS CATHEDRAL AND CONGREGATION	27
IV.	THE BISHOP AND THE ARCHDEACON	44
V.	AN OLD PORTUGUESE SUBURB	61
VI.	THE RIVER	75
VII.	A LADY MERCHANT AND A EUROPEAN GALLEY SLAVE	87
VIII.	THE GOVERNOR	97
IX.	OLD MADRAS AND ITS WORTHIES	108
X.	OLD BLACKTOWN AND ITS MERCHANTS	124
XI.	EURASIANS	138
XII.	POOR FOLK	153
XIII.	TRICHINOPOLY	163
XIV.	THE OLD GARRISON	177
XV.	LOAFERS	191
XVI.	ORPHANS	204
XVII.	THE INDIAN GARDEN	216
XVIII.	PEOPLE TRICHINOPOLY HAS KNOWN	229

M313367

port must combine facilities for inland trade as well as a good anchorage. The little ship was a swift sailer, and she dispensed with an escort, thus exhibiting an unusual independence for those days when piracy and buccaneering flourished unchecked. She crept up the inhospitable coast observant but unsuccessful. A formidable line of surf confronted her throughout the entire length of the peninsula. She passed the spot where Madras now stands, then a barren stretch of pale sunburnt sand, and reached Masulipatam. Here the Dutch East India Company had already established a factory. A boat was lowered; an English merchant and one of the Dutchmen were sent ashore. The boat was upset in the surf and the Englishman was nearly drowned. He was already afflicted with that curse of the tropics, dysentery, which he had contracted in a former voyage to Java. The immersion brought on a return of it and he died a few months later at Masulipatam. He was the first victim claimed by the Coromandel Coast from the ranks of the Company's servants. He heads a list unnumbered that extends over nearly two hundred and fifty years.

The ships in which the Europeans made voyages to the East were of about three hundred tons burden. The travellers had to contend with many dangers. In addition to bad weather and attacks from pirates there was the vital question of food and water. The casks that contained the water supply rotted in the tropical climate and barely lasted out the voyage. The water with which they were supplied at the different ports of call teemed with bacilli, producing forms of disease unknown to the English doctors.

The jealousy of the Dutch did not allow the English to remain in peace at Masulipatam. At the end of a quarter of a century they were driven to seek a new centre for their operations. After various adventures this

was found further south. The spot chosen had nothing to commend it but its negative qualities. It had no harbour, no natural fortress, no deep inland waterway. Its undesirability gave the handful of Englishmen who formed the first colony a reasonable hope that they would be left unmolested by a stronger power.

There was a village of Muckwas, the peaceful fisher-folk of the Coromandel Coast; but they pursued their gentle craft and paid no heed to the foreigners. Their humble mud dwellings were not calculated to excite the cupidity of the strangers and they had nothing to fear. Here upon the bleached sand in front of the terrible surf the servants of the Company built a fort which they named after their patron saint, St. George (1640). The fort formed the nucleus of the present town of Madras, and proved, by its steadily increasing prosperity, that the old merchants had made no error of judgment when they planted the Company's flag upon its walls. Whatever the difficulties of shipping might be without a harbour, it was the right centre for the inland trade.

The directors of the Company, however, were unable to pierce the secrets of the future. When they read a plain unvarnished description of their new settlement their faith in their agents was broken. They could see nothing in it that held out any hope of success. It was their custom in those early days to keep what they called 'Black Books,' two volumes of which still remain for posterity to smile over. The names of defaulting servants were entered with the offences of which they had been guilty. The names of the two men who were the founders of the new agency were duly inscribed in the following manner: 'Frauncis Day, blamed to be the first projector of the Forte of St. George. The worke begunne by Frauncis Day and paid for out of the Company's cash.' After the name of Andrew Cogan, agent for the

Coromandel Coast, comes 'To answeare the building of the fforte St. George, the charge whereof hath cost from ye first of March 1639 to ye thirtieth of June 1643 pagodas new 9250.'

It was in September 1877 that I had my first view of the long low shore of Madras. In the pearly haze of the muggy heat a Muckwa paddled his boat towards the steamer. His dark wet skin glistened in the rays of the sun like the scales of a fish brought up from the depths of the ocean. A rope was thrown to him, and by its aid he climbed up the bulwarks and dropped on deck. His sole articles of clothing were a diminutive loin-cloth and a conical grass cap. He took from the cap a packet of letters wrapped in oil-cloth and handed them to the captain's steward. Having executed his commission he departed as he came and paddled away towards his fishing-grounds. No wonder the old sea-captain, who saw the Muckwa for the first time, took him for a demon and recorded the event thus: '6 A.M.—Saw distinctly two black devils playing at single-stick. We watched these infernal imps above an hour, when they were lost in the distance. Surely this doth portend some great tempest.'

Since the entry was made in the log-book the Muckwas have changed neither their habits nor their appearance. The same primitiveness marks them in dress and in their mode of living. As the fisherman welcomed the huge steel ship of modern build, so one of his forbears must have greeted the *Globe*. He carried letters from the Shahbunder or port-officer to ask for information concerning the strangers and what their mission might be. In a similar manner St. Xavier and the Portuguese traders were met, and centuries earlier St. Thomas, who is said to have visited India fifty-two years after the birth of Christ. The boats of the fisher-folk remain unchanged

in form. They consist of three logs lashed together and propelled by a paddle that is nothing more than a narrow plank. The rapidity with which the paddle is worked, now on one side, now on the other, is very suggestive of the infernal imp playing at single-stick.

St. Thomas and his successor, St. Xavier, were closely connected with the Muckwas, who are said to have received Christianity at the hands of the Apostle himself. The fact of St. Thomas's visit to India has never been historically proved; it rests solely on tradition. In the 'Acts of St. Thomas,' supposed to have been written in the second century, it is related that the twelve Apostles divided the world between them for the purpose of spreading the joyful tidings. India fell to the lot of St. Thomas, whose doubting heart sank appalled at the prospect of such distant journeyings. The legend proceeds to say that he hesitated and delayed in fear and trembling to take up his mission. A certain king in South India had commissioned one of his merchants to bring back a carpenter. Our Lord appeared to the trader and sold St. Thomas for twenty pieces of silver; whereupon the vacillating saint was carried off by force to the East. He was put ashore at Cranganore on the west coast, and from there he went to Cochin; later he found his way to the Coromandel Coast, where he was martyred by the Brahmins, who were jealous of his success. Bishop Heber, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Kennett, and various other authorities gave credence to the fact of his visit to the south as well as to the north of India.

In countries where there is no regular method of recording history, tradition is valuable. The people cherish the tales of their fathers and hand them down to posterity. As Dr. Kennett observed, Arabs, Syrians, and Armenians have made pilgrimages from time immemorial to the spot which they believed to be the burial place

of St. Thomas, and such belief was not to be lightly regarded. When St. Francis Xavier, the friend of Ignatius Loyola, arrived in the middle of the sixteenth century he found a primitive form of Christianity in existence among the Muckwas. There is archæological evidence that Christianity had been introduced into Mylapur and St. Thomas's Mount as early as the eighth century. The community at the Mount suffered persecution from the heathen; but the fishermen with their poverty and gentle inoffensiveness escaped. In the eyes of their rulers they were beneath contempt, and they were left to practise any religious rites they chose to adopt. Their religion suffered from want of supervision. It was overlaid with the idolatry of the devil-worshippers of the south and it needed reformation. It was inevitable that this should happen, for they had been left to themselves too long. There is no record of their having received a visit from any missionary between the time of St. Thomas's death and the arrival of St. Xavier. It seems little short of miraculous that any instruction given by the Apostle should have remained at all. Their hearty welcome to the Portuguese saint showed that they were not altogether ignorant of the moribund condition of their Church. They listened to his teaching and submitted to a certain amount of reform. When he left them—to their great regret—they honoured his memory by adopting him as their special patron saint. As time passed on they almost deified him. To this day they appeal to him in moments of danger, crying 'Xavier! Xavier! Xavier!' and drown with his name on their lips. They make the same appeal in sickness and when they have any misfortune with their nets and find them empty.

On certain occasions they make sacrifices to the Blessed Virgin Mary on the beach. The ritual is semi-heathen in its character and is of a propitiatory nature.

It takes place at night and its performance is picturesque and impressive. The sacrificial fires are lighted on the sand near the rolling surf. The worshippers group themselves round the flickering light of the flames and perform a pujah without the assistance of their priests. The ceremonies are more suggestive of the practices of the Dravidian followers of local demons than of a Christian rite. Yet the Muckwas cannot be called anything else but staunch Christians. They possess their own churches in the various villages along the coast. Their ritual is jealously preserved, and any attempt to eliminate unorthodox ceremonial meets with opposition and resentment. The want of education renders reformation difficult, and of late years the priests who serve their churches have thought it wiser not to interfere. These priests are of Portuguese extraction and come from Goa. They are chosen by the fisher-folk because they belong to the same national church to which their beloved saint belonged. In retaining the services of these men the same conservative spirit is shown as that which prompts the retention of the doubtful Christian ceremonies.

Their churches usually stand within sound of the sea. The fishermen present the first catch of the season in the buildings, bringing the fish fresh and dripping from the nets. Although close to the waves the highest points on the shore have been chosen as sites, and the fishermen's huts cluster round them. The presence of the church, instead of the temple, is a marked feature of the Muckwa hamlet, and reminds the voyager of the sunny coasts of Italy. The church in Madras is dedicated to St. Peter. It occupies a large piece of ground granted a century ago when land on the Coromandel Coast was less valuable than it is now. In former days the Muckwa village stood near the opening of the river Cooum. The fishermen had built themselves a little church similar in character to

those round the coast. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Government desired to clear the immediate neighbourhood of the fort of surrounding buildings. In carrying out the improvements it was necessary to remove the village and the church. A piece of ground upon the seashore further south was given as a site for the hamlet, where it now stands. The church was built to the north of Madras. There had always been a colony at this spot. To suit its needs, as well as those of the colony in the south, Government assigned a piece of waste ground beyond the limits of Georgetown for the church and also for a burial ground. Attempts have been made more than once on the part of certain bodies to dispossess the Muckwas of their property, but the grant holds good, and the attempts have been unsuccessful. All encroachments, whether in the matter of ritual or in the appropriation of their property to other uses, have been steadily resisted, and the Muckwas' church stands intact, proving that in spite of their love of peace they could be firm and determined if they chose.

The Europeans were not long in discovering the utility of the caste. When the merchants wished to land the Muckwas piloted them through the surf, which was too heavy for the ship's boats. When they had established themselves ashore, the fishermen again served them, this time as porters and palanquin bearers, transporting them and their goods inland as they had transported them through the surf. The Muckwa still plies the oar in the masulah boats that carry cargo to and from the ships anchored in the harbour. The rest of the tribe continue their former occupation of fishing, which is a thriving trade in the present day. They live in huts built of mud and thatched with palm leaves. Some of the huts are circular in form, the walls being not more than four feet high, and the space within extremely

limited. The village that lies between the Fort and St. Thomé possesses some dwellings of a better class. In the centre of this group stands a brick-house with terraced roof and substantial verandah. Its proportions are not large, but compared with the humble huts that nestle up to its side, it is a palace. It is the residence of the head of the caste, the fisher-king as the people call him. In bygone times the chief of the Muckwas occupied a hut like the rest of his fellows. A modern ancestor is said to have met with a stroke of luck by which he was enabled to build himself a mansion suitable to his dignity as head of the caste.

The old fisherman, who has no longer strength to go out with the fishing fleet, occupies himself on shore searching the high-water mark for flotsam and jetsam. He discovers all kinds of treasures, driftwood that serves for fuel, baskets, fittings of ships, and articles thrown or lost overboard, remnants of cargoes swallowed by the sea in shipwreck; even jewels and money may sometimes be found washed up after long years under the salt water. The storms create fresh currents, the sandbanks are displaced, and the treasure is released. It is said that a Muckwa chief, too aged to accompany his sons, employed himself in this manner one day after a severe storm. He picked up a box that had been washed ashore which contained a number of bank-notes. Neither he nor his family recognised the nature of the treasure trove, and the notes were thrown aside as being valueless. A grand-daughter tidying the little mud hut found the slips of paper and fastened them round the walls by way of ornament. One day a Government peon had occasion to call at the hut of the Muckwa. It happened to be a cold monsoony day, and the person he wanted to see had taken refuge inside. He stood at the open door and glanced round the room with eyes that grew wide with astonishment. He could

scarcely believe that he saw aright. Seventeen thousand rupees in Government notes were fastened in neat rows upon the walls of the hut. No owner could be discovered for them, and the lucky old fisher-king became the happy possessor of a part of the sum. With it he bought more nets and logs for boats and built his house. To this day the family is wealthy in fishing-tackle; and the women wear jewels which mark them as rich in comparison with their neighbours.

When the monsoon has blown off some of its fury and settled down into gentle breezes the sea is comparatively smooth, although it never sinks to the gentle ripple of the southern English coast in summer. There is always a line of breakers even in the calmest weather. They roll in from the Bay of Bengal, as the waves roll in from the Atlantic on the French coast and fall in subdued thunder upon the sand. The Muckwa braves the elements at most times of the year, and the waves must be very boisterous to keep him from his calling. At dawn the log-boats are launched and are paddled out of sight, where the long deep nets are floated. The water teems with fish. The catch is sold to middlemen, who dispose of it to the market stall-holders. A considerable quantity is sent up country, and a large percentage is salted for native use. The salt fish of India is an abomination to the nostrils of the European. When curried its strong odour is almost lost in the pungent spices with which it is prepared. To a palate vitiated by garlic, assafœtida, and fiery arrack it is doubtless acceptable, but the European regards it with suspicion as being a possible source of cholera. It also bears the evil reputation among the medical men of producing a form of leprosy known as elephantiasis, common on the Coromandel Coast. The people themselves will hear nothing against their much-loved diet, and ascribe the malady to another cause.

They say that it is the result of the curse laid upon the descendants of the murderers of St. Thomas; and cholera, they aver, is the work of the malign goddess, Kali.

The boats return between five and six in the evening, sailing landwards with their square sails set. The patches of brown upon the horizon redden in the glow of the setting sun. The colour of the sea deepens to a rich purple. The sky overhead is spanned with broad belts of rosy light stretching from the west to the very verge of the sea-line on the east. The log-boats rise on the long rollers, and sink out of sight in the trough of the waves until they are near the breakers. The paddles twirl with marvellous rapidity in the endeavour to keep the rudderless boats straight on the waves. Usually they ride in successfully, but now and then it happens that in spite of all his efforts the Muckwa gets caught broadside on by a vicious wave. The logs part company, letting him drop through into the sea. He seizes his basket of fish and leaves the rest of his property to take care of itself. Through the boiling surf he comes with a débris of floating planks, logs, mast, sail, and paddles. Unceremoniously the sea rolls him ashore, tossing his disintegrated boat after him. Its wrecking causes no damage whatever, and the morrow sees the little fishing craft reconstructed with all its pristine strength and durability. No one is anxious about the result of the accident, for no one doubts that the amphibious Muckwa will reach the shore safely and retrieve every stick of his scattered property.

The harbour at Madras was in course of construction in 1877, and it was not sufficiently advanced to allow of ships anchoring within it; we therefore had to pass through the surf just as men and women of all ages had done before us. There had been a storm recently, and the sea was rougher than usual in the month of September. The prospect of boarding the heaving masulah boat that

awaited us with its eight rowers was not inviting. Aided by a friendly ship's officer and the strong brown arm of the Muckwa captain, we and our luggage were safely transferred. With short vigorous strokes of their spade-like oars the boatmen sent us landward. The captain, who took the helm, shouted to his crew; they responded in a monotonous chant by which they marked time. The boat climbed the large rollers and dipped into the hollows. The boom of the surf upon the shore grew louder as we approached the dreaded barrier. At a signal from the commodore the rowers stopped, and we lay outside the white line for the space of a minute or two. The panting oarsmen recovered their breath, and gathered their energies for the final effort which was to bring us safe to land.

Everything depended upon the boatmen. With oars in the heaving sea they held up the boat until the advent of a larger wave than usual. At the word of command they bent to their work with might and main, straining every muscle in one supreme effort, and shouting their inarticulate refrain. We were caught on the crest of the roller and driven forward with the impetus of the breaking wave, which crumbled beneath the keel into hissing foam. A glance backward showed a second roller almost as big as the first. It towered above the boat, now helpless in the boiling surf, and threatened to overwhelm it immediately, but the boatmen were too quick for the curling wall of water. At a shout from their captain they abandoned their oars and plunged waist-deep into surf hauling us onwards. The roller fell, seething but harmless, just short of our stern. To my inexperienced eyes it seemed a hairbreadth escape, but the Muckwa captain showed no want of confidence in his men. With each breaking wave a rush of water tossed us onward, until we were safely grounded in the long sweep of foam

ten to fifteen yards from the dry land. The roar of the sea, the shouts of the struggling boatmen, and the violent movement of the boat created a scene that was impressed upon my memory for ever. The relief of feeling safe from the perils of the ocean was great. It remained only to lift the passengers from the boat and convey them ashore. Seated on a rough board I was carried by a couple of stalwart Muckwas over the creamy foam and placed upon India's 'coral strand.'

In the old days the landing was frequently attended by accidents in stormy weather. Boats were overturned and valuable cargo was lost. Even if only partially swamped much damage was done to perishable goods by the sea-water. The accidents were often the result of carelessness on the part of the boatmen. Occasionally the carelessness was not altogether accidental. In spite of his Christian teaching, the Muckwa is a thorough Oriental, sharing with his fellow-countrymen the common traits of character to be found throughout the East. The boatmen traded upon the fears of their passengers, as they do in other ports of the present day, and demanded extra fees after they had embarked, pleading as an excuse that extra exertion was needed through stress of weather to avoid an accident. It is on record also that when the baggage was known to have contained valuables they allowed the boat to be upset in the surf. With a show of concern and self-devotion to the travellers they rescued them and received a reward for their pains. The unhappy owners of the baggage were assured that their property was irretrievably lost in the boiling waves. When they had been safely disposed of, the Muckwas dived for the precious boxes and carried them off to their mud huts, where receivers of stolen goods were not wanting.

Through the surf has been carried many a hero who assisted in the building up of the British Empire in India.

Every civilian and soldier who had a part in establishing our rule throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula had to go through it, and be temporarily at the mercy of the 'infernal imps' of the single-stick. Through the surf was carried Clive, the friendless despondent lad who was destined to be one of the greatest of those builders. In the same fashion came Sir Eyre Coote and Lord Cornwallis, who laid down their lives in India, and whose names will live in history as long as the fascinating story of British India is told. When the body of the former was transferred from a vault in St. Mary's Church in the fort to rest in the family vault at home, it was carried to the beach, and the Muckwas piloted it for the last time through the surf and assisted to place the honoured remains on board the Company's ship. The body of Cornwallis still lies in India. Fair women, toiling men, soldiers, merchants, statesmen, and adventurers have listened with beating heart to the roar of the falling waves and to the shouts of the boatmen ; and they have sent up their silent thanks to heaven when they have felt the welcome beat of the boat's keel upon the sand of the Coromandel Coast.

CHAPTER II

FAMINE

We may descend into hell, establish our dwelling in the abode of Brahma or in the paradise of Indra, throw ourselves into the depths of the sea, ascend to the summit of the highest mountain, take up our habitation in the howling desert . . . yet our destiny will be none the less accomplished. All that will happen to us will be such as it is not in our power to avoid.—SLOKA.

THE year in which we arrived in India, 1877, was a dark epoch for the country. A severe famine extended throughout the length and breadth of the land. The news of it reached us before we arrived. They who have never been in a tropical land nor have travelled through a desert have no conception of what drought can do. Drooping vegetation and a parched soil may be imagined, but the suffering which a prolonged absence of rain can inflict on man and beast is not easily realised except by personal contact.

England knows nothing of gaunt raging famine. The nearest approach to such a calamity within modern times has been dearth or dearness of provisions. Under these conditions the poorest classes of Great Britain have experienced semi-starvation, or perhaps even actual starvation, causing death in some cases. But the scarcity has only affected food. Such a thing as a famine of water has happily never touched the British Isles.

Water famines are confined mostly to the countries lying under a tropical sun. It is an appalling misfortune

when springs dry up and the rivers cease to flow; when every vestige of green grass and other vegetation disappears; when the trees stand bare, as in winter, amidst their own fallen leaves, lifting skeleton branches against the fiery sky. The hot winds sweep across the burned ground, carrying the shrivelled leaves along with a crisp rustle, and whirling them up into the columns of red dust that are raised. The village people in the south believe that devils use these whirlwinds as chariots to ride abroad over the land they have cursed, and that they rejoice in the misery of nature. Birds fly away to the foot of the hills and depths of the jungles, where a little moisture may be found. Even the ubiquitous jackal departs. A heavy silence settles down upon the afflicted land, broken only by the clicking of the lizard's tongue. Men, weakened by privation, dig holes with despairing energy in the beds of tanks and rivers, and emaciated dispirited women sit and wait for the oozing of a few precious drops of muddy liquid at the bottom of the hole, and take their turn at scooping it out. The dogs and the cattle, mere skin and bone, sniff with parched tongues and eager eyes; and though they may receive their share of the muddy liquid, yet man and beast lie down at the end of the burning day with parched throats to be tantalised with dreams of the flowing streams and wide pools of the monsoon.

Although we had been told of the famine there was no visible sign of it when we landed. The beach presented an unusual sight, but of that we were not aware at the time. As a rule the sandy shore is deserted during the day, except by the fishermen and cargo coolies at work with the masulah boats. Just before sunset natives as well as Europeans come down to the sea to 'eat the air,' as the Hindu aptly terms it; but at this time the beach was thronged with people all day long. They gathered round the new arrivals, who had appeared so suddenly through

the surf, to gaze upon them with eager curiosity. Their faces bore no trace of starvation, but were smiling with the content and happiness that belonged to a successful picnic-party. Plump and well-nourished, they seemed to give the lie direct to the tales that had reached us. They were the villagers of the districts round Madras, herdsmen and small cultivators, who had been drawn to the Presidency town to seek the charity of a benevolent Government. Their excellent condition was a testimony to the liberality with which that charity had been dispensed. A merry ragged crew it was that circled round me, pressing too close to be pleasant, and with difficulty kept at arm's length by the umbrella that I had unfurled. If this was India, where was the much-talked-of famine?

Far inland it held the country in its paralysing grip. Millions of human beings, dying by inches, waited in vain for the rain that did not come. The cattle died or were sold because their owners had no water for them. The dogs and jackals, gaunt and maddened with thirst, searched the bare countryside in vain for food, and traversed the dry beds of the rivers and tanks for a drop of water. Finding none they fell exhausted, and died by the blasted bushes which could no longer shelter them from the burning rays of the sun. Their sufferings from thirst far exceeded the pangs caused by hunger.

The grain that should have brought relief was heaped upon the shore in sacks. It had arrived thus far by ship, but could get no further for want of means of transport. The railway on which the Government depended did its utmost, sending out freight trains as fast as they could be loaded. But its rolling-stock was limited, and the supply of rice brought by sea far exceeded its capabilities.

It was sad to see food lying there when thousands were dying a few hundred miles away. It is sadder still to have to relate that much of it never reached the

hungering multitude at all. Train after train left Madras and many hundreds of sacks were duly deposited at the different wayside stations. But the bullocks that should have drawn the carts with the grain to the distant villages were dead, and their owners were too enfeebled to do the work of their cattle and draw the carts themselves. They had not even the strength to crawl to the spots where the sacks lay, but died in their villages just as their cattle had died. The railway was unable to remove the whole of the grain. Damaged by exposure to the weather and rendered unfit for food, the rest of it was eventually thrown into the sea, its presence in its putrefying condition being a menace to the sanitation of the beach. Could it have been forwarded into the heart of the country, it is by no means certain that it would have brought relief to the drought-stricken people. Of what use is meat without drink? Frenzied human beings and panting animals may stand knee-deep in corn and yet die in agony if they have not water.

Terrible stories were told by historians of the straits to which the people were reduced by famines in the old days before there were railways to distribute the grain, or to carry the multitudes to the water-springs that were not exhausted. Men and women in the throes of starvation were like beasts, ready to tear each other to pieces in the madness of their hunger, and to slay each other for a cup of water. They even cast hungry glances upon their own offspring, whom they would have robbed of their portion or even murdered to lessen the number of clamouring mouths if they dared. Details too horrible for repetition remain on record in the letters written to the Board of Directors by the Englishmen who served in the East India Company. In 1630–1 and again in 1647 accounts were sent to England of a desolate land, of dead bodies lying unburied and unburned outside the

towns, breeding pestilence for the miserable remnant that survived.

An epidemic in some form or other invariably followed at the heels of a famine, and was more dreaded by the Europeans than the famine itself. In 1630 a letter from the council at the Company's settlement at Surat pathetically relates that the President and eleven of the factors had died of the pestilence. Having more than decimated the Company's servants, it attacked the soldiers and other subordinates, and the letter further informs the Honourable Board that 'divers inferiors are now taken into Abraham's bosom.'

In 1781–2 there was a severe famine lasting two years. The English colony at Madras, who pitied the natives for their sufferings, resolved to extend their charity to them as well as to the poor Europeans and Eurasians. The churchwardens of St. Mary's Church opened a subscription list and collected a large sum of money. The native merchants were invited to contribute to it, but they did not respond with the same liberality as was shown by the English. The fund was known as the Native Poor Fund, and it was administered by the St. Mary's vestry until 1809, when it was developed into a standing relief fund under other trustees for the permanent benefit of the natives. Part of the money was employed in the purchase of the Monegar Choultry, the present poorhouse for the natives of Madras.

Again, in 1807, a severe famine afflicted the Madras Presidency. The report of the endeavours made by the charitable and compassionate English to assist the people penetrated to the distant villages, and the inhabitants forsook their homes in a body in the vain hope of reaching those benevolent 'Fathers of the Poor.' The result was sad, and was thus described by a contemporary writer: 'Not a tree near the sides of the roads leading to Madras

but has the dead bodies of the famished natives lying underneath it.'

India possesses no poor law such as is in force in Great Britain to provide for her paupers. Each family looks after its own poor; and the natives who have sufficient wealth feed others, doing it as an act of charity, which will bring them benefits in their next incarnation. In the old days the efforts of the charitable were curtailed by the want of transport. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Englishmen and Brahmins alike had the will, but there was no means of carrying it out. It was not every district that was fortunate in having men rich enough to relieve the distress in times of scarcity. This fact, combined with the transport difficulty, caused all efforts at relief to fail, and the Government began to see the necessity of taking up the matter. The result is that in the present day the duty of feeding the starving multitude is no longer borne by private individuals. A system of relief works has been inaugurated, and those who are willing to go to the centres established—where water is procurable—and who are also willing to work for a daily wage, need not starve. The rice will not rot again upon the beach, for there are adequate means now of transporting the bags inland.

The natives of the south know the principal famines of their generation by certain names. The one previous to 1877 was called 'the red wind famine.' No one could say why it received that name. The famine of 1877 was 'the great famine,' so termed on account of its unusually wide extent. The famine of 1890–2, when the relief works were established all over the country, was known as 'the fat coolie famine.' The word coolie has much the same meaning as journeyman. It implies a day labourer, one who is paid by the day. The people who earned a daily wage on the relief works were coolies. They grew

fat upon the excellent rice doled out to them in payment of their labour. Their appearance showed that they had availed themselves of the help offered by Government. Many of them would fain have kept it a secret from the more rigid members of their caste, who looked upon the work as beneath their dignity, but there was no hiding the fact. The pariahs and some of the lower castes were not troubled with any scruples; but the higher castes shrank from doing manual labour which was shared with the lower castes, although there was nothing in the tasks that was contrary to their rules. The difficulty, hoary with age, is the same that has ever separated the people of India into factions. It exists in the present day and prevents them from uniting in any common cause. It has been said by the more thoughtful Hindus themselves that India is held not so much by the power of the British sword as by the strength of the divisions between the different castes and peoples of the continent. As for some of the higher castes, they refuse to labour on relief works, though they may be hard working agriculturists in their own stricken districts. They prefer to starve rather than turn labourer, and they do starve and die. It is not easy to sympathise with a people who deliberately choose starvation and death in preference to performing an easy task for a liberal remuneration, more especially as the reason for their refusal is founded on contempt for their fellow-workers. The iron rules of caste do not appeal to the freedom-loving Englishman; he has small patience with the credulity of the Hindu, who believes that dire misfortune will overtake him after death in the shape of inferior incarnations if he breaks his rules. Yet all is done that is possible to keep the most foolish person alive by the benevolent rulers who watch over the interests of the millions committed to their care. And some who comprehend the enormous hold which caste has upon the

Hindu are moved to pity rather than to anger. Tragic tales are told of the endurance and voluntary sufferings of some of the higher castes in the 'fat cooly famine.'

A Brahmin woman in moderately good circumstances lost her husband just before the famine set in. Gradually she and her children were brought to the verge of starvation. She parted with her jewels one by one until there remained only the thali, her marriage badge. This, too, had to be sold like the rest, and there was absolutely nothing else left upon which she could raise money to buy food. The proceeds of the thali were very small, and with the sum she purchased sufficient grain for one meal and some sweetmeat. Mixing opium with the sweetstuff, she divided it between herself and her family, saying: What is the use of life to us who have no food?'

One of her children died, but she and the rest recovered. The matter reached the ears of the police and she was prosecuted for the murder of her baby. The eldest son, a lad of eleven, made a noble attempt to save his mother. He was examined by the magistrate, an Englishman.

'Did you know that the sweetstuff contained poison?'

'I knew it, sir,' replied the boy.

'Do you know that opium is a poison that kills?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And your mother gave you the sweetstuff to eat?'

The boy glanced at the silent despondent woman as though to reassure her, and answered:

'My mother did not give me the sweetstuff to eat. I took it with my own hand and ate it of my own free will.'

'Knowing that there was death in it?'

'Knowing that I should die,' lied the boy firmly and without hesitation in his gallant endeavour to save his

mother from punishment. Needless to say the law did not deal severely with the poor creature.

To an English mind that has had no experience of the East the term sea-beach conjures up visions of yellow sand, bathing-machines, groups of happy children, idle men and women taking a well-earned holiday. The long straight shore at Madras has nothing in common with the English beach. Yellow sand there is in abundance, in far greater abundance now than when my foot first touched it. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century the spray of the waves fell upon the old walls of Fort St. George, and there was no driving road between the beach and the sea-gate. In 1877 the road had been made. At only a few yards distance from it the skeleton of a wreck lay half buried in the sand. As the building of the southern arm of the harbour progressed the sea retreated, throwing up broad stretches of sand behind it, until now in the present day the waves break more than half a mile from the spot where I passed through the surf. Patches of vegetation are finding foothold in the sand; and that prince of sandbinders, the goat's-foot creeper (*Ipomœa pes-capræ*), is extending its strong arms, adorned with blue-green foliage and wine-coloured flowers of the convolvulus form, over the very spot where the rolling wave sent our boat ashore with a mad rush of tumbling water. Another marked feature has made its appearance since that time, altering the very character of the beach and modifying its desolate look. Groves of casuarina trees—the Tinian pine (*Casuarina muricata*)—have been planted. The tree grows readily in the loose yellow sand which even the sandbinder takes time to conquer. The fine drooping pine-like foliage is of a soft sea-green, and the wind soughs through it with an answering echo to the moan of the sea. The plantations at Madras are sufficiently thick and well-grown to mask

large guns that sometimes boom across the water at a floating target.

In 1877 there was not a tree to be seen but the cocoanut palm which grew further inland on the edge of the marshes of the river Cooum. The glare upon the beach under the midday sun was an unpleasant experience as I landed, and I looked in vain for some kind of shelter. To the right was Blacktown, now called Georgetown; to the left was the fort with its low thick walls concealing the terraced houses within. As I waited, while my husband was carried through the surf as I had been, my curiosity was not unmingled with a touch of dismay. The heat of the sun, the dazzling light, the dusty sand stirred by the feet of the famine-wallahs, the crowd of dark creatures staring at me with a greater curiosity than my own, the clamouring porters and noisy touts for carriages, above all the discordant foreign tongue, produced a sensation of helplessness and bewilderment that can never be forgotten. When the luggage reached the shore it was seized by a horde of gesticulating Hindus, who seemed to hurry away to the four points of the compass with it. However, we succeeded in gathering it together, and it was placed upon a hired gharry, one of those antiquated conveyances which are now relegated to the exclusive use of the native. The coachman sat upon the roof, and his large bare feet almost filled up the front window that should have let in air. He was directed to drive to the Capper House Hotel, chosen on account of its proximity to the sea. It was a long drive by a road that ran parallel with the sea. We passed under the walls of the fort and by Cupid's Bow, a fine open space with a bandstand enclosure in the centre. Here the English residents came every evening in their carriages to enjoy the sea-breezes and the music. Here the matches were said to be made, and hence the name by which the spot was

known. Now it is deserted by the sea and by Cupid. The band no longer plays there and the matches are made elsewhere.

Capper House still stands upon the beach near the sea, but it is buried in a casuarina grove that has sprung up since we spent our first night in India. The house was named after Colonel Capper, who built it at the end of the eighteenth century as a private dwelling-house when he retired from the command of the Madras Artillery at St. Thomas's Mount. It is a fine building, pillared with polished chunam columns that look like marble. Here, apparently, the famine had actually penetrated, for the native manager of the hotel came to us an hour after our arrival and borrowed two rupees with which to purchase provisions—so he said—for dinner that evening and breakfast the next morning. He boldly pleaded the famine as a reason for his destitution and the necessity for a loan. Subsequent experience with the natives and poor Eurasians raised a doubt in our minds as to the truth of his statement.

Indeed, the famine entered into every topic of conversation, and served as an excuse for all kinds of actions. Well-to-do Eurasians came to beg—because of the famine. They lost their employment and pleaded for help—because of the famine. They could not come to church or send their children to school—because of the famine. It even penetrated to the Europeans, and ladies excused themselves from offering hospitality—because of the famine. I was given to understand that Madras was a very different sort of place before it was overshadowed by the calamity.

At that time Frederick Gell was the bishop of the diocese, and Charles R. Drury was the archdeacon. The former, who was away on tour at the time, was tall and very thin in figure, a great contrast to the archdeacon,

who had a fine presence which his archidiaconal dress displayed to advantage. A little later, when I had made some acquaintances in Madras, I remarked on his handsome face and admirable proportions to a lady of the cathedral congregation. I observed that his calves were worthy of his gaiters. She replied with a sigh, as though regretting departed glories, 'Ah! you should have seen them before the famine.'

CHAPTER III

MADRAS CATHEDRAL AND CONGREGATION

It is prudent to live on good terms with one's cook, with ballad-mongers, with doctors, with magicians, with the rulers of one's country, with rich people, and with obstinate folk.—SLOKA.

My husband was gazetted to the joint chaplaincy at St. George's Cathedral in Madras, an appointment he held for eighteen months. His colleague was the archdeacon, with whom he divided the duty. The bishop assisted whenever he was in residence, but he was away on tour for more than half the year.

St. George's Cathedral is one of the most beautiful buildings in India. It was erected in 1815–16 on Choultry Plain.

This plain in the eighteenth century was an open tract of land lying between the fort and the jungle that extended to St. Thomas's Mount. The early occupants of Fort St. George, never free from fear of land attacks, were careful to keep the plain open and clear of any undergrowth that might form cover for an enemy. The country must have presented a very different appearance from that which it now has with its beautiful avenues and wooded compounds. It was the French who caused the most uneasiness. They threatened more than once to become a serious rival to the English Company on the Coromandel Coast, and in 1746 were actually in possession of the fort itself. Again, in 1758, they were before the

walls, and were with difficulty driven back. It was not until Pondicherry was taken from them (1761) that the fears of the English were allayed; and then, as is so often the case where there is a reaction after a long tension, the swing of the pendulum carried them to the other extreme, and the English became over-confident in their safety.

One of the servants of the Company, a Mr. Mackay, offered to buy or lease a large portion of the Choultry Plain for the purpose of erecting dwellings for himself and his fellow-countrymen. The Company was very unwilling to make the concession. Though the power of the French was believed to be broken with the fall of Pondicherry, it was impossible to tell what the future might hold in store; they still had a grip upon the land. Mackay succeeded, however, in obtaining his desire, and he set about raising the first of a long succession of noble buildings, which have frequently, and not without reason, been called the palaces of Madras. His house retains its name, and is known as Mackay's Gardens.

The fears of the Company proved to be not without foundation. Urged by the French, Haider Ali made war upon the English, and in 1769 threatened to descend upon Madras itself. The terrified inhabitants of the garden houses at St. Thomas's Mount and upon the Choultry Plain fled to the fort for protection. The scare ended in a treaty, a kind of peace-at-any-price compact, which was not to the credit of the English.

This treaty is said to have been signed at one of the houses built upon the Choultry Plain. It was known later as Blacker's Gardens, probably on account of its having had for some time as its occupant Colonel Valentine Blacker, a distinguished officer in the Company's service (Cavalry) and author of a history of the Mahratta war. Haider Ali was encamped near Madras at the time, and

he expressed himself as being in fear of Colonel Joseph Smith, who was nicknamed by the natives 'Assad Jung,' the Lion of War. While dictating terms, the Mysore Prince demanded that the dreaded Assad Jung should be kept out of the way, and he refused to negotiate unless his request was complied with. Smith was ordered to retire to the north, which he did. The Government alarmed for Blacktown, with the Mysoreans so near, recalled the Lion of War, and he returned with alacrity, only to be told to keep his distance once more. The treaty was executed on April 3, 1769; and the dwellers on the plain and at St. Thomas's Mount returned to their palatial residences with restored equanimity.

Blacker's Gardens stands on the west side of the Mount Road, near the village of Teynampet, and close to it on the same side is a smaller house, which, tradition says, was occupied later by the Duke of Wellington; but it is more probable that he resided with the troops in the fort, where a house near the St. Thomé gate is pointed out as having once been his quarters.

In 1782 Cuddalore surrendered to the French, who supported Tippoo; Madras was once again stirred to its very centre by panic. The English Army went into cantonments on the Choultry Plain, and the inhabitants of the garden houses fled to the fort in anticipation of the speedy advent of Tippoo and his allies. In 1784 peace was made, and the disturbed householders returned to their homes on the plain. The troops remained under canvas in close proximity for several years. The Commander-Chief occupied a house (now known as the Elphinstone Hotel) standing near the Mount Road, and the military orders were dated from "Headquarters, Choultry Plain" for nearly half a century. In 1794–6 there were no fewer than five English regiments encamped there. The fort was crowded with the infantry and artillery belonging to

the Company, and there was no room for the King's troops within its walls.

The commencement of the nineteenth century saw the power of Tippoo broken and the "Tiger of Mysore" himself slain. Tippoo's death put an end to all fear in the hearts of the inhabitants of Madras. They might build their garden houses where they pleased without a thought of fleeing to the fort for protection. Roads were made, avenues of trees were planted, and beautiful gardens were laid out with the lavish expenditure that marked a time when Englishmen looked upon India as their home for the best part of their lives.

In the midst of these luxurious homes a spot was selected for the cathedral, and a park-like enclosure was made and planted with trees. The money was raised partly by private donations; but the greater portion was the result of a lottery, a method which would not meet with the approval of the Government nor of the ecclesiastical authorities in the present day.

Public lotteries, which were then legal, were started by private enterprise in Madras in 1795 as a means of providing money to support charities—the Male Asylum and others—connected with St. Mary's Church in the fort. Government imposed one condition upon the promoters, but otherwise did not interfere for the first few years. A certain portion of the sum was to be set aside for the repair of the roads and bridges of Madras by which the natives and the Europeans would equally benefit. These ventures were called "the Male Asylum and Road Lotteries," and they speedily sprang into popularity with all classes.

Between 1795 and 1805 fourteen lakhs of rupees were raised, of which thirteen lakhs went in prizes and one lakh in charity. In 1805 the management grew beyond the capabilities of the few private individuals in whose

hands it had rested hitherto, and a committee was appointed to inquire into it. By the advice of this committee a directorate was formed of six members, three being servants of the Company and three free merchants; and an agent, who was not in the service of Government, was to act as secretary and manager on a fixed salary.

From 1805 to 1844 the Madras lotteries continued to flourish. In 1844 the system was suppressed throughout the British Empire and the lotteries came to an end. Up to that date considerable sums were devoted out of the proceeds to the roads of Madras. At the beginning of the century these were in a bad condition, having been cut up by the carriage of heavy artillery, ammunition and commissariat stores, and they required remaking. Under the direction of Major T. F. De Havilland of the Madras Engineers the roads were remade on the plan—then quite new—invented by M'Adam, who was known to fame later (1821) as the best roadmaker in England. Besides the roads, which still testify to De Havilland's excellent work, several handsome bridges spanning the Cooum were built at various points, facilitating the increasing traffic of the town. Charities in the Mother country also benefited by the Madras lotteries.

Colonel James Lillyman Caldwell, afterwards K.C.B., was Chief of the Madras Engineers at the time of the projection of the scheme for building the cathedral, and he was called upon to furnish the plans. He had already distinguished himself at the taking of Bangalore (1791), where he was wounded, and he was accounted an able and distinguished officer. It seems strange that the man of war should be called upon to design a cathedral; but the Government engineer, even in these days, has to turn his hand to many things which would not be in his province in England. Caldwell proved himself equal to the occasion, and provided the building committee with

plans of which any modern architect might reasonably be proud.

The execution of the design was left to his subordinate, the road-making, bridge-building De Havilland, who carried it out thoroughly and to the entire satisfaction of the promoters.

Colonel T. Fiott De Havilland belonged to a Guernsey family. He joined the Madras Engineers in 1792, and took part in the crushing of Tippoo, the Tiger. His name had been before the public in connexion with what the authorities were pleased to call a mutiny of the officers, a severe term which overstated the case. It was practically a protest on the part of the Company's military officers against certain existing conditions of their service, which they held to be unfair. They had petitioned the Government for redress, but in vain. One grievance which had for years weighed heavily upon all military men in the Company's service was the fact that they were not in the King's service, and were not therefore looked upon as officers at all by the officers of the King. Their anomalous position rendered them liable to supersession by younger men holding the King's commission. Another grievance was the deprivation of the Commander-in-Chief of his seat in council, whereby they considered that they as a body were no longer represented in the Government.

There were other matters which also required reformation; but to all appeals a deaf ear was turned, and when it was no longer possible to ignore their complaints, Government expressed its displeasure and demanded a pledge that no further proceedings would be taken. Needless to say the officers declined almost to a man to sign such a pledge, and their action was regarded as equivalent to a mutiny. Three hundred of the malcontents were arrested, deprived of their swords, and sent to Pondicherry, which was then in the hands of the English.

De Havilland was among the number, and a little later he, with many others, was dismissed from the service.

When the Government had had time to cool and had examined more closely into the matter, they recognised that they had acted hastily, and had deprived themselves of the services of their best and most experienced officers. The country had barely settled down after the devastating wars with the Mysoreans and Mahrattas, during which the Company had sustained severe losses in officers and men; they could ill afford to lose the services of a single individual, more especially if he had already gained experience in the field. The sudden suspension of three hundred left them short-handed on all sides—infantry, artillery, and engineers—and they found it expedient to rescind the order of dismissal as soon as they felt it to be compatible with their dignity.

In 1812 De Havilland, with the majority of the culprits, was recommissioned and appointed to Madras. Three years later he was throwing himself heart and soul into the construction of the beautiful cathedral of which Madras is so justly proud.

The polished chunam pillars are among the best specimens known of that peculiar work. The cement is made from a small bivalve of whitey grey colour. The shells are gathered at the mouths of rivers by the Muckwas. They are ground into a fine powder which is made into a kind of cement. This is plastered over brickwork, and when dry takes a fine polish, presenting every appearance of pure white marble.

After the cathedral was built, De Havilland was requested to lay out the cemetery and enclose it. The spot chosen was to the east of the building, and it was planted with ornamental trees. But before he had finished his task a dire misfortune overtook him. His wife died, and was laid to rest in the unfinished cemetery.

She was the first person for whom the sod was broken. The concluding words engraved upon her monument are as follows: 'She stands first in the awful book, and gives a date to the register.' She was the daughter of T. de Sausmerez, of Guernsey, Attorney-General in that island, and she was taken at the early age of thirty-five.

The cathedral was consecrated by Bishop Middleton (1816), and the property was vested in the names of four trustees — George Stratton, John D. Ogilvie, George Garrow, and Richard Clarke.

George Stratton came of a family that had known Madras for a century past, and was connected with the Lockes (of whom the philosopher was a member), Cherrys, Lights, and other well-known names in the Presidency. At the time of the building of the cathedral he was a member of the commission appointed by Government for revising the internal administration of the country, and third judge of the Sudder Court. Ogilvie was Mint-master, and George Garrow was Accountant-General. He also belonged to a family that had known Madras for half a century. Mr. J. J. Cotton says of the Garrows:

'The Garrows are connected in an interesting way with the family of Anthony Trollope. His elder brother, Thomas Adolphus, also an author, married in 1848 Theodosia, only daughter of Joseph Garrow (d. 1853), who was the son of one of these (Madras) Garrows by a high-caste native lady. Mrs. Trollope died at Florence in 1865. Her literary tastes are celebrated by Landor in his lines "To Theodosia Garrow," and it was at the Villino Trollope that George Eliot stayed as a guest in 1860.'

In 1877 the lay trustees of the cathedral, who performed the duties of churchwardens as well as fulfilling the trust, were Surgeon-Major King, M.D., Colonel J. W. Rideout, and Mr. (now Sir) Leslie Probyn, the Accountant-General. Dr. King was the anonymous author of a

brochure that appeared shortly after this date in the columns of the leading newspaper of Madras, 'The Madras Mail.' It was called 'The Leaky Palace,' and it created a good deal of amusement at the time. Written in an archaic style, it made fun of Government House at Ootacamund, upon which a considerable amount of money had been spent in an endeavour to make the building water-tight.

Archdeacon Drury, with whom my husband was associated at St. George's Cathedral, was the son of George Dominic Drury, of the Company's Civil Service. His mother was Marianne Graham, the daughter of General Graham, who distinguished himself in the wars in South India during the latter part of the eighteenth century. The archdeacon was born at Pondicherry in 1823, and was sent home to be educated at Eton. Report said that the Duke of Buckingham, who was Governor of Madras in 1877, and also an old Etonian, had once been Drury's fag.

In the absence of the bishop on tour, the archdeacon played the part of guide, philosopher, and friend to the newly arrived chaplain. By his invitation we occupied half his house. He was living by himself; his wife, the second Mrs. Drury, being in England. His first wife was Martha Mary, the daughter of the Rev. Robert Salkeld, Rector of Fontmell, in Dorsetshire. Her brother, Lieutenant Salkeld, was one of the devoted band that blew in the Cashmere gate at Delhi (1857).

The archdeacon was a popular man, kind and genial to all. His name will live in Madras in connexion with the building of Emmanuel Church in South Georgetown and of the Parcherry School for poor Eurasians now known by his name. As archdeacon he was the right man in the right place. He liked the work, and thoroughly enjoyed the warm climate of the town in which he was obliged to live. As a rule his health was excellent;

but it happened while we were with him that he was indisposed. His medical attendant thought that it would be advisable if he took three months' privilege leave to the hills. He looked dubious over the suggestion, and remarked: 'The doctor says I've got gastric catarrh. I don't know what it is; it sounds like a musical instrument. I suppose I had better take his advice and go away.'

He went, but at the end of a month he cancelled the rest of his leave and returned to Madras. Never was holiday-maker more glad to be back than he was. According to his account, he shivered the day in and shivered it out on the hills. He left Ootacamund without any regret, rejoicing more than a little when he found himself back again in the warm, humid atmosphere of Mettapollium at the foot of the Nilgiris. At the end of his service he went home and took the living of West Hampnett, in England, where he died in 1891.

Among the residents of Madras then were D. F. Carmichael (Chief Secretary), Sir William Robinson (Member of Council), L. C. Innes (Judge of the High Court), H. E. Sullivan (Member of Council), Sir Leslie Probyn (Accountant-General, brother of Sir Dighton Probyn who raised Probyn's Horse), and Sir Henry Bliss, who was appointed by Government to reorganise the Salt Department. Colonel S. H. E. Chamier was a Mutiny veteran, having gone up with the Madras Artillery to take part in its suppression. Colonel Thomas Tennant was head of the Gaol Department. Major Conway Gordon stands out a clear, distinct figure in the past—a tall, spare, soldierly man, afterwards head of the railway department at Simla. He was a keen fisherman, and learned to manage the Muckwa's log-boat, sitting astride with his feet in the water like a native. Report said that he wore black stockings on these expeditions to escape the notice of the sharks.

A native is seldom molested by a shark, but the white skin of the European is as attractive as the bit of white cloth with which the fishermen bait their hooks when fishing for sharks. For this reason sea-bathing is not safe for Englishmen beyond the breakers.

Louis Forbes and R. Kindersley were Judges of the High Court. Sportsmen of that time will remember the pleasant breakfasts given to the Meet by Mr. Forbes. Among others were C. G. Master, Colonel Tom Weldon, Colonel Moberly, and Colonel Gutherie (head of the Police). Sir Frederick Price (of the Civil Service) lived at Saidapett, between Madras and St. Thomas's Mount. Colonel Kenney Herbert, afterwards well known by the *nom-de-guerre* of Wyvern, was a great authority on the art of cooking, and earned the grateful thanks of all Anglo-Indian housewives by his works on that subject. Captain Evans Gordon, M.P., whose name of recent years has been connected with legislation on the alien question, was one of the duke's *aides*. Major Bertie Hobart was the Military Secretary, a man whose old-fashioned courtliness and perfect dress, at a period when the 'Saturday Review' was fulminating its criticisms on the young people of the day, reminded us of Talleyrand.

Among the medical men were Surgeon-Major M. C. Furnell, M.D., the co-discoverer of the use of chloroform; Surgeon-General Cornish, M.D., upon whom was conferred a C.I.E. for services rendered during the famine; Surgeon-Major Cockerill, one of the very few men who had seen service in the Crimea as well as in China and the Mutiny. William Donald was Deputy-Accountant-General, one of the best-known, best-liked men in the Presidency. Kind-hearted and generous he was ever ready to help in any case of need, and was much given to hospitality. He and his wife kept open house to all their sick friends up-country, who were obliged to pay visits to

Madras for medical advice. For a time he was one of the lay trustees of the cathedral, and was most helpful to the cathedral chaplains while filling that position. H. A. Tarrant was a barrister. His wife took a deep interest in the cathedral. The beautiful embroidery which still adorns the altar was the work of her clever fingers. Sir Charles A. Lawson stood at the helm of the 'Madras Mail,' with Henry Cornish as his colleague, editors and part proprietors of the daily paper which Sir Charles built up on a firm foundation until it ranked foremost of all the journals of the Presidency, a place it still maintains. H. R. P. Carter was Chief Engineer of the Madras Railway. Reddy Branson, a barrister, was a remarkable personality among the leading natives of Madras. Born of English parents in the country, he was a perfect master of the Tamil language. The native gentlemen gave him their confidence and trusted him with their most intimate concerns. His knowledge of them and of their innermost thoughts was unique. John Shaw was an expert gardener, and threw himself heart and soul into the development of the Botanical Gardens and the annual flower-shows held in the grounds. He lived in the house near the gardens, which was afterwards occupied by the Bishops of Madras in turn. He laid out the garden, which is the most artistic in Madras. He was succeeded as secretary of the Botanical Gardens by J. Steavenson, who was equally enthusiastic over horticulture, and ever ready with advice and encouragement for the amateur gardener struggling under tropical difficulties. A lady once wrote to him to say that a tree in her compound, which she had recently obtained from the Botanical Gardens, was showing signs of decay and had the appearance of being blasted. Steavenson replied promptly that he would come at once and examine her blasted tree.

The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Neville Chamberlain,

had his headquarters at Ootacamund and only visited the Presidency town as occasion required. Sir Neville was the beau ideal of a soldier, with handsome features, of a fine figure well set up, and gracious of manner. The general officer who commanded the district at that time was small in stature. He possessed a charger that was over sixteen hands, a perfect animal with but one drawback as far as his owner was concerned. It was impossible for the general to mount him without assistance. This was obtained from the syce, who leaned forward on all-fours until his back presented a suitable 'jossing-block.' The general stepped up and the man gently elevated him until the stirrup was reached.

The Commander-in-Chief had heard of the general's method of mounting, but had never witnessed it. One day on parade in Madras a spirit of mischief seized him and he dismounted. It is etiquette for the rest of the staff to dismount if the chief sets the example, and the general had no alternative but to follow suit. When the chief remounted, the staff had to regain their saddles also with as little delay as possible. The general was perplexed for the moment; but his syce solved the difficulty without the least hesitation. Going down on all fours as usual, he presented the helpful human 'jossing-block,' which his master made use of, regardless of the smiles of his fellow officers.

Sir Neville Chamberlain distinguished himself in the Mutiny and was present at the taking of Delhi. Lord Roberts served under him and mentions his name frequently in his memoirs. He says there that Sir Neville was a great supporter of Colonel Richard Baird-Smith, who engineered the attack. Colonel Baird-Smith as a young man entered the Madras Engineers and arrived at Fort St. George in 1838. A year later he was sent to Bengal to assist Sir Proby Cautley in making the Doab Canal.

But Baird-Smith was not destined to spend his life making ditches. He saw service at Aliwal and Sobraon (1846), and at Chilianwalla and Gujerat (1848). In 1855 he returned to Madras to visit the chief irrigation works of the Presidency.

In 1857 Baird-Smith was at Roorkee, where, by his prompt action and quick foresight, he saved that station from an outbreak. In the last week of June he was directed to proceed to Delhi, which at that time had fallen into the hands of the mutineers. Barnard, who was in command, decided to make an attack upon the town. Lord Roberts writes thus of Baird-Smith: 'On the morning of the day on which it had been arranged that the assault should be made, the staff at Delhi received a most valuable addition in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Baird-Smith of the Bengal Engineers. Summoned from Roorkee to take the place of the chief engineer, whose health had broken down, Baird-Smith was within sixty miles of Delhi on July 2, when the news of the intended movement reached him. He started at once and arrived in camp early on the 3rd, but only to find that the assault had been postponed.' The postponement was a wise decision. The engineers and artillery were weak and unequal to the task. Baird-Smith set about strengthening them at once. Soon after his arrival Barnard died of cholera, and the command eventually devolved upon Sir Archdale Wilson. Wilson had very little hope of taking the town, but, as Lord Roberts says: 'Fortunately for the continuance of our rule in India, Wilson had about him men who understood, as he was unable to do, the impossibility of our remaining any longer as we were. They knew that either Delhi must be taken or the army before it be withdrawn. The man to whom the commander looked for counsel under these conditions—Baird-Smith of the Bengal Engineers—proved

himself worthy of the high and responsible position in which he was placed. He, too, was ill. Naturally of a delicate constitution, the climate and exposure had told upon him severely, and the diseases from which he was suffering were aggravated by a wound he had received soon after his arrival in camp. He fully appreciated the tremendous risks which the assault involved, but, in his opinion, they were less than those of delay. Whether convinced or not by his chief engineer's arguments, Wilson accepted his advice and directed him to prepare a plan of attack.'

These preparations were completed by September 7, and Baird-Smith was allowed to open his batteries upon the walls of the town. On the night of the 13th, two breaches having been made, he urged Wilson to attack without further delay. Even after the English troops had successfully entered the town, Wilson's heart sank within him over the completion of the task at the cost of life it must involve. Prudence prompted him to retire lest his whole force should be well-nigh annihilated in the supreme moment of victory. But with Baird-Smith at his elbow no such fatal mistake was made. When Wilson appealed to him for advice as to whether he should hold on to the position his reply was: 'We *must* hold on.' One of Baird-Smith's supporters was Sir Neville Chamberlain. He, knowing the bent of Wilson's mind, sounded Nicholson on the subject. 'The dying Nicholson advocated the same course with almost his latest breath. So angry and excited was he when he was told of the general's suggestion to retire that he exclaimed: "Thank God! I have strength yet to shoot him, if necessary."'

On September 23 Baird-Smith gave up the command of the Engineers at Delhi. He returned to Roorkee by easy marches to lie up and nurse his wound, which by this time was aggravated by neglect and exposure. The

wound healed, but his health was never properly restored. In 1861 there was a great famine in Bengal, and Baird-Smith was sent to inquire into its cause and to report on the best method of preventing such calamities in the future. Again the self-devoted servant of Government threw himself into the task allotted to him, giving no thought or care to his health, with the result that he broke down completely. He was ordered home, but the step was taken too late. He reached the Madras Roads and died there on board the *Candia*. His body was landed, and he was buried with full military honours in St. Mary's cemetery on the island. Mr. H. G. Keene, C.I.E., who knew him, says: 'He was a man of singular intelligence and versatility—a welcome guest wherever he went.' His grave is marked by a modest slab of grey granite. A floral cross is engraved on the recumbent stone with the name and the date of his death. There is not a word about the deeds he did nor of the honours he won.

He married (1856) at the cathedral, Calcutta, Florence Elizabeth de Quincey, the second daughter of the author. Of this same lady Mr. Hogg, writing on family resemblances in 'Harper's Magazine' for February 1890, says: 'On one of my visits to the Houses of Parliament, while passing through one of the corridors, I was startled by the features of a sculptured figure quite unknown to me. The thought flashed, how strikingly that face resembles Miss Florence de Quincey. She was always remarkable for her pale statuesque beauty. On reading the inscription I found that the figure was actually that of her ancestor, Saher de Quincey, Earl of Winchester. When I returned to Edinburgh I reported to de Quincey this singular resemblance of the effigy of the old earl to his daughter over a gap of some five centuries.' The Opium-Eater was much taken with the resemblance, but he was unable

to find any historical proof of the relationship. He clung, however, to the belief that he was descended from the great earl, although the earldom came to an end and the property was divided between heiresses in the thirteenth century, making a gap between Thomas de Quincey's earliest known ancestor and the last earl of nearly four hundred years. The features of the statue must have been evolved from the brain of the sculptor, and the work could not have been a likeness. Mrs. Baird-Smith survived her husband for more than forty years and died at the beginning of the twentieth century.

CHAPTER IV

THE BISHOP AND THE ARCHDEACON

Kings look for war, wicked men for quarrels; but good men look only for peace.—SLOKA.

FREDERICK GELL, the Bishop of Madras in 1877, was the fourth son of the Rev. Philip Gell. He was born at Matlock Rectory in Derbyshire, 1820. His mother belonged to a Cheshire family named Dod, one of whom was a friend of Bishop Heber.

When Philip Gell was appointed curate-in-charge of Matlock the rector was non-resident. Miss Dod and her sister lived at the rectory. The curate was speedily captivated, and before long he became engaged to the lady. They were married and took up their residence at the rectory, where they lived for twenty-two years. A large family was born to them numbering thirteen, eight of whom lived.

Frederick Gell and his elder brothers were educated under Dr. Arnold at Rugby. Philip Gell in one of his letters to his son (1835) described the doctor as 'truly a man of fierce countenance, but of a kind and affectionate disposition.' In the following year the careful father, who possessed strong evangelical opinions, warned his son against worshipping Arnold. While expressing a hope that he would get much good from him, he said that some of the boys made an idol of Arnold and would not believe that their beloved headmaster could hold a

wrong opinion. 'But he is not infallible,' concluded Philip Gell.

At that time there was a notable group of boys at the school, who were afterwards to distinguish themselves in various spheres of action. A small volume called 'Memorials of Bishop Gell,' printed at the press belonging to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Madras (1905), contains some of Bishop Gell's letters. One, written in reply to an invitation from Lord Sandhurst to a Rugby dinner held in Bombay, July 30, 1898, described his schoolfellows thus:—

'I went to Rugby at the beginning of 1834 and left in the middle of 1839. Arnold's two most distinguished pupils finished their school course at the end of my first half. Stanley, to fulfil a brilliant career at Oxford, then to become Canon of Canterbury and, in due time, Dean of Westminster, and a faithful writer of history and essays; and Vaughan, after a no less brilliant career at Cambridge, to be Headmaster of Harrow, and afterwards Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, and a no less fruitful composer of excellent sermons. Other Rugbeians of my day who distinguished themselves were Clough, the poet; Hughes, the author of the popular book "Tom Brown"; Fox, the first Rugby missionary, the founder, with his colleague Noble, of the C.M.S. Mission to the eighteen million Telugus in Eastern India. His career was a brief one of a few years between 1840 and 1850. But the mission he began grew, and is now represented by fourteen European clergy and seventeen Telugus. Then, too, there was Bradley, now Stanley's successor, as Dean of Westminster, and Matthew Arnold of literary celebrity, eldest son of the great Headmaster.

'Several came out to India: Seton-Karr, who rose to high office in Calcutta; Sherer of the North-West Provinces, a pleasant writer of Indian reminiscences;

and Hodson, who fell at Delhi. Arbuthnot, a Madras civilian, who rose to be Member of Council, then Member of the Supreme Council, Calcutta, with the significant letters K.C.S.I. attached to his name, and then Member of the Indian Council, which post he has only recently vacated.

'Adam was also my contemporary, who was on the Governor's staff, Bombay, I believe, for some years, and afterwards came out as Governor of Madras, which appointment he held for about a year and then died.

'These are a few of the many Rugbeians whom I remember and knew. They were all men of high principle, who used the advantage of the Christian and manly education they had received under Dr. Arnold for mitigating the evils around them, and promoting righteousness and prosperity to the best of their powers.'

Bishop Gell's friendship with Bradley remained to the end of his life; and, though they seldom met, they continued to correspond to the very last.

The Rugby Fox mastership of the Telugu College at Masulipatam had its origin in a movement made by Frederick Gell himself in 1848, long before he was called to the episcopate. His old schoolfellow, the Rev. H. W. Fox, went out to India in 1841, as he described in his letter; and after establishing the mission he returned to England in 1848. His health was undermined and he died soon afterwards. Frederick Gell, with the consent of Dr. Tait, raised money, which he called the Fox Memorial Fund. The interest went towards maintaining a mastership in India for promoting Christian education at the Church Missionary Society's college at Masulipatam. To the end of his days the bishop was deeply interested in this mastership and in the Telugu College.

From Rugby Frederick Gell went to Trinity College, Cambridge. The college was chosen for him by his

father, who expressed a great wish, which was carried out, that he should have Charles J. Vaughan, afterwards Master of the Temple, as tutor. In 1839 he won a Rugby exhibition, and the October of that year saw him in residence at the University. The following April he took the Bell scholarship, which was succeeded in course of time by other honours and distinctions. In the Mathematical Tripos he was twelfth senior optime and his name appeared in the first class of the Classical Tripos.

In the year 1843 he was elected Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, and ordained deacon at Ely Cathedral to the curacy of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge. He took priest's orders in 1844. As curate and lecturer he led a busy life, always showing a keen interest in all matters pertaining to mission and church work in India.

After thirteen active years at Cambridge he was offered an examining chaplaincy to the Bishop of London, Dr. A. C. Tait, who selected him on account of the sympathy he had always evinced in the mission cause. It was probably through this connexion with Bishop Tait that he was ultimately led to the episcopate of Madras. The offer of the bishopric came on the death of Bishop Dealtry in 1861. It was a surprise to the humble-minded man, but he accepted it. The consecration took place at Fulham, and before sailing to India his D.D. degree was conferred upon him.

On his consecration he received a kind and sympathetic letter from Bishop Cotton of Calcutta. Among other subjects the metropolitan drew his attention to two matters which would require his immediate consideration on arrival in Madras. One was his choice of a residence and the other was the choice of an archdeacon. There was no official residence for the bishops of Madras. His predecessor had occupied a house in the Presidency town and another at Ootacamund, both of which were his own

private property. The Bishop of Calcutta hinted that Bishop Dealtry had lived too much on the hills, where he was out of reach of his subordinates. He expressed a hope that Bishop Gell for the sake of his work would reside more in the Presidency town, which hope was amply fulfilled.

In November 1861 the Bishop with his sister, Miss Caroline Gell, arrived in Madras, and he was duly enthroned in St. George's Cathedral. He allowed himself only a few weeks to establish his sister in a house, which he was to share with her, and then started on his peregrinations through the diocese. The severest critic could not accuse him of shirking his duty in respect to the paying of pastoral visits, nor of retiring to the alluring climate of the Nilgiris. He travelled as indefatigably and roughed it as uncomfortably as any itinerating missionary under his jurisdiction.

In those days there were few railways, and the weary miles had to be traversed by means of palanquins, pony-jutkas, tongas, chairs borne on the shoulders of coolies, lastly and most frequently by bullock-carts.

The build of the bullock-cart varies. It may assume a tolerably comfortable form with springs and cushioned seats and ample room for the feet; or, on the other hand, it may be springless and consist of a flat-boarded plane without seats, cushions, windows, or even a well for the feet. A mattress or at least a bundle of straw is necessary to save the traveller from being jolted to a jelly on the rough country roads. Between the spring coach—which is clumsy in its jerking motion and very noisy—and the country cart there are many kinds of vehicles, each a little more uncomfortable than the other. The pace at which the cattle draw the ordinary country cart is about two miles an hour.

Many hundreds of miles did Bishop Gell travel in this

way by whatever vehicle he could procure. He considered himself fortunate if he secured the services of a pair of fast bulls capable of trotting three or four miles an hour instead of walking at the rate of two. Various also were the accidents that happened, and still more numerous were the escapes. The bullocks sometimes ran away with him. They began their tricks early, and he thus describes them in the first year of his episcopate: 'Three or four times in the course of the journey my bullocks dashed off the road through the ditch (happily not very deep) and ran imminent risk of breaking the springs and injuring themselves and me. On one of these occasions they rushed between two trees in the adjoining field. On another they dashed down a steep place at the side of the road and came close up to a block of brick buildings, which would have smashed the carriage if it had run on two or three more feet.'

When travelling by bullock-cart a conveyance is necessary for each person. Only in dire need is it shared. The uneven gait of the cattle and the roughness of the road throw travellers occupying the same cart from side to side and cause collisions and contusions. Now and then there was no alternative but for the bishop and his chaplain to ride together. On one occasion when the Rev. S. Morley, afterwards Bishop of Tinnevelly and Madura, was chaplain, he lost the bishop. They had arranged to travel all night and 'laid their dak' accordingly. It was usual for the chaplain to take the lead and for the bishop to follow close behind—as close, that is to say, as the dust would permit. In the middle of the night Mr. Morley dropped into an uneasy slumber from which he awoke with a start. He glanced back along the road for the glimmer of the lights on the cart that carried the bishop, but could see no trace of them anywhere. The way was hedgeless and the country

level so that he ought to have distinguished them had they been a mile or more in the rear. Calling for a halt he listened for the sound of bullock-bells, and became uncomfortably aware of a dead silence broken only by the deep sighing of the bullocks. The driver assured him that his lordship had not passed on in front. Perturbed in mind and fearing an accident he turned back, looking anxiously at the road sides for signs of the missing prelate. At length he reached the point where they had changed bullocks; there he discovered the bishop resigned to his fate and prepared to spend the rest of the night at the lonely spot. It turned out that only one pair of bullocks had been sent to meet them and these had been yoked to the foremost cart by the sleepy native driver without informing its occupant. The bishop was left with the two tired pairs, the drivers of which refused to take their cattle any further than the stage for which they had arranged. Under the circumstances there was no alternative but to share the foremost cart if they wished to proceed.

These adventures were so common that in later years he did not make any note of them, beyond congratulating himself on having escaped with only a shaking, which, be it understood, meant also a bruising.

On one of his tours he arrived at our house in Trichinopoly without any luggage. He was to hold a confirmation at the church. Fortunately he had not arranged to take the service immediately on arrival. All his vestments were with his lost baggage, including his dressing-case. He and Mr. Morley had come ninety miles from the district where confirmations had been held in the native churches. The portmanteaus were in another cart, which to the best of their belief was following closely behind their own conveyance.

We marvelled at his patience under the delay and the

unfailing good-humour of his domestic chaplain. Tired, jolted, dusty, and hot, they were unable to avail themselves of the refreshing warm bath that had been prepared, or to take the couple of hours rest to which they had been looking forward during the weary hours of slow travelling.

But the bishop was not always to be seen in the humble bullock-cart. Occasionally he travelled in greater state and with more speed than was desirable or safe. When visiting the Rajah of Mysore two carriages drawn by beautiful horses were sent from the palace to bring him and his chaplain into the town of Mysore. An escort of a dozen horsemen (outriders) and forty lancers of the Silladar Horse accompanied the vehicles and formed an imposing guard. But the pleasure of travelling in such state was probably qualified by the cloud of dust which must have enveloped the cortège.

When he went to Ellichpore, where troops were then stationed, he was conveyed in a two-wheeled transit drawn by four artillery horses. His own words tell the tale in a letter addressed to his sister in England from Amraoti in the Berars, dated December 6, 1866.

'Since leaving Bombay last Thursday evening we have travelled to Akola, three hundred and sixty miles, thence to Budneira, fifty miles, all by rail. Then last Friday, November 30, we left the rail and travelled in a bullock transit northwards six miles to Oomrawthee (Amraoti); then on Saturday morning we travelled further north, thirty-five miles to Ellichpore in very grand fashion—viz. in a two-wheeled transit drawn by four artillery horses full tilt over a very bad road. Most of it was a mere bandy track. About a mile on this side of Ellichpore down came one of our pole horses and smash went the pole. He was an ill-tempered biter and kicker, and was probably thinking evil when his accident befell him. He was, however,

only humbled, not hurt; and on Monday morning was taking part with his brethren in trotting and galloping over the parade-ground with a gun-carriage. In returning from Ellichpore yesterday morning our hospitable military friend with whom we stayed there, Colonel Prescott, thinking that four horses were not enough for the exigencies of the road, supplied us with the full artillery team of six. Our three postilions brought their horses safely over the ground this time without accident, though occasionally shaking our bones much over the inequalities of the road and kicking up a tremendous dust.'

On the west coast the bishop had his experience of munchils—hammocks slung on poles and carried by bearers—and made the acquaintance of the house-boat on the back waters of Cochin and Travancore, the pleasantest mode of all travelling in the south of India.

A luxuriant tropical vegetation forms a beautiful setting to these natural canals. At sunset, when the flaming crimsons and yellows, the translucent greens and blues of the sky are reflected upon the smooth surface of the water, a glorious scene is presented which the traveller, reclining in ease and comfort, can fully appreciate. The boat glides evenly along and without any apparent effort, and though the mosquito is present, there is no dust to choke the pores of the skin, blind the dazzled eyes, and parch the throat. Most striking of all its features in contradistinction from journeying along the roads is its noiselessness, and the absence of toiling beasts and grinding wheels, shouting drivers and falling blows, necessary to keep the stupid animals moving, and to prevent them from lying down in the road.

Of his influence in the diocese I will leave others to speak in detail. His evangelical leanings gave him little sympathy in the earlier part of his episcopate with men who held extreme views in the opposite direction. But

his patience and gentleness, his warm generosity and kindness of heart rendered him friendly to all. In the case of the native Christians and clergy he was especially patient over their shortcomings, preferring in the exercise of the highest charity to hope all things with regard to them. He recognised the enormous temptations to which native Christians are subject living among their heathen relatives; and he dealt very tenderly with those who failed to live up to the standard of Christianity. High or low, rich or poor, he commanded respect and set an example of perfect living, as near as it can be perfect in this busy workaday world. The opinion recorded of him that he consistently presented in his person and teaching a high ideal, that he was devoted to the thorough performance of his duty, and that he was influenced by the highest and purest motives was endorsed by Christians and non-Christians alike. A remarkable testimony to this opinion was given in the columns of the leading native newspaper of South India, 'The Hindu,' which wrote as follows:

'In his retirement Madras loses the influence of a great character. We are not Christians; and we cannot pretend to be in any sense enthusiastic about the results of the propagation of the Christian gospel. But a pious man is a pious man, whether he be a Christian or a Hindu. Practical religion—religion as concretised in thought, feeling and conduct—is unsectional, above and beyond all forms and dogmas, and universal. And, as true Hindus, we are large-hearted enough to recognise in Dr. Gell a saintly personage—in the presence of whom all sectarian strife is stilled, and the thought of petty outward difference is not.'

His deeds of charity were innumerable, and were performed with humble secrecy; frequently in the case of personal relief they were known only to the recipient himself. One of his most striking characteristics was

humility, and although a great scholar and bearing many university honours, he never showed any consciousness of superiority.

His earnest desire to die in harness kept him working longer than some of his friends thought advisable. In 1898, very much against his will, he was compelled through ill-health to resign his bishopric. His strength had materially diminished so as to interfere with the conscientious performance of his duties. In the interests of his Master's work it was imperative to make way for a younger and a stronger man. He had a great horror of being termed 'a returned empty,' a disrespectful appellation employed at one time towards colonial bishops who had retired. He openly expressed a hope that he might never come under that category, but that he might be numbered among those bishops who had died in harness and been buried in the land where they had laboured.

Bishop Gell was not without a quiet sense of humour which lightened many a contretemps in travelling. Mr. Morley was equally blessed with good spirits.

A clever attentive servant was for many years the personal attendant of the bishop. This man's name was Moonaswamy, a very common appellation among natives. When he entered the episcopal household there was already a Moonaswamy established. The bishop overheard his sister discussing the new boy's name and the difficulty of having two Moonaswamys in the house. He solved the knotty point by suggesting that the later arrival should be called Sunnaswamy, a nickname adopted at once by the 'boy' with great pride.

Another native servant claimed to have received his name from Bishop Gell. This man was unusually tall, so tall that he at last acquired a stoop from habitually bending his head to avoid having his turban swept off by the swinging punkahs. When the bishop was on tour he

lunched at a house where this servant was butler. During tiffin the punkah caught the man's turban, and to his great confusion and shame he was left bareheaded. The bishop laughed and remarked on his height, setting the disturbed hostess at her ease with the observation that the 'boy' ought to be called Ramrod instead of Ramaswamy. It was overheard, and the man straightway assumed the name, which he jealously retained under the impression that it not only added to his dignity, but was also a passport of respectability that would weigh with every master and mistress whom he might serve.

With so gentle a personality it was unlikely that any action on his part should give rise to stories such as exist of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, who is still remembered for his eccentric sermons and vigorous incisive manner. The tales which concern Bishop Gell relate rather to the adventures that befell those with whom he was brought into contact. There was one which we heard soon after our arrival in Madras, and which was solemnly repeated to us in Ceylon as having happened to Bishop Copleston before he passed on to Calcutta. Since my return to England it has been told to me by Canadians as having happened to their bishop. The world-wide chestnut runs as follows:

The bishop was on one of his innumerable tours far away from hotels and civil and military stations. He had accepted the hospitality of a missionary and his wife. It is customary for the missionary and his family, who all know the language well, to use the vernacular in speaking to their servants. When a guest arrives who does not know it the mistress instructs her butler how to address him in English. On this occasion the man was told that he was to call the bishop in the morning and take in the early tea. He was instructed to knock at the door, and on the bishop saying:—

'Who is there?' he was to reply:

'The boy, my lord!'

The following morning the butler carried out his orders to the letter, arriving with the tea-tray at the bishop's door to the minute, and knocking as directed before entering. To the query 'Who is there?' the butler in his agitation at having to speak to so great a personage in an unaccustomed tongue, replied:

'The lord, my boy.'

It is more than a quarter of a century since it was told to us. Doubtless it is still doing duty in the diocese with Bishop Whitehead. Thanks to the rules of superannuation the chestnut in India is endowed with a remarkable vitality and lives to embellish a succession of heroes without fear of detection. The old Anglo-Indian with a long memory who might say: 'I heard that same tale told of old So-and-so thirty years ago,' is safely planted in some suburban villa at home and has no power to blast the verdancy of the story and spoil the fun.

At another house up-country the bishop was to dine. The same difficulty existed with the servants over the English language and the butler needed drilling. In those early days it was the fashion on the arrival of dinner guests to offer them a glass of sherry. The butler had been instructed to bring the usual decanters of dark and light sherry and to offer a glass to the bishop with the sentence: 'My lord, will you have dark or light sherry?'

The bishop arrived and the butler approached with the two decanters in his hand, a second servant bore the tray containing the glasses. His lordship was fairly electrified by hearing the startling words addressed to him:

'My God, will you have thick or clear?'

In justice to the butler it is only right to say that the word 'Swami,' the Tamil term for God, Lord or Chief, is commonly used by an inferior towards a superior, and in

his own language the servant would have made use of Swami. His knowledge of English was too slight to allow of his understanding the subtle difference between the word 'God' and 'lord' as applicable to the bishop. He had forgotten the terms his mistress had applied to the different sherries and could only think of those by which the soups were known.

In the cemetery of St. George's Cathedral lies John Franklin Gell, a nephew of the bishop, the son of the Rev. John Philip Gell, for many years the Rector of St. John's, Notting Hill. The young man came out to his uncle and aunt, hoping that a warm climate would prove beneficial to his delicate constitution. His health improved and he became tutor to some minor zemindars who were living in Madras. But in 1884 he caught a chill which resulted in death at the age of thirty-three. His mother was Eleanor, the only daughter of Sir John Franklin, the great explorer of the regions of the Arctic circle.

After thirty-seven years of unremitting work Bishop Gell handed over the reins to his successor, Bishop Whitehead, and retired to Coonoor, on the Nilgiri Hills, February 15, 1899. He died March 25, 1902, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried in the beautiful churchyard of Coonoor, and thus a part of his desire was accomplished; his bones rest in the diocese which was so long the object of his care as well as his prayers.

On our arrival he was unable to greet us personally, but he had not forgotten the advent of the new junior chaplain. My husband received a letter from him that was full of grace and kindness, giving evidence of the character of the man under whom he was to work.

At that time the Rev. William Weston Elwes filled the post of domestic chaplain. The bishop's gentleness

was reflected in his chaplain ; and when later he became archdeacon and was nominated by Bishop Gell for the bishopric of Tinnevelly and Madura the choice was universally approved of. But unfortunately Archdeacon Elwes's health failed, and he was obliged to decline the offered bishopric in favour of a fellow chaplain, the Rev. S. Morley, who was nominated instead. Like his chief, Elwes died in the land where he had laboured, and his body rests in Indian soil. During his service he was assisted by a devoted wife, who allowed nothing to separate her from him. She survives him, and like Miss Gell, the bishop's sister, has retired to the Nilgiris. Mrs. Elwes tells many tales of her adventures up-country. One of these may be recorded in her own words as a warning to clergymen not to share their travelling trunks with their wives. I had it from her own lips.

'I travelled with my husband on one occasion to Palghat, when he had to visit the place as an out-station. As we were only going for a few days we shared a portmanteau together. We arrived on Saturday evening at a friend's house; and I left my husband to unpack his own things. He put aside his vestments ready to hand when he should start in the morning for the church. There was a dear old lady living then, a Mrs. Tomlinson, and I went with her to church, occupying a seat next to hers. It wanted a few minutes to the hour for service, when I caught sight of my husband anxiously scanning the faces of the congregation from the vestry door. I divined that he was searching for me, and I could see by his expression that something was wrong. I hurried to the vestry and entered, closing the door behind me. Without a word and with the most pathetically distressed face he held out before my eyes a white garment, which I recognised at once as one of my own befrilled treasures of underwear. He had brought it in mistake for his

surplice, not noticing the frillies in the semi-darkness of the cocoanut oil lamp-light by which he had unpacked the evening before.

'Horror-stricken I seized the garment, rolled it up and tucked it under my arm. Then I flew off, gasping out as I left him, "Wait! whatever you do, wait till I return!" The bullock-bandy driver, who had brought me to church, saw me rushing away, and asked if he should bring the coach. I said "yes," but did not wait for the bulls to be re-yoked; my impatience to rectify the dreadful mistake was so great. As I left the church compound the absurdity of it suddenly struck me, and I laughed as I ran with helpless abandonment. I passed a member of the congregation whom I knew on the road. He stopped to ask what was the matter, and inquired if he could be of any assistance. Still gasping with laughter, I cried: "No, thanks; the *bungalow* is coming after me!" I meant to say "bandy," but in my hysterical state I used the word bungalow. I pursued my way, running and shouting with laughter, leaving my friend to stare at my retreating figure in perplexed astonishment. He was convinced that for the moment I had gone completely off my head.

'I reached the house and found the right garment. Then I returned to the church as fast as the bullocks could trot. By that time I had regained my self-control, and when I arrived at the vestry door I thrust the surplice into my husband's hands with the gravity of a judge. He had been in an agony of suspense lest the right vestment should not have been forthcoming. I hastened back to my seat by dear old Mrs. Tomlinson, and presently I saw my husband enter and begin the service. Suddenly his face twitched as his eye met mine. I knew the signal. If once he gave way to it I feared that he would be upset beyond control. The anxiety being at an end, the reaction had begun, and the ludicrous side of the episode was

presented to his mind. I returned his glance with a stony stare in which he could find neither sympathy nor response. The situation was secure and the laugh was held safely in reserve until after the service was over.

'Of course the story leaked out at Palghat and at Coimbatore, our headquarters; and much fun was poked at my husband by the ladies, who were for ever asking him if he had designed a new-shaped surplice. Later we paid another visit to Palghat, and we took pains to prevent any confusion of garments this time. The vestments were carefully examined before they were carried off to the vestry, and we both satisfied ourselves that there was no mistake. For some reason or other the organist failed to turn up that morning for the service, and once more I saw my husband appear with an anxious countenance at the door of the vestry leading into the church. I went at once, and was asked to take the missing organist's place at the harmonium. I consented, and returned to my seat to fetch my books. As I came up to Mrs. Tomlinson, the dear old lady, who was very deaf, said in a loud voice which could be heard distinctly: 'Well, my dear! What did he want? Has he got your *shimmy* again?' I dared not glance at the people who were seated near us, but, hastily explaining that I was wanted at the harmonium, I retreated as quickly as I could.'

CHAPTER V

AN OLD PORTUGUESE SUBURB

Temporal blessings pass like a dream, beauty fades like a flower, the longest life disappears like a flash. Our existence may be likened to the bubble that forms on the surface of the water.—Sloka.

It was somewhat appalling to learn that it was the duty of the chaplain's wife to call on all the ladies of the cathedral congregation, and that no one dreamed of visiting new arrivals until a call had been made, a complete reversal of the etiquette in England.

I was provided with a list of names and addresses by a neighbour, who took compassion on my ignorance and constituted herself my guide and mentor in things social. She proved a lifelong friend. The calling had its drawbacks, but it also had its compensations for me. Among the former were the heat and glare, the dust and smells. These features of the East are inconceivable to the dwellers in a temperate climate. The dust of Madras rises from the laterite, a ferruginous earth of which the roads are made. The laterite is beaten down with water, and binds into a hard, smooth surface that is very pleasant to drive over. The constant wear of cart-wheels and the pounding of hoofs, equine and bovine, reduces it in time to the finest powder, so fine that it resembles an ochre paint of venetian red tint ready ground for mixing. It permeates everything, and penetrates through clothing to the very skin. It stains white material with which it

comes in contact, just as powdered paint would stain it. Walking over such dust is impossible for a lady who would wear light garments and keep them spotless. As for the smells, they are indescribable. A friend, who was once on a visit to us, went for a drive along the marina. The sea breeze had died away and there was a land wind.

'How far did you go?' I asked on his return.

'I went along the beach until I came to a smell. Poof! It was like a wall! You could have cut slabs off it! It was enough for me, and I turned back.'

From his description I knew exactly the spot where he had turned.

The heat in the middle of the day, when it is incumbent on gentlemen to pay their calls, is somewhat trying. The seasoned old Anglo-Indian adopts the prudent course of wearing a sun-hat in his brougham. On arrival at a house it is exchanged for the smarter head-covering that fashion decrees should be worn on these occasions. It is told of a certain absent-minded man lately arrived from up-country, who was making a call on one of the *grandes dames* of Madras, that he effected the change of hats in the brougham correctly, but forgot to leave his topee in the carriage when he entered the drawing-room. Throughout the regular ten minutes of small talk he continued unconsciously to wear his black hat while he held his sun-topee in his hand.

Among the compensations of calling were the drives which I was obliged to take to accomplish my visits. They led me to the four points of the compass, and were full of interest. The scenery, the natives, the gorgeous colouring, the brilliant sea and sky never failed to delight the eye. In addition, each district of the town, whether covered with buildings or with luxuriant tropical vegetation, was full of historical associations.

My first impressions of Madras were received on the

beach, and were not favourable. The long flat shore, unrelieved by bay or cove, gave no promise that it would contain behind the fringe of cocoanut palms anything to fascinate the eye. No sooner was the belt passed than avenues of noble trees were disclosed with groups of picturesque houses, patches of emerald green rice-fields, thronged bazaars, and palaces set in park-like grounds. Villages of mud huts cluster outside the very walls of the compounds which contain the palatial residences of the Europeans; and the happy, careless children of the sun seem to revel in a picturesque squalor with every sign of contentment. If the dwellings of the natives are mean, the trees that shelter them are not. Many of the roads are adorned with magnificent avenues, and every compound possesses groups of trees that would be an ornament to any English park.

One of the most striking trees is the flamboyant *Poinciana regia*, a native of Madagascar. Its acacia foliage is of a vivid green, and its boughs are laden with masses of brilliant scarlet blossom. In some parts of India the flowers bloom before the leaves unfold. The tree then appears clothed completely in scarlet, a strange sight in the blaze of the midday sun. In Hindustani it is known as the gulmohr, or peacock-flower, from the markings on one of its petals. The name has been corrupted into goldmohur, by which it is known to Europeans in some districts.

As an avenue tree, nothing equals the banyan in Madras, which retains its leaves until the fresh flush comes with the monsoons. Four varieties are common on the roadside and in the compounds. The many-stemmed *Ficus indica* is the finest, and to the eye of the foreigner the most wonderful of all the trees in the East. It is seen to best advantage standing by itself in the compound, where it looks like a small grove. Some

are of enormous extent with a perfect forest of smooth columns, which have been compared to the pillars of some great cathedral aisle. Bishop Heber exclaimed, as his eyes rested on a hoary giant in Central India, 'What a noble place of worship!' In old trees a palmyra or a neem tree may sometimes be found growing from the central trunk. This is brought about by the agency of the birds that drop seeds. It is called by the Hindus 'the sacred marriage,' and is highly venerated. There are many superstitions concerning the banyan. One is that lightning never strikes it; 'a notion,' says George Johnstone in his 'Stranger in India,' 'probably founded on experience. The fact, if truth it be, is to be accounted for by the resinous non-conducting quality of its leaves and wood.' With its many stems and evergreen foliage it is the emblem of immortality. The tradition is that all nature will pass away except one big mystic banyan tree. Under this tree the Diety will be enthroned and glorified. The leaves are of a glossy green and the fruit is a scarlet berry of the nature of a small fig. Birds during the day, and bats at night, chatter and quarrel over the feast. Some natives are said to eat the fruit, and all who have no brass and china platters make use of the leaves. They are pinned together with stalks of grass and form excellent plates and dishes for the boiled rice. After use they are thrown aside and fresh ones are manufactured for the next meal. There are many beautiful specimens of the many-stemmed banyan in Madras; but the largest that I ever saw was at Madura, in the compound of the house usually occupied by the judge. When Mr. Weir filled that position, a party of American visitors came to see the tree. They had heard tales of its enormous size and were sceptical as to their truth. The States consider that they possess a monopoly of big things including trees. At sight of the giant the gentleman of

the party was manifestly impressed; but he would commit himself to no opinion until he had thoroughly examined into the matter. He paced out the area that its branches covered and calculated in thoughtful silence. At last he spoke. 'Wal, judge,' he said, 'I guess yours is rather a tall tree!' More than that he would not admit.

The pepul, the Bo-tree of the Buddhists, is of the banyan tribe. It is to be found near all Hindu temples. According to the teaching of the Hindus, man's duty in life is to plant a tree, dig a well, and beget a son. To plant a pepul is more than a duty, it is a sacred act, and no heathen gardener will root up a pepul seedling willingly. The legend relates that when the old tutor of the gods had taught them all that was necessary to know, they turned him into a pepul. Their affection for their preceptor remained, and out of love for him they came sometimes into the tree. Its foliage is like the aspen, and is so delicately poised that it is always trembling. Often when I have failed to feel the lightest breath of wind, I have seen the pepul leaves quivering against the yellow sky of the setting sun. Other trees stood motionless with drooping foliage in the heavy warm air, but the pepul was alive with gentle movement that was almost uncanny. The trembling is attributed to the presence of innumerable spirits that never sleep. Night and day they watch and listen to learn what human beings are doing. And on this account no native will impart any information beneath its branches to another person, lest the story should be overheard and repeated by the mischief-loving sprites. When it flushes with verdant growth men rejoice; it is a sign that all crops will flourish and bear a plentiful harvest.

There are two other varieties of banyans that are common in Madras. One of these has pendulous roots that hang in dark fringes from its boughs, ever reaching

towards the earth which they never touch. I have seen an avenue at Coimbatore of these trees with their brown roots so thick overhead that they seemed to form a tunnel of earth, pierced at intervals with openings to let in the light. The other banyan has no rootlets nor supporting stems to its branches, and its long arms suffer badly when the cyclone sweeps in from the Bay of Bengal.

The tamarind is a familiar tree common to most compounds. In shape it is not unlike an elm. Its foliage, of the character of acacia, is extremely fine, each tiny leaflet being barely half an inch long and not more than an eighth of an inch broad, yet its green crown is so thick that the rays of the sun scarcely penetrate, and the weary traveller and tired cooly eagerly seek its shade during the fierce noontide heat. The fruit crop is valuable, as the tamarind is a necessary ingredient in every curry. Its presence in the garden is not approved of by the gardener. The acidity, which is so marked a feature of its fruit, extends to its leaves, and the moisture dropping from the foliage is said to be tainted also; it poisons the vegetation on which it falls; also it produces decay in tents that are pitched beneath its shade. No native will sleep at night under it, as it is supposed to be a favourite abode of devils. I once carried my little daughter out into the compound at Trichinopoly, and, not noticing where I was going, wandered to a beautiful tamarind tree under which I often sat in the morning. The ayah hurried after me with an urgent entreaty not to take 'baby' there. 'Why, ayah?' 'There's a devil in the tree,' was the reply, given with bated breath and terrified glances at the soft, thick foliage above, and she fled to the house, lest the devil should take possession of her. As a protection against the consequence of my rash act 'baby' played with bunches of neem leaves the next day. The leaves of the neem or margosa (*Melia indica*) are said to

drive away evil spirits; the natives hang them up in their rooms as we hang up old horseshoes.

The neem is like the ash, without its freedom of growth. It is planted near native houses as a preservative of health, as well as a warning to devils to keep their distance. The word 'margosa' is Portuguese for 'bitter.' The oil that is pressed from its olive-shaped seeds is exceedingly bitter and has a strong scent of garlic. The warm climate of the Tropics encourages insect life, and the natives anoint themselves with the oil as a protection; the smell is so abominable that Europeans prefer the insects.

There are several other trees that are pleasant to look at as the carriage rolls smoothly over the level roads of red laterite. Near the sea the portia tree (*Thespesia populnea*) lifts its tulip blossoms into the sunlight. The foliage is a bright green, and the flowers are of a primrose tint with deep madder blotches in the centre. They open and drop quickly without giving the dust time to settle upon their creamy petals. The place to see the portia in perfection is moist, humid Colombo, where the fiery blasts of the land-winds are not felt.

The most graceful of all Eastern trees is the palm—the sea-loving cocoanut palm. Its slender stems are thrown up in artistic sweeps towards the sky, no two making the same curve, and its crown of foliage spreads out into a bouquet of fronds, arranged by nature with a skill that exceeds the cunning of the human hand. When the sun has set and night is approaching the fire-flies swarm out and carry their scintillating lamps to their playground among the fronds.

Madras is well said to be 'a city of magnificent distances.' Not only are the roads long, but the private drives up to the houses are a considerable length. The Mowbray Road, running parallel with the old Mount Road,

is bordered with some fine banyans. The branches interlace overhead and form a long aisle of wood and foliage. It is beautiful in all its aspects: in the early morning, when the mist is rising and the blue smoke of the wood-fires hangs like a curtain of delicate gauze over the still vegetation; in the broad rays of the noonday sun, when every leaf glistens with reflected light; at sunset, when horizontal shafts of gold pierce the western side of the road and touch the grey stems of the trees; and even at night, when the full moon throws a lacework of patterns upon the roadway. The road ends abruptly at the entrance to the grounds of the Adyar Club, losing itself in the crossway called Chamier's Road.

The compound of the Adyar Club slopes down to the Adyar River—one of those smooth, still backwaters, like the Cooum, that begins as a watercourse, and spreads out into broad reaches. It is a natural boundary to the suburbs of Madras on the south, and is unpolluted by drainage. It has always been the favourite resort of the lovers of boating. The club-house has a history that is interesting. It belongs to the Portuguese Roman Catholic Mission at the Luz, to which it was bequeathed by De Monte more than a century ago. Petrus Uscan, the son of an illustrious Armenian of Julfa, came to Madras early in the eighteenth century and settled there. He built up a flourishing trade with Manilla in the Philippine Islands and accumulated a fortune. His name is connected with the Marmelong Bridge and with the steps to the church on St. Thomas's Mount. When he died (1754) his commercial mantle fell upon the shoulders of a merchant named De Monte, the descendant of one of the proud old Portuguese dons who settled at Mylapore. Business prospered with De Monte as it had done with Uscan, and a fine fortune was made. He had an only son whom he sent to England to be educated. During

his absence De Monte built the house now used as a club, and furnished it with every luxury that money could buy. The time approached for the young De Monte to return to join his father. The white sails of the ship appeared in the south, and the distant boom of a cannon announced a little later that the vessel had come to anchor in the Roads. De Monte hurried to the beach as fast as his Arab horse could carry him. The Muckwas rowed him out through the surf, and he climbed the gangway ladder with an eagerness he could not control. His eye scanned the company as he came on board, but he searched in vain; his boy was not there to meet him. Then the captain came forward, and a hush fell upon the passengers as they drew away and left the two together. It was a sad tale that the captain had to tell of a foolish quarrel followed by a duel. Only the evening before had the disputants crossed swords and De Monte had been killed. Bowed with grief the broken-hearted father was conducted to his son's cabin where the dead body lay. He bore the beloved remains to the house by the Adyar, and afterwards to the cemetery at Mylapore. When he died he left the house and grounds to the Portuguese Mission in the Luz.

Chamier's Road runs eastward towards the sea and parallel with the river. It curves and changes its name before it reaches St. Thomé, passing several fine houses standing in well-wooded compounds that stretch to the river's edge. One of these houses bears the name of Brodie Castle. It was built by James Brodie, the eldest son of James Brodie, of Brodie, N.B., and of Lady Margaret Duff, the daughter of William, first Earl of Fife. Lady Margaret was burned to death at Brodie House in Scotland in 1786. Her son James also met with a violent death. He loved the beautiful river and was never happier than when he was sailing over its broad reaches.

One day he was starting out for a sail when his wife came to him in great distress and begged him not to go. He asked the reason, and she, somewhat unwillingly, confessed that she had had a bad dream about him and feared its portent. His only reply was to laugh at her superstitious fears. Saying that he would show her how little occasion she had to be nervous, he got into his boat and sailed away. She never saw him alive again. What happened exactly no one knew. The boat was overturned and Brodie was found dead in the water. The house was put up for sale and bought by the firm of Arbuthnot for the use of the Arbuthnot family. For some time Sir Thomas Strange lived in it.

In 1866 another sad fatality was connected with the house. John Temple, Lieut.-Colonel in the Madras Army, and a brother of the late archbishop, was drowned with three other people while boating. Mr. Henry Cornish, who was then editor of the 'Madras Times,' and afterwards co-editor and part proprietor with Sir Charles Lawson of the 'Madras Mail,' published an account of the accident in the 'Madras Mail' on the death of the archbishop. He said :—

'At the time of his death the colonel was president of the newly organised Madras Municipality, an outcome of the recommendations of the Army Sanitary Commission, who had strongly condemned the insanitary arrangements in Indian towns. . . . A tiffin party had been given by the late Mr. John McIver, manager of the Bank of Madras, at his house, Brodie Castle. . . . Among the guests were Colonel Temple, Captain Frederick H. Hope, Aide-de-Camp of Lord Napier, the then Governor, and Mr. Bostock, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's agent. About six in the evening these three gentlemen, with two Misses McIver, daughters of the host, went out for a row on the river in a boat belonging to the

house. . . . The intention was to cross the river and take a stroll on the opposite bank, but after going a short distance the boat grounded on a sand-bank. According to Mr. Bostock's evidence, who was the only person who saw what took place, the party had to land on the sand-bank in order to right the boat.'

Apparently in doing this the boat received a strain, for soon after re-embarking it sprang a leak and filled rapidly. The whole party was thrown into the water, and Mr. Bostock alone was able to reach land. He found safety on a small island and shouted for assistance. He was heard by Mr. J. D. Mayne, who occupied one of the houses on the banks of the Adyar, and he was rescued by that gentleman. The rest of the party were unfortunately drowned, and their bodies were recovered some distance from the spot where they sank. The two officers were buried on Christmas Eve with full military honours. The Governor, Sir William Dennison, and the Commander-in-Chief were present. The Miss McIvers were the sisters of Sir Lewis McIver, M.P., who was in the Madras Civil Service before he entered Parliament.

After passing Brodie Castle the road bends towards St. Thomé. The river Adyar widens into a broad backwater with mud banks and shallows and the roadway is raised on an embanked causeway. Brown wading birds paddle in the ripples, filtering the mud through their long beaks, and the water-snakes pursue their sinuous way in their hunt for the frogs. Once while we were away from Madras a strange sight was to be seen from the bridge that crosses the Adyar. The water was unusually low, and round the piers were masses of writhing snakes intertwined like tumbled coils of rope. What had brought them there no one seemed able to say. It was a loathsome sight which did not last long, and it has never been seen again. The backwater extends on either side of the

road, reflecting sky and landscape, the gorgeous colours of the sunset, the groves of palms, the handsome trees, and the skimming gulls and curlews. The moan of the surf upon the shore becomes audible, and St. Thomé is reached with its silent old streets, its big cathedral of modern growth, and its pleasant little bungalows, nestling confidently upon the beach with the waves beating up to the very compound walls.

St. Thomé was the name the Portuguese merchants gave to their settlement in the ancient town of Mylapore, the Maliapha Emporium of Ptolemy. Here, it is said, St. Thomas was buried, A.D. 68. Mylapore was a flourishing city then, with a prince to rule over it. Ships from many countries far and near put in with their merchandise, bringing pilgrims to the tomb of St. Thomas. Among these were said to be the ambassadors of Alfred the Great (A.D. 883). Thither, without doubt, came the great traveller Marco Polo in the thirteenth century, in whose time the town was prosperous. The narrow streets still remain, many of them too narrow for a carriage to pass along. They were laid out when the palanquin was the chief means of locomotion for the wealthy; and Marco Polo, borne on the shoulders of the fishermen bearers, must have passed by those deserted ways down which I gazed. The houses that line the streets are small, and many of them in a ruinous state. The wooden rafters and beams decayed and the roofs fell in. As they fell so they seem to remain in the present day, a symbol of the decay that has overtaken the trade of the port.

Early in the sixteenth century the Portuguese appeared on the Coromandel Coast. Tempted by the anchorage in the Adyar, they brought their little ships over the bar into the backwater. They obtained leave to settle at Mylapore, and were granted a lease of a part of the town that touched the sea. Warehouses and dwellings rose

quickly and the new quarter received the name of San Thomé de Mylapore. They fortified themselves and built a wall round their property, and the moribund trade of the town revived.

There was no such thing as going to the hills then; the heat of the summer must have been well-nigh insupportable when the breeze from off the sea died away and the hot land-wind blew. The merchants sought relief inland, and built garden-houses among the luxuriant trees of the Luz. The Luz lies between Teynampet and the sea, and is within easy reach of St. Thomé. The large airy houses with their thick walls and massive pillars were more suited to the taste of the proud old dons than the crowded fort. They laid out gardens, cultivated the sweet Persian rose, the oleander, and the double jasmin; they lived in princely fashion with a number of slaves to do their bidding. The road between the Luz and St. Thomé, as well as the streets of Mylapore, presented a gay and busy scene. Palanquins, bright with scarlet silk and lacquered woodwork, bore the dark-eyed Portuguese ladies to the market in the city, while a bevy of gaily dressed slaves followed close upon the heels of the chanting bearers. There was as much rivalry among the ladies over the brave show made by their household as there was over their own silken skirts and lace mantillas. The gentlemen, with flowing plumes and satin cloaks, rode to their warehouses on the restless little Persian horses, brought down from the north by the Afghans. Strings of pack bullocks carrying bales of cotton goods to the seaport, and lines of porters bending beneath their loads of strange treasures that were sent in exchange for the cotton and other Indian products, passed to and fro in a never ending stream. They have all vanished; the Luz Road and the streets of Mylapore are deserted save for a chance pedestrian who turns to gaze in idle curiosity

at the unusual sight of an Englishwoman in her carriage, or a pony-jutka taking a party of Muhammadans from Triplicane to the beach.

The palaces of the dons are occupied by Hindu gentlemen, whose families, although not *purdahshin*, live in the retirement of the thickly wooded compounds, some of which are enclosed with high walls. The gardens round the houses are encircled with hedges, from which comes a breath of the sweet inga, like the scent of the honeysuckle in England. In vain the eye scans the grounds through open gateway, or chance breach in wall and hedge, for glimpse of silken garment and flash of golden ornament; in vain the ear is bent to catch the sound of the merry voices of children playing among the oleanders and roses. The silence that broods over the Luz is even greater than that which has settled upon the dead city. Yet nature lives, and the mynas and parrots chatter and scream with a royal licence, as they chattered and screamed in the time of Marco Polo and of St. Thomas. The crows are vociferous upon the verandah roofs, and the squirrels, with jerking tails, scud shrieking along the walls. The song of the gardener comes from the well as he draws water for the garden; and occasionally the sound of a tomtom may be heard, as some domestic festival is being celebrated within the jealously screened halls.

The Luz church, to which De Monte left his money, stands in a grassy meadow at a little distance from the road. It was founded (1516) by the Portuguese Capuchins, and for nearly four hundred years its bell has called the people to prayer. Its congregation no longer consists of rich merchants, proud dons with their lace-veiled donnas, but is composed of natives and a few Eurasians. These last have some of the high-sounding names of the Portuguese nobility, but they inherit little else from their distinguished forbears.

CHAPTER VI

THE RIVER

Take care not to fix your abode in a place where there is no temple, no headman, no school, no river, no astrologer, and no doctor.—SLOKA.

BOOKS on geography assign no river to Madras, and the map confirms the implication that it is without a waterway. No crinkled black thread is to be seen marked across the Coromandel Coast having Madras as its termination. It is, therefore, a surprise to the visitor to find what is to all appearances a handsome stream winding through the town and suburbs and presenting broad stretches of silvery water at various points. The calm surface reflects the quaint oriental buildings, the beautiful palms and trees that flourish on its banks, and the gorgeous colours of the sunset, with a picturesque charm that delights the artistic eye. Like the Adyar, the Cooum River is nothing but a sandy watercourse that merges into a broad backwater as soon as it arrives within sound of the surf. In bygone days it was connected with the sea. The immense tract of sand thrown up since the building of the harbour arms has divorced the Cooum from the ocean, and closed it against the small country ships, which were said in the old days to seek an anchorage across its bar. It still has its river craft, rafts and barges, which travel for miles without haste or hustle to distant villages by way of the silent canals with which the river is connected.

At the end of the eighteenth century, when the country was beginning to settle down and before railways were projected, the East India Company spent some thought and money upon the making of canals. As early as 1802 the waterway to the north was opened and much used. In more recent times a great deal of the material that was once carried thus has been diverted to the railway; but bulky country products such as firewood, palm leaves, cocoanut fibre, and bamboos are still transported by the leisurely barge that is towed and punted between the high banks of the canals and over the glassy water of the Cooum. Appearances are nowhere more deceptive than in the East. The canal looks an ideal stream for the house-boat, but it is hot and stifling. The sea-breeze sweeps over its high banks, rustling through the trees with a sound that is suggestive of coolness and shade without touching the surface of the still water below; and the mosquito is the only creature that feels thoroughly happy in that muggy heat. Vegetation grows luxuriantly; and there are spots where the pampas-grass flourishes and the wild caladium lifts its graceful triangular leaves. The long flowing foliage of the pampas lies like the combed locks of a water-nymph upon the banks of the canal,

> Dropt in its Lap from some once Lovely Head,

as the Persian poet sings of the hyacinth. At other places palms and trees bend over the water with their glistening mantles of evergreen; and the impudent mynas, the starlings of India, on insect-hunting intent, tumble in and out of the leafy shade as if they were playing at hide-and-seek. At night, when the chatter of the mynas is silenced in sleep, the fire-flies bring their fairy lamps among the palms and hold their revels.

In the old days, when the English first settled in Madras, the Cooum washed the walls of Fort St. George,

and a State barge was kept upon it for the use of the Governor. In 1688, when the Dutch Commissary-General paid a visit to the Governor, he was entertained at dinner in the fort, and afterwards went by water to the Company's garden to partake of a sumptuous supper. The barge was adorned with scarlet and gold, as was becoming to the dignity of the English Company of merchants; and doubtless the banks of the Cooum were lined with the dark-skinned inhabitants of Blacktown eager to see the show. The centuries that have elapsed have made no difference in the sightseers. Their dress is the same and their curiosity is undiminished. They still come in crowds to the river, not to see a State barge, but to gaze in stolid silence at the games of football which the soldiers of the garrison play on the island. The fortunes of the game do not appear to interest them, but the struggle for the ball, the chance slip and overthrow of one of the players, elicit sudden shouts of laughter. The laughter dies as suddenly as it is roused; and at the end of the game the crowd melts away in the sunset light with no sign of emotion at the issue of the contest.

The island is formed by the branching of the Cooum near the sea. It is a level piece of grass-land full of historical interest. It was here that the contumacious old soldier, Captain Francis Seaton, commandant of the garrison, marched his troops over the Company's calicoes to the great indignation of Governor Pitt. At that time the Company had a large dyeing establishment on the island by the edge of the river, where the washers could work in safety under cover of the fort guns. It was usual for the Governor to attend the fort church in state every Sunday. He sat in the gallery, and reached his seat by way of the outside staircase, which is still to be seen. The duty of the commandant of the garrison was to parade his troops and line the road. When the

Governor lived in the fort this was done without much trouble, but when he chose to occupy the garden-house by the river, the Sunday parade was a much more arduous business.

The calicoes on one particular Sunday (1708) were spread out in the sun after having been dipped. Pitt was proceeding to church in his palanquin. Instead of finding the road on the island lined with troops as usual, he saw Seaton parading them all over the calicoes. His wrath knew no bounds. Descending from his palanquin, he went in person to the spot and ordered the men off, but they had already done considerable damage. The next day the commandant was called before the council to be reproved. The reproof was not received with proper humility, so he was suspended until the matter of 'breaking him altogether' could be discussed. There was further friction between Seaton and Pitt, and it was decided in council that the captain should be sent home by the first ship sailing. This happened to be the *Heathcote*, commanded by Captain Tolson. When the time came to embark Seaton refused to stir. The council ordered him to be carried on board, and told off an officer with a file of soldiers to carry the order into execution. It was easier said than done. They succeeded in getting Seaton through the surf and alongside of the ship; but they could not put him aboard without the assistance of hoisting tackle, and this Captain Tolson refused to lend. He said that he was quite willing to receive anyone as a passenger who desired to sail with him, but he would carry no one by force. He asked Seaton if he wished to come on board; and, on his replying in the negative, the captain ordered the boat to leave the ship's side. Against this decision there was no appeal, for the commander of an East Indiaman was a veritable monarch on board his own ship. There must have been much amusement in the fort over

the incident and possibly some gratification, for Seaton had friends and relatives on the council who sympathised with him rather than with Pitt.

The shape of the island has been slightly altered since those days and the river reduced in breadth, but Nature remains the same. The birds that haunt its borders are unchanged. The timid sandpiper still runs over the mud-banks by the water's edge after the still fleeter land-crab that scuds along like a piece of thistle-down blown by the wind. The kites sail overhead with their melancholy scream, and the vulgar voice of the crow sounds in the trees. The fluttering kingfisher drops like a stone upon the unwary fish as it comes for its draught of air to the surface of the water. There is a splash and the fisher-bird is on the wing once more, a dazzling spot of black and white in the sunlight, the silver fish in its beak. As I passed by road and bridge I bade the coachman stop that I might take my fill of the tropical sights. He obeyed the order without a shadow of wonder upon his placid face. Now and then his eye would follow the flight of a bird or mark the passing of a human being. He would watch apprehensively for the ominous spotted owlet, lest it should settle in a tree hard by, and with one shrill screech tell him that grim death was overshadowing his family; or for man, woman, or animal whose approach would signify bad luck. If he pondered at all on my eccentric conduct in sitting by the roadside in the carriage where there was nothing to wait for, he probably came to the conclusion that I too was looking for omens and reading the future in the face of Nature.

Good dressing goes a long way towards giving dignity to a woman; good bridging does the same for a river. The Cooum is spanned by no fewer than ten bridges between Chetput and the sea. Nine of them are of stone

and worthy of a Presidency town. The tenth is by no means ugly, but being of iron it is less picturesque. It is on the marina, where it carries the road across the mouth of the Cooum.

The most interesting of the stone bridges—though it is neither the handsomest nor the largest—is the one across the northern arm of the Cooum near the fort. It bears the inscription, 'Wallajah Bridge, erected by order of Government in 1755 on piers which had been laid about 1740; Mr. J. Brohier, Engineer.' The fort gate, opening on to the road that passes over the bridge, has received the same name.

The date given by the inscription, 'about 1740,' for the foundation of the piers does not agree with the records. In 1742 Major Knipe was appointed chief engineer; he was the first of a long line to command the Madras corps, which was then in its infancy. His attention was at once directed to the enlargement of the fort. Before this could be done it was necessary to deflect the river, which ran close beneath the walls. Knipe lost no time in setting about the work (1743); but it was not until the bed of the river was altered that the piers of the new bridge could be built. Want of funds prevented him from completing it; there was so much else that was more important to do.

Plans for the enlargement of the fort had been prepared by Mr. Smith, the father of Colonel Joseph Smith, the bugbear of Haider Ali, but before they could be executed the French were in possession (1746). The fort was given back three years later (1749), but nothing could be done until money came. Thus it happened that the bridge was not completed until 1755.

At that time Brohier, whose name figures in the inscription, was an ensign in the Madras Engineers. Promotion came to him rapidly, and in 1756 he was

made major. He succeeded Colonel Caroline Scott as chief engineer in the same year. His downfall was as rapid as his progress. He was transferred to Calcutta to rebuild Fort William, and his work there was said to be so defective that it had to be done over again. He received his dismissal in 1760 without any reason being given, and retired to Ceylon, where apparently he settled. Through the kindness of one of his descendants, Mr. Siebel, a retired Queen's Proctor of Ceylon, I have had the opportunity of reading a long letter addressed by Major Brohier to a friend in England. In it he excuses himself for shortcomings, complains that he was short-handed in the work at Calcutta, not having enough over-seers on his staff, and asserts that he was ruined by the personal spite of Boddam and Vansittart, two influential men in the Company's service whom he had offended. The name of the friend to whom the letter was written is not mentioned, but at the end of the copy I found a note of part of a letter from Sir John Call, who was Brohier's successor for a short time at Madras. The letter from Sir John was dated February 14, 1771, and said, 'I am on very good terms at the India House and often consulted Mr. James, the late secretary; and the Commodore, now a director, inquired kindly for you, and I took the opportunity to tell him it was a misfortune to the Company that you was [*sic*] forced from Bengal, in which they agreed.' Following this extract there is a memorandum which suggests that perhaps after all it was not entirely on account of defective building that Fort William was rebuilt. The memorandum is :—

'Of the Plans stolen (by a man of the name of Fountaigne or Fountayne) from John Brohier, late Engineer-in-Chief of Calcutta on the evening of December 2, 1760.

'The large original Plan of the Citadel.

'One Plan of Calcutta in China paper, strong.

'One ditto of ditto in thin China paper with the Citadel on it.

'One cartouche finished with the renvoys.

'One Plan of the Citadel with the scale of the Plan of the Town.'

The taking of Fort St. George by the French (1746) and the destruction of Fort St. David at Cuddalore (1758) were still rankling in the minds of the Company. The French name of the thief is a possible clue to the reason of the theft and to the destination of the stolen property; the Fort William authorities may have found it convenient to make the excuse of bad workmanship in order to alter the original plan. The loss of valuable documents, for which Brohier was responsible, was sufficient reason virtually for his dismissal, whatever official reason may have been given. Whether his work was good and lasting upon the bridge that bears his name there is no possibility of ascertaining; for under the master hand of De Havilland it was widened, and very little of Brohier's structure remains.

The Wallajah bridge was named after Mohammed Ali, upon whom was bestowed the title of Nawab Wallajah. He was the Company's ally in the wars with Haider and the French, and he received permission to build himself a palace in Madras at Chepâk (1767). With Orientals it is considered a great honour to have a town or building named after them. The first lease granted to the English upon the Coromandel Coast had that condition attached to it. Madras was, and still is, known among the natives as Chennaputnam, the town of Chennappa, who granted the lease. The bastion and the fort gate that opens towards the bridge received the name of Wallajah at the same time as the bridge; and the road leading from the Chepâk Palace to the Mohammedan

quarter of Triplicane was named in honour of the same prince.

When the arches were but three years old Stringer Lawrence with his troops probably thundered across them as they retired from the Choultry Plain before the superior forces of Lally (1758). The regiments passed over the moat by the drawbridge, and the great iron-armoured doors of the fort clanged under the archway as they were closed and barred. A clamouring crowd of natives fleeing before the invaders were left outside, for the fort was already crowded. The Wallajah bridge saw them disperse and melt away to seek an uncertain refuge in unprotected Blacktown, or to hide themselves among the palm groves of Chepâk and the river swamps. Pigot, the Governor, was obliged to forsake the new garden-house in Triplicane, and he, too, crossed the bridge to take up his abode in the fort.

In later years there were other streams of fugitives, the English inhabitants of the 'garden-houses' that Mackay was erecting on the Choultry Plain, and the people from the Mount, all in fear of the Mysore horsemen, who were more intent upon loot than on conquering a country in which they had no intention of settling. It took many years to subdue those hardy cavalrymen of the plateau of Mysore. The old 19th Dragoons, who frequently crossed swords with them, used to complain that they could never get the Mysoreans and Mahrattas 'on the raw,' they were so padded and armoured and turbaned. The irate troopers adopted the trick of riding at their opponents' turbans, tilting them off, and then slashing at their bare skulls, a plan which they found effective.

Over the Wallajah bridge rode Warren Hastings as he conducted his fellow-passenger, Mrs. Imhoff, to his garden-house at the Mount, where she stayed with him

as his guest in 1770. Seven years later Lord Pigot, disgraced by an unjust arrest, and broken-hearted by the action of his unsympathetic council, was driven out to the Mount from the fort, only to return in his coffin, and be carried across the bridge to his last resting-place—a nameless grave in St. Mary's Church within the walls of the fort (1777). The Duke of Wellington as the Honourable Colonel Wellesley, Lord Cornwallis, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir Eyre Coote, and many other distinguished soldiers and administrators have traversed the island and crossed the bridge in their time, as well as the more humble privates and non-commissioned officers who contributed their share in the making of the British Empire in South India.

Whether they passed in the pale yellow light of the morning, with its blue haze, its sparkling dewdrops, and fresh sea-breeze, or whether they hurried homewards in the gorgeous colouring of the sunset, the scene that they gazed upon was the same as that which meets the eye of their successors and descendants as they cross the bridge to-day. The broad expanse of the Cooum reflected the group of hospital buildings contemporary with the bridge. The fisherman, wading waist-deep, cast his net, and the laden barge floated up to Chintadripettah with its load of firewood. Drum and bugle sounded over the grassy sward of the island, and the moan of the surf came in on the breeze. The kingfishers dipped from the old piers of the bridge, and the crows foraged in the mud below.

There is one blot upon the history of the Wallajah bridge. In 1875 Lord Hobart, the Governor, died. His remains were placed in a vault in St. Mary's Church. The funeral passed along the road over the island and entered the fort by the Wallajah gate. At that period a wooden footway was attached to the north end of the

bridge, and on this occasion it was crowded with natives eager to see the funeral procession. Suddenly the wooden structure gave way and the mass of sightseers were precipitated into the water. Some English gentlemen, who happened to be within reach, heard the cries of the people and ran to their assistance. Thanks to their efforts only five of the natives were drowned.[1]

At the time when I was beginning to make the acquaintance of Madras and its beautiful suburbs, through the exigencies of social duties, the fort chaplaincy was held by Dr. Sayers. His wife was dead, and her body laid to rest in the cemetery on the island. As there was no lady in the chaplain's quarters, I had no occasion to call at the old house, which many years afterwards my husband and I occupied; but Dr. Sayers called upon me. He was an excitable Irishman, with a reputation for preaching eccentric sermons. Speech was given us 'to hide our thoughts.' With Dr. Sayers his ready speech betrayed his thoughts all too quickly, and raised laughter or wrath as the case might be. In his sermons it led him into familiar terms which brought smiles to the faces of his hearers. In speaking of Boaz and Ruth he said, 'She was just a grass-cutter, such as you may see any day of your lives in the Mount Road.'

One Sunday, when the weather was hot and the punkahwallahs slack in their duties, he noticed that his congregation showed signs of somnolence. His ready Irish wit came to his assistance at once. He broke off from his subject and began to reprove them for their lethargy after this fashion: 'When you come to church to listen to the word of God your attention wanders and you let sleep paralyse your senses. But if it were clothes,

[1] Among the gentlemen were Captain C. J. Smith, R.E., Mr. Turnbull, Mr. George Chambers, Dr. Benson and Dr. Formby of the Medical Service, Mr. Burr, and Mr. C. Pinsent.

now, instead of the word of God that ye had gathered together to consider, there would be no sign of slumber among ye; and at the first sound of "Hawker, Ma'am!"' —here he gave the long penetrating call of the Indian hawker with the prolonged nasal chant of 'Ma'am' to the life. It echoed round the church with electrifying effect, and before the last cadence had died away, every member of the startled congregation was wide awake. There was a pause and an audible grunt of satisfaction from the preacher as he continued: 'Ye see the truth of what I'm saying. Ye sleep at the call of God, but every one of you is awake at the call of a hawker.'

CHAPTER VII

A LADY MERCHANT AND A EUROPEAN GALLEY SLAVE

There are six things which entail unhappy consequences—the service of kings, robbery, horse-breaking, the accumulation of wealth, sorcery, and anger.—Sloka.

Just above the Wallajah bridge there is a bend in the river. It was from this bend to the sea that the alteration was made. Above the bend it keeps its original course, touching the grounds of the General Hospital and forming a boundary on the south and west. There is a bridge at this point called St. Mary's bridge. The ground between the two bridges on the Georgetown side, upon which stand the central station, the General Hospital, and the Medical College, is one of the most interesting spots outside the fort walls. It was here that the first garden-houses of the English were built. They stood on the fort side of the river, and their owners were near enough to the guns to feel that they were safe from the Mahratta and Mysorean horsemen. These were the residences described by Fryer when he visited Madras in 1674. He speaks of their vegetable and fruit gardens, and of the pleasant retirement of the cool houses. The gentlemen riding on horseback and the ladies carried in palanquins resorted to them after the heat of the day and took their pleasure by the banks of the river. It was a purer stream then than it is now, resembling the Adyar as it sweeps past the house that was once De Monte's.

Chintadripettah did not exist, and Blacktown had not overflowed into Egmore and the Choultry Plain to spread a network of drains over the banks of the river and turn it into a city sewer. Here the Company had its first garden-house built upon the west end of the present grounds of the General Hospital. It was destroyed by the French (1746), and with it was destroyed the carefully laid out garden which occupied so much of the attention of Pitt. On the return of the English (1749) the half-ruined houses by the Cooum were abandoned by the servants of the Company for others that were erected further afield. In 1753 twelve of the old buildings were taken by the Company for the use of the General Hospital, at first by hire and afterwards by purchase. One of these, which stood at the western end of the property, had been formerly used as a store go-down by the Company. This gave rise to the tradition that the General Hospital was once the Company's warehouse, a tale not altogether without foundation. There was an old bridge over the Cooum leading to the garden-houses that went by the name of the Garden Bridge. It was demolished after the Wallajah bridge was built and the course of the river altered.

The river has witnessed some strange scenes, and could tell queer tales of the revelry that went on by its banks. Mr. Warner, the Company's chaplain, had something to say on the subject; but we have no proof that society was any worse by the side of the Cooum than it was by the side of the Thames. The puritanical spirit was abroad frowning disapproval on all kinds of amusement, and classing the innocent with the guilty. It was here that Yale had a garden-house, and scandal was busy with his name and that of Mrs. Nicks, a remarkable woman, who was his friend and neighbour. She was bridesmaid to his wife at his marriage in the fort—the first to take place in the new church of St. Mary's (1680).

Miss Catherine Barker's was the second. Her spouse was John Nicks, one of the servants of the Company. He possessed a good house in the fort, and, according to the custom permitted by the Company, traded in country goods, inland, as well as by sea—firewood, straw, oil, grain, salt, curry-stuffs, country fruit, and vegetables. For *bona-fide* country products there was no need to have a free-trade licence, which was only granted to those who were not employed in the service.

A great friendship existed between the Yale and the Nicks families. Children were born of both unions, and the parents stood sponsors for each other's babies at the font. There were other circumstances which possibly served to rivet the bands. In each case only one son was born to live and rejoice the hearts of their parents, and very dear did those little boys become.

Mistress Kitty Nicks was the first to meet sorrow. Her son was taken from her at the age of three years. It is not difficult to imagine how that passionate nature grieved. She was a woman of unusual spirit, subsequently known to every servant in the Company's service on the Coromandel Coast. The loss of her son and heir must have wrung her heart with anguish, and though she had many daughters, the vacant place was not filled till many years afterwards, when a Benjamin was born to her whom she named Elihu.

Barely a year after the death of little John Nicks, Elihu and Catherine Yale were called upon to part with their son. He died at about the same age, and was buried in the old cemetery where the present Law Courts stand. It was sometimes called the Guava Garden. The Dutch used to plant guava trees in their cemeteries, and their example was followed by the English. The old vestry records speak occasionally of the cemetery as the Guava Garden. Here, under the pink blossoms of the guava

bushes, were laid the hopes of the two families, and a common sorrow bound them in a still closer bond of friendship.

But though Mrs. Nicks might grieve, hers was not a spirit to be broken by sorrow. She still had her girls to think of. There were nine of them by the year 1696, and six lived to grow to womanhood. They had to be provided for, or portioned if they married; and the brave-hearted, ambitious mother set herself to work for them.

With ships of her own and a gang of warehouse slaves she launched upon a course of free trade which astonished her neighbours by its boldness and its irregularity. Her efforts were not confined to Madras; they extended south along the Coromandel Coast. She acted as the middleman, and bought calicoes from the country weavers which she sold to the Company, a course that would have been perfectly legitimate had her husband been a free trader and held the necessary licence. As he was in the service of the Company the proceeding was illegal, as the directors refused to recognise the wife apart from her husband.

At that time the President in Council was endeavouring to establish a factory on the coast of Arcot. The calicoes made in and around Cuddalore were found to be of a superior quality. They were painted, as it was called, dyed we should say now, and the patterns had caught the public taste in Europe, where the stuffs were in great demand for curtains. The unsettled state of the country, from the presence of the Mahratta horsemen bent on marauding, made the transit of merchandise by road impossible. The only way of procuring the calicoes was by persuading the weavers to bring their wares to some centre on the coast and to ship them to Madras. Cuddalore was a convenient centre, and here, after some vicissitudes, the Company managed to establish a small factory (1682).

A few years later John Nicks was sent there as chief. The appointment suited Mrs. Nicks exactly. She found herself freer from observation and with more opportunities of trading than she had at the Presidency town. Moreover, her husband, being chief, could wink at her irregularities, such as trading and warehousing her goods in the Company's go-downs.

As long as Yale continued in power (1687–1692) very little was openly said, except that she ought to take out a licence. Doubtless there were jealousies, and the remark was not without its sting. Everybody knew that if she had asked for a licence it would have been refused. The directors were already regarding the free traders with suspicion; and it was becoming more difficult each year that passed for a man to obtain permission to go to India or to purchase a licence to trade. A woman who begged for such a boon could not hope for anything but a curt refusal. Women's rights had not been heard of at that period.

The Dutch, who had settled at Cuddalore before the arrival of the English, showed themselves unfriendly from the very beginning. Their enmity increased to such an extent that the President decided to close the factory. The goods and servants were sent to Connimeer, near Pondicherry. It was in the transference of the Company's stock from one factory to the other that Mrs. Nicks got into trouble.

Her goods were apparently moved with those of the Company, and she thought to claim them on arrival, but herein she was mistaken. There had been for some time past a growing feeling of jealousy on the part of the other merchants in Madras, among whom there was some competition for the inland trade. The freemen considered that she was infringing their rights; and the Company's servants, whose wives were not imbued with the same

mercantile spirit, did not see why Mrs. Nicks should have an advantage not possessed by themselves. Now was the opportunity to 'break' her and her husband, and they did not intend to lose it. They accused her of having broken open the Company's go-downs at Connimeer and of having taken forcibly a quantity of calico. In all probability it was hers, and was paid for with her own money; but, holding no licence, she had no right to be in possession of such goods. She fell back on her old friend and declared that the property was Yale's.

Yale's reign was over, and he was no longer able to help her, being overshadowed by a cloud of trouble himself. She was asked for proof of her assertion, but of course could give none. Other accusations of fraud were brought against her, the chief witnesses being, as in Streynsham Master's case, the native merchants or brokers who brought in the calico, evidence that was utterly unreliable.

Mrs. Nicks was sued personally for the value of the calico she had taken, 'she being a woman notoriously known to be a separate merchant from her husband,' said the indictment; and she was asked to give bail for her appearance to answer for her illegal proceedings. She refused; so a warrant was issued for her arrest. There seemed to be a difficulty in putting the warrant into execution, as the lady also refused to be arrested. Accordingly, a guard of musketeers was placed over her house in the fort, to which she had returned, and there was no small excitement in the little community within the fort and in the garden-houses by the river. In the end she paid what was demanded, and the guard was removed.

We have only the council's version of the story; what Kitty Nicks had to say in defence of her conduct is not recorded. She did not possess the ready pen of a Hamilton to fling back mud at her enemies. Whether

she was to blame or not, it is easy to read the moral of her story, which was that there was no sympathy among the sterner sex for women who entered into competition with men in money-making and trade. In modern days public opinion, as regards her position of being 'a separate merchant from her husband,' would not have applied the epithet 'notorious' to her actions. It brought about the dismissal of her husband from the service of the Company, an event which at that time carried no disgrace with it. He obtained the licence, with which he should have provided himself when he married the intrepid Miss Barker, and spent the rest of his years in free trade.

Mrs. Nicks paid a short visit to England and returned to Madras, where she married three of her daughters to men who held good positions in the Company's service. She lived down the scandal that grew out of the sharing with Yale of his garden-house by the Cooum, and died at Madras, probably in her house in Choultry Street, on the north side of the fort, in 1709. Her husband followed her in 1711; and both lie buried in the old cemetery where they had already laid three daughters as well as the little son.

A tragic story is told of one of the free traders of Madras who lived in the fort and probably had one of the garden-houses by the Cooum, to which he and his wife retreated in the hot weather. The story has been told more than once in print of how Peter Curgenven was taken prisoner by the pirate Angria and made a galley slave; how he served at the oar for five long, terrible years, and how he was ransomed and returned home to die. Thanks to the kindness of a member of the Curgenven family, I have been put in possession of the details of the story.

Peter was born in Lelant in Cornwall (1682), and was educated at Sherborne School under his uncle, the Rev.

Thomas Curgenven, who was afterwards Rector of Folke, a pretty little country parish in Dorsetshire. Thomas Curgenven married Dorothy Pitt, the sister of Thomas Pitt, Governor of Fort St. George (1698–1709), and great-aunt of Lord Chatham. This connexion with India was sufficient to find employment for members of the Curgenven family, and Peter entered the service of the Company when he was seventeen years old. Five years later he became a free merchant, and by and by settled in Fort St. George. After the manner of free merchants, he was often away for months or even years 'seafaring,' as it was then familiarly termed, trading at Eastern ports and bringing indigo, saltpetre, silk, sugar, rice, and other commodities, which were purchased and sent to England by the Company. He named his ship the *Sherborne*, after his old school, and she was commanded by Captain Henry Cornwall.

It was on this ship, when he was passing down from Surat to Bombay, that he was attacked and taken prisoner. The story is told on his monument, a marble tablet on the south wall of the church at Walthamstow in Essex. The inscription is as follows:

'Near this place lyeth the body of Peter Curgenven. Erected by his widow. He was sent in his youth to the East Indies, where, attaining a thorough knowledge of the India trade in all its branches, he acquired a plentiful fortune, and, withal, what is more valuable, the universal character of a man of great honour and honesty, of inviolable faith and integrity, which virtues he adorned with an uncommon affability and politeness. Preparing after a twenty-five years' absence to return to his native country, he unfortunately fell into the hands of Connajee Angria, Admiral to the Sou Raja, then at war with the English at Bombay, and remained in a miserable captivity about five years, during which time with an

unparalleled patience, generosity, and greatness of mind he continued not only comforting, assisting, and supporting his fellow-sufferers, but even refusing his own deliverance without that of his companions in misery. At last, having freed himself and the rest by his own industry and management, he embarked for England in hopes of sitting down in quiet and enjoying the fruits of his labours. But see the uncertainty of all things here below! Just before his landing, a violent fit of cramp seizing his thigh, though the effects were hardly discernible, yet was he forced soon after his arrival in London to have his thigh first laid open and then cut off almost close to the body. Scarce ever was the like operation performed! Never any undergone with more resolution and firmness, without so much as a groan, or the least motion to express his anguish. He outlived this operation twelve days, when the wound, bleeding afresh, he resigned his last breath with a surprising sedateness and unconcern at leaving this world, being fully persuaded he was going to exchange his perishable for everlasting riches. He died on the 26th of June, 1729, in the 47th year of his age. He was the son of William Curgenven, a gentlemen of good family in Cornwall, and married Frances, daughter of John Rotherham, of this parish, Esquire, whom he left his sole executrix, having no issue, and who erected this monument over his grave as a token of her affection and gratitude.'

Mrs. Curgenven had gone home to England some years before, and he, after realising his fortune, was hoping to join her and settle down to a happy English life. Then came the terrible news of his capture and of the large ransom demanded. She was a lady of means, having twenty thousand pounds of her own. The ransom was sent and she sat down to wait with what patience she could muster for the coming of her lord. With

mingled joy and pain the suffering man and his faithful wife were united once more; but he was broken in health and spirit, though his noble patience still remained. On his body he bore the marks of the cruel treatment that he had received at the hands of his captors. The iron bolt by which he had been fastened to the galley had so galled and injured his leg as to cause the attack that his wife described on the monument. He must have been a man of indomitable courage to have survived such treatment, and to have submitted to the operation mentioned before the use of chloroform was discovered.

Thus passed away one of the good old merchants of Madras, who traded honestly and whose name was never entered in the Company's 'Black Books.' Peter Curgenven's name has long been forgotten in Madras; but his figure was once familiar in the fort and upon the beach among the shipping; he was to be seen with his wife in the church of St. Mary's, and he 'took the air' in the evening after service on the sands outside the sea-gate, or loitered by the banks of the Cooum among the oleanders and Persian roses of his garden-house. His widow married for her second husband Lord Somerville, a Scotch baron, whose history is as romantic, though not so tragic and unfortunate, as that of Peter Curgenven, free merchant of Fort St. George.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GOVERNOR

Great rivers, shady trees, medicinal plants, and virtuous people are not born for themselves, but for the good of mankind in general.—Sloka.

An important social duty which has to be done on arrival in Madras, besides paying calls on the residents, is the writing of the name of the newcomer in the visitors' book at Government House. It is equivalent to making a call.

As my husband and I drove up to the house, the scarlet and gold of the uniforms, sacred to the use of the representatives of the Empress of India, was an impressive and picturesque sight. The peons stood grouped at the wide entrance with a background of marble-white pillars and green palms and ferns. The long scarlet coat, the red sash with burnished badge worn across the chest, the neatly folded turban, the bare feet and silent tread, the brown complexion, the quiet dignity and deferential manner, were touches that accorded well with the noble building.

We were conducted inside the large hall, of which the staircase occupies a considerable portion, to a table whereon lay the visitors' book for the year 1877. The volumes, which by this time fill more than one shelf, must be of immense interest, containing as they do the autographs of almost every Englishman who has been in the civil and military services of Madras. When the name was duly

inscribed and the calling-cards deposited upon the table the magnificent peon in scarlet and gold conducted us back to the carriage. I was whirled away with regret at having had so short a time to make my acquaintance with a building that fully deserves the title of palace.

The old merchants, who laid out the Company's Physic Garden on the banks of the Cooum, little thought, when they obtained a reluctant permission from the directors in 1676 to put up 'two or three chambers for the sick,' that their modest sanatorium would in course of time develop into the imposing pile we call Government House. The building of the first house was completed in 1681. It became the official residence of the Governor. Its successor has seen a long line of visitors, beginning with the Dutch Commissary-General, who was conducted to the old house in the State barge, and culminating in the person of the King-Emperor, who, as Prince of Wales, was entertained by the Duke of Buckingham in 1875.

The change of site was brought about by the destruction of the old house by the French (1746). When the English returned after the rendition of the fort (1749) they found the Company's garden-house levelled to the ground. It was associated with the memory of Yale and Pitt, and a long line of Governors extending over sixty years, beginning with Gyfford and ending with Nicholas Morse, whose bones lie in the cemetery on the island.

Associations carried little weight with the Company, and it was decided (1753) to purchase for the Governor's garden-residence a house in Triplicane that had belonged to Luis de Madeiros, a descendant of one of the old Portuguese merchants of Mylapore. Sir Arthur Havelock, when he was Governor, took an interest in local history, and he suggested that the bungalow standing between the banqueting hall and the river and occupied

by the aides might be the old house. There is no means of corroborating this surmise. The latest authority on the topography of Madras is Colonel Love, R.E., who says in his book, 'A List of Pictures in Government House, Madras,' that Madeiros's house was the nucleus of the present building.

Since the acquisition of the property the road has been altered. 'At that time,' says Colonel Love, 'the roads which now bound the park did not exist. The Triplicane high road ran north without deviation up to Government House bridge, and passed within fifty yards of the house—that is, through the present compound. This road was, in fact, the main thoroughfare from the fort to St. Thomé.'

The line followed by this old road is still distinguishable by the avenue of old trees.

Five years after the purchase the French were once more in Madras, but not in possession of the fort. Government House was invested with their troops, who pulled down the verandahs, burned the village of Chepâk, and destroyed the private houses of the English in the neighbourhood. The year 1759 saw Lally defeated and his army in retreat. The house was restored in 1762 and occupied, but it did not assume its present proportions until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Lord Clive was Governor. In addition to the extensive alterations, the present banqueting hall was built. In 1860 a third storey was added, and the park enlarged by adding a part of the garden that had belonged to the Nabob of the Carnatic.

The bridge over the Cooum near Government House is one of the handsomest in Madras. The natives call it the Government bridge on account of its proximity to the Governor's residence. It bears this inscription: 'St. George's bridge: erected under the orders of

H 2

Government, 1805. Lieutenant T. Fraser, Engineer.' Seen from the road that runs along the south side of the river from the Mount Road to the sea, with the sunset colours behind it, it forms a subject worthy of the artist's brush. The trees along the banks and the emerald green of the island lend a charm that belongs to a sylvan country far removed from the habitations of men; yet the old Blacktown is barely a mile distant.

Between this bridge and the Wallajah bridge the white tents of Lord Roberts gleamed on the island a few years ago. He had no house assigned to his use in Madras, and he considered that he had just cause of complaint. His right abode should have been in the fort in the midst of the garrison. He cast longing eyes on the Accountant-General's office, once occupied by the Duke of Wellington. It would have made a fitting residence for the Commander-in-Chief of Madras, as he was then called; but the authorities did not take the hint, so he pitched his camp within sound of the garrison bugles and in sight of the fort.

The Duke of Buckingham had been Governor for nearly two years when we arrived. It was not long before I had the opportunity of seeing him as he passed me in the Mount Road, leaving an impression on my mind of clattering outriders in handsome uniform, the rattle of hoofs from the horses, and a vision of three modest-looking ladies, his daughters, and a grizzly bearded man in a grey sun-topee. A cloud of dust raised by the feet of the horses enveloped the cortège and hid it from my backward glance of curiosity.

He was an able man, blunt in manners and casual in dress, caring nothing for State ceremonial. He wore the grey sun-helmet on all occasions when not in uniform, whether it was a garden-party, or the inspection of troops, or a State visit to a native prince. I saw him frequently,

and always in a grey hat when out-of-doors. He used to drive along the marina with his daughters every evening and enjoy the sea-breeze. Above all things he was practical and given to examining personally into details, sometimes to the annoyance and confusion of the people in charge. His twinkling dark eyes were everywhere; nothing seemed to escape them as he plied his victim with searching questions. The theory of personal inspection is excellent, and has found favour with exalted personages of higher rank than dukes; but it leads to curious experiences, as he discovered on more than one occasion, and some embarrassment to the staff whose duties keep them in close attendance. The following stories are told of him. I cannot vouch for their accuracy. If not true they are *ben trovato*.

He had once been chairman on the directorate of the Great Northern Railway, and while occupying that position he acquired a taste, which he never lost, for the detailed working of the iron road. A story was told that when the Viceroy was to pay an official visit to Madras it was arranged that the Duke and his staff should meet him on the border of the Presidency, and that they should stop and see some of the places of interest on the way.

The Duke's special ran into the station where they were to meet, closely followed by the one carrying the Viceroy. The Viceregal party stepped out on to the platform. Not seeing the Duke they moved up towards the Madras train. An aide in uniform descended from the saloon carriage followed by the private secretary and other members of the staff; but there was no sign of the Duke. They gazed blankly up and down the platform, and the Viceroy, turning to one of the aides, said:

'There must be some mistake; we had better go on as the Duke is not here.'

He was just moving away to return to his saloon

carriage, when a grizzled, travel-stained man in a huge sun-topee and with blackened fingers hurried towards them with apologies for having kept the Viceroy waiting, saying that he had understood that his arrival was to have been later. This remarkable person was none other than his Excellency the Governor of Madras, who had been riding on the engine and driving his own train!

When the Duke visited Trichinopoly in his official capacity he is said to have been again lost by his staff. Report had it that they found him inside the boiler of an engine which had been disabled by an unusual accident. He was inspecting the flaw that had caused the trouble, and was discussing it with a European engine-driver in the employment of the South Indian Railway whom he had known in England on the Great Northern Railway.

The Duke used no ceremony towards his subordinates. He was in the habit of addressing them by their surnames with the familiarity of an old friend. At our first dinner at Government House he leaned forward, looked towards my husband and called out 'Say grace, Penny.'

Some of the older men, who were accustomed to the ceremonial which is traditional in Indian official life between the Governor and his subordinates, did not altogether approve of his style of address. As one of them remarked:

'It is hardly fair upon us. When the Duke says "Cockerill, my boy," I can't reply "Buckingham, my boy."'

For all his eccentricities he made an excellent Governor, sparing himself no pains to gain all sorts of knowledge connected with his duties and responsibilities, and seeing to the best of his ability that laws and regulations were properly carried out. His thirst for information was often a source of trouble to the already over-worked officials.

Certain alterations were required in one of the churches up-country, and they had to be sanctioned before they could be put in hand. Plans were prepared and were forwarded through the executive engineer to Madras to be laid before the Governor and council. The alteration was in the east end, and there was occasion to use the word 'sanctuary.' In due course the plans came before the Duke, who scribbled in blue pencil over them 'What is a sanctuary?' They were returned to the office of the chief engineer, who sent them on to the executive engineer of the district to which the church belonged. He forwarded them to the chaplain in charge for an explanation. Back went the official reply written on official paper in official language. The chaplain had the honour to inform the executive engineer that the word 'sanctuary' was the technical term for that portion of the church where the altar stood.

It was said that the Duke once sent back the plans of a church to have the points of the compass marked!

In the matter of questions he was insatiable; he put them continually, important and unimportant, giving his staff no rest until they obtained the information he desired. Aware of this ardent pursuit of knowledge, they sometimes drew a bow at a venture.

On one of his visits up-country he was no sooner seated in the carriage that was to take him round the station to the different points he wished to inspect than he began his catechism:—

'Whose house is that?' he asked, addressing the gentleman whose duty it was to accompany him. In vain that individual racked his brains to remember who lived there. Priding himself on his general knowledge he would not admit ignorance, and feeling sure that the Duke would not stop to verify the truth of his statement, he ventured to reply:—

'Krishna Moodelliar's house, sir.'

'Oh! Why is that woman wearing that bright-coloured cloth?' inquired the Duke pointing to a native in a garment stained with brilliant aniline dye.

'Because she is out on a holiday to see you, sir'—and so on.

It happened that they returned by the same route. The Duke still persevered in his questions:—

'Whose house is that?' he asked, pointing to the same house that had raised his curiosity at starting.

'Ramaswamy Moodelliar's, sir,' was the unwary answer.

'Oh!' rejoined the Duke quickly, 'I thought you told me that it was Krishna Moodelliar's.'

Born and brought up a peer of the realm he possessed a certain amount of imperiousness in his nature, which occasionally showed itself in spite of his casual manner and disregard of ceremony. One day in council he took up a document, saying:—

'About this letter; I see it is from Kuff.'

One of the Members of Council ventured to correct him: 'He is called Keough, sir.'

'I call him "Kuff,"' replied the Duke decisively. And Kuff he remained all through the sitting of the council.

The old story about the three-chatty filter is well known to Madrasees. I have been assured more than once that it is true. For the benefit of those who have not been in India I venture to repeat it.

It must be explained that just before the Duke began his reign there was an agitation over the water-supply in many parts of the Presidency. Although Madras itself was well off in that respect, the towns in the Mofussil had only their wells and tanks to rely on. These sources might have been pure had the people been cleanly; but from time immemorial villagers have been in the habit of

washing themselves, their cattle, and their clothes in the same tank from which they draw their drinking-water. By the advice of the medical faculty the hospitals and public offices were supplied with filters, which were cheap and effective. They are still to be seen in every European and Eurasian house.

The filter is formed of three large earthen pots, which are placed upon a stand one above the other. The pot at the top contains sand, the second charcoal, and the lowest is the receptacle for the filtered water after it has percolated through the sand and charcoal. The two upper chatties are pierced with holes to allow the water to drip through into the lowest. But the best plans devised by European skill and science are often upset by the natives, who dislike the trouble involved in carrying them out.

The Duke was greatly interested in the working of the filter, its simplicity and cheapness commending the arrangement to his practical mind. He was visiting a town in the Mofussil, and among other things he inspected the hospital. There he saw a chatty-filter. Stopping before it he asked the medical officer to explain the process. He accordingly described how the water filtered through the sand first, leaving its grosser impurities behind. Passing through the second pot containing the charcoal it was again filtered. The Duke listened attentively and, turning to one of his aides, he said 'Fetch a chair.'

It was brought and his Excellency mounted it. Lifting the lid from the topmost pot he plunged his hand in, while his eagle eye fixed the unfortunate medical officer.

'The pot's empty!' he exclaimed in surprise.

'H'm!' was the comment, as the ducal hand explored the depths of the second pot. Again emptiness met his groping fingers.

'So is this!' he remarked, as he stepped down from the chair.

The brimming pot below told its own tale of how the waterman, to save himself the trouble of lifting his pot to the top, had poured the water straight into the lowest chatty!

Remembering his experience, the Duke never passed a chatty-filter without close inspection. He did not wait for the officer in charge of the hospital to play the part of showman, but used to push his hand into the sand and charcoal pots without ceremony. People soon learned his ways and took care, when he was expected, to warn the waterman before he arrived to have the jars properly filled.

One day he stopped short as usual before a filter. The upper waterpot was full of water which was percolating in orthodox fashion through the perforated bottom into the chatty containing the charcoal. The ducal hand sought the sand to make sure that it was there. Instead of sand it grasped a mass of sodden muslin, which was drawn out before the astonished gaze of the assembled party. The hospital peon, it appeared, knowing the way of the waterman, had been in the habit of keeping his best turban in the dry waterpot, and unaware of the order given, had not removed it.

One day, shortly before our arrival, the Duke was being driven down the Mount Road in an open wagonette which was unusually high in the build. The carriage was drawn by four horses and was accompanied by the bodyguard. Coming up the centre of the Mount Road was a perambulator wheeled by an ayah. It contained the child of Mr. Leeming, one of the chaplains attached to the Cathedral. At the sight of the cavalcade bearing swiftly down upon her the ayah fled shrieking in terror to the side of the road, leaving her charge to its fate. The horses and the

carriage with a clatter of hoofs and a cloud of red dust appeared to pass directly over the deserted child. Marvellous to relate, the little equipage remained intact, saved by the height of the carriage. The screaming of the ayah attracted the attention of the Duke. He called a halt, and instead of deputing an aide to inquire into the commotion he descended from the carriage himself, hurried to the perambulator, still standing in the middle of the road, and felt the limbs of the little one to discover if it had sustained any injury. Having reassured himself on this point he resumed his seat and continued his journey.

When the Duke came to Madras he brought with him a large amount of family plate. His guests at Government House had the unusual experience of eating their dinners off silver plates. Dessert was served on a beautiful service of silver-gilt. He was a genial host, peculiarly easy in his manner, and was much liked in spite of his eccentricities. He died a few years after retirement and the title became extinct.

CHAPTER IX

OLD MADRAS AND ITS WORTHIES

A mirror is of no use to a blind man; in the same way knowledge is of no use to a man without discernment.—SLOKA.

WE shared a house with the archdeacon for a few months and then settled in a smaller one on the Nungumbaukum High Road. Nungumbaukum is a small native village with only a few of its original rice-fields and cocoanut-palm topes left. It is all part of the extensive Choultry Plain. The River Cooum divides Nungumbaukum from Chetput and Egmore, and is here a broad, shallow, inland stream broken by stretches of pale sand, shining pools of water, and belts of emerald green herbage. There are trees everywhere, always green, and at certain seasons covered with luxuriant blossom. Many of the houses are of historical interest and connected with names that may be found in the annals of science and commerce.

It was in the very heart of Nungumbaukum that James Anderson, M.D., lived, the first Physician-General of the Madras Medical Service. He occupied a house, afterwards owned by Sir Thomas Pycroft, and now known as Pycroft's Gardens.

The Service merits more than a few words of mention, since it is ornamented with a long line of botanists and naturalists from Edward Bulkley, the compiler of the first list of Madras birds, to Ronald Ross, the discoverer of the malarial germ in the mosquito. Like the Civil

and Ecclesiastical Services, it has its origin at the very commencement of the East India Company's operations. When the merchants received their Charter (1599–1600), and fitted out their first expedition under Sir James Lancaster, a surgeon was one of the paid officers on the staff.

The training of the early medical man consisted of serving an apprenticeship to a surgeon and an apothecary, which two professions were generally united in one person. At the termination of the apprenticeship a certificate was given which constituted his diploma. The knowledge of the ordinary practitioner was not great. He knew how to 'let blood,' which seemed to be considered a panacea for all complaints. He could set a simple fracture, and he had some knowledge of the preparation of infusions, emulsions, and extractions from herbs. Of tropical diseases he was totally ignorant. It was not surprising to read that Master Surfflict, who sailed on the *Dragon* with Sir Henry Middleton (1604–5) in the combined capacity of doctor of physic and chaplain, was counted incapable both as a spiritual and medical adviser, and utterly unable to cope with the 'calentures' and 'fluxes,' as they called fever and dysentery in those days, that decimated the crew. His knowledge must have been of the most primitive nature. It was certainly not sufficient to enable the physician to heal himself. He died on the voyage home, of one of the strange tropical complaints which had carried off so many of his patients.

As soon as settlements were established surgeons were appointed to them. They were recognised as covenanted servants of the Company; and their names appeared on the pay-lists with those of the Governor and the rest of the staff. They messed in the Company's house with their fellow-officers, and had their place marked out in order of precedence. The salary of a surgeon was thirty

pounds a year, and it remained unchanged for at least a hundred years. He was expected to prepare medicines and make salves for emergencies; and he was provided with an assistant, called a surgeon's-mate, who sometimes rose to be surgeon himself. He was allowed to engage in country trade, and was often to be seen at the sea-gate buying and selling with the merchants.

About the year 1750, when the Madras Army was being called into existence, it became necessary to appoint surgeons to the regiments then being raised. They moved with the troops, and though they had no rank and were dependent entirely on the goodwill of the commanding officer for their position, no disadvantage was felt until a century later. They maintained friendly relations with the officers and with the men under their charge, and rendered good service in the field. In times of peace their small number perhaps sufficed, but during the war in the Carnatic, in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was insufficient to cope with the exigencies of the times. After the victory at Wandiwash, Coote deplored the want of medical attendance and hospital comforts. He wrote from the field (1760):

'Really the scene is now dreadful to see. Such a multitude of poor objects, and not in my power to give them the least assistance for want of every one necessary requisite for an hospital. I make no doubt upon this representation you will do everything humanity can direct. If it is possible to send surgeons and proper people from Madras to attend the wounded here, who are very numerous, you may by that means save the lives of many gallant men, several of whom have not been dressed since the day of action. As I shall be obliged to carry away some surgeons out of the few, numbers must lose their lives.'

The result of this pathetic appeal was a considerable

addition to the Company's medical staff, which increased to such an extent that it required a separate organisation to control it. In 1786 a Board of Direction was formed with Anderson at its head, and thus the Madras Medical Service was definitely established.

Anderson was a great botanist, and might be called the pioneer of the Botanical Gardens of Madras, although he had nothing to do with the present Agri-Horticultural Society and its beautiful grounds in Teynampet (founded 1835–6). His experiments were confined to his own private garden, where he cultivated plants with a view of developing the indigenous resources of the country and of naturalising foreign plants of mercantile value.

A visitor to Madras in 1792 described him as being at that period an elderly man and somewhat infirm. The garden was shown by an assistant. There were a number of flowers and fruits foreign to Madras. Some of them, the loquat, pommelo (grape-fruit), custard-apple, and papaw, are well-known in the present day. The papaw, a fruit like a pear-shaped melon growing upon a small tree, is rich in digestive property, and yields a drug which is used in medicine.

Anderson died in 1809 at the age of seventy-two and was buried in the cemetery on the island. He corresponded with Sir Joseph Banks, sending him a great deal of information that is now incorporated in standard works on botany. He especially directed attention to the cultivation of sugar-cane, coffee, and cotton, which plants in the present day are permanently established in different parts of the Presidency.

At his death a number of plants were removed from his garden in Nungumbaukum to the compound of a house in Saidapet on the Mount Road. There they were carefully tended by another botanist, and the experiments were continued until 1836. The work by that time had

grown too big and too important to be left to private enterprise. The Agri-Horticultural Society was formed, and Robert Wight, an eminent and enthusiastic botanist, became its honorary secretary. He threw himself heart and soul into the creation of the beautiful gardens of which Madras is justly proud.

As late as 1877 there might be seen in the compound of Pycroft's Gardens and at Saidapet strange trees and shrubs foreign to Madras, the relics of Anderson's efforts when he dreamed of the possibilities of the fertile soil of South India.

Roused by the example of Anderson and other scientific men the Company began to turn its attention to scientific research. With the crushing of the power of Tippoo Sultan the country became more settled. The battlefield no longer required the undivided services of the medical faculty, and men had more leisure to devote to any branch of science that promised to be useful.

Benjamin Heyne, M.D., a contemporary of Anderson, was an expert in minerals as well as in botany. He travelled with eyes and ears alert, and discovered, among other minerals, valuable deposits of sulphur. Pascal Benza was an Italian, who entered the Medical Service of Madras. He also assisted in developing the mineral resources of the Presidency. His career was unfortunately cut short by a fall from his horse on the Nilgiris. The injury to his head must have affected his brain. He committed suicide after being invalided home to the land of his birth. Turnbull Christie was in the Service and obtained leave to apply himself to science; he spent his own money on expensive instruments that were necessary for his experiments. The Company, though ready to allow their servants to do special work, were not prepared to spend money on laboratory furniture. John Leyden, physician, was another member of the Service. He possessed a

marvellous power of acquiring languages and devoted himself to the study of the literature of India. Had he lived he would have made valuable translations and annotations. He was transferred to Bengal, and died early from the effects of the climate. His name is best known by the poetry that he has left. Another botanist, whose name is perpetuated in an Indian plant, is Roxburgh, who, like Leyden, passed on to Bengal, but not before he had done something for the history of the flora of Southern India. Harris, Balfour, Herklots, Shortt are a few more out of the many that adorned the Service.

The man who is perhaps best known to posterity is T. C. Jerdon. His name is familiar to every naturalist in England as well as in India. His catalogue of Indian birds is a standard work on the subject. In drawing it up he was greatly assisted by Walter Elliot, of the Civil Service. Jerdon was on the Nilgiris and in Travancore, the Deccan, Trichinopoly, and other parts of the Presidency. He was also in Madras in 1845, when he was secretary of the Madras Literary Society, which was founded by Sir John Newbolt. His peculiarities, the result of his intense love of his favourite pursuits, were well known, and many are the tales still told of him. One of his own relatives wrote thus in the columns of the 'Madras Mail':

'Jerdon, the great naturalist and botanist, married my mother's cousin, and it is to my mother that I am indebted for the following reminiscences. To tell a snake story is to court incredulity, but I can vouch for the truth of these incidents. Jerdon and a companion were walking in the jungle one day, Jerdon, as usual, poking into every hole and bush. Suddenly he stooped down to the level of a bank and exclaimed, "Got him, by Jove!" adding quickly, "No, by Jingo! but he's got me." It appeared that he had seen a cobra slip into a rat-hole. The temptation

was too great to be resisted. He seized the disappearing tail, intending to pull the reptile out and fling it against a tree or stone; but the snake proved to be more than a match for the naturalist. It doubled out of a second hole close to the first and nipped its captor on the top of the forefinger. In a moment his penknife was out and the top of the finger sliced off. "That will do," remarked the enthusiast as he bound up the bleeding wound. It did do, for he proved to be none the worse for the accident.'

Another snake incident might have ended fatally for his wife—a long-suffering woman who had much to endure from her husband's pursuits and hobbies. She was in the habit of sitting in the evening at the foot of a staircase that led up to the roof of the house. One day at sunset she was occupying her favourite seat, her attention fully absorbed by her guitar—an instrument upon which she played with some proficiency. Suddenly she was startled by the report of a gun close behind her and the sight of a cobra writhing in its death agony a short distance away. Jerdon had observed the snake swaying to the music, and without saying a word to his wife, he fetched his gun and shot it over her shoulder.

He was by nature rash, his pursuit of the study of Nature leading him into situations fraught with danger. He once kept two baby pythons in a box full of straw which was placed in a spare room. He handled them freely, allowing them to glide over his body and wind themselves round his limbs. They grew rapidly, and as they increased in size they naturally increased in strength. When they were six or seven feet in length, Jerdon was playing with them with his customary freedom, when suddenly the house was roused by his shouts for help. A friend ran to the room and found him gasping for breath with a python wound tightly round him. So strong had

it become that it had to be cut to pieces before he could be released.

It is recorded that when travelling in Egypt he obtained two crocodile's eggs with which he was highly delighted. He carried one of the eggs inside his shirt next his body, and in due course of time a young crocodile was hatched about the size of a large lizard. It was deposited in a bath-tub with a log for its perch and was fed upon the yolk of egg and tender meat. It grew rapidly, like the young pythons, and became too big for its tub. It developed a habit of travelling over the house and snapping at the heels of the inmates, and it became necessary to banish it to a tank in the garden. There it distinguished itself by eating the house cat and drowning a half-grown spotted deer, which it seized by the nose and held under water when it came to drink. After this it was condemned to death, and Jerdon's study of the habits of crocodiles came to an abrupt termination.

He spent hours in the open watching the birds, beasts, and reptiles in their natural haunts; or he seated himself silent and motionless in a tree to learn the ways of the tree-frog and the lemur. On return from these expeditions his pockets were stuffed with specimens collected during the day. They were intended for the jar of ether, but frequently some of them escaped and might be seen wandering over his person.

Jerdon's name had been familiar to me from my childhood through my father's love of natural history. It was strange to come in touch with one of the very places where he had pursued his studies of king-crows, honeysuckers, minivets, and babblers so common to the compounds of Madras. He must often have loitered by the Cooum watching the shy birds as they came down to the silvery shallows to drink and bathe. Birds as well as beasts suffer from thirst. Even the butterflies

enjoy the moisture of the cool, wet sand by the water's edge, and sit with outspread wings in the sunlight daintily quenching their thirst. Jerdon must have revelled in the abundance of tropical nature on the Choultry Plain. The trees and bushes are full of feathered folk; and every flower-bed has its butterflies, giant black and red, graceful green and bronze, and tiny trembling blue. The coarse grass of the compounds teems with insect-life in spite of the hungry birds, the seven sisters, for ever hopping and babbling and feasting. Upon the scarlet poinsettia the black robin sings, keeping a watchful eye on that particular piece of the garden which it has appropriated to itself and its family as a hunting-ground. Let another dare to poach a fat grub on its preserve and the song is hushed, the robin is at him with a sharp warning not to trespass on other folks' land. The birds have their regular beats and keep to them. Great is the racket when those preserves are encroached upon by strangers.

After leaving Egmore and Nungumbaukum the Cooum circles round Chintadripettah, the old weaving town of the Company. It was founded by the merchants (1734) for their weavers, spinners, painters, washers, and dyers. The site was chosen on account of the protection offered by the river which more than half surrounds it. In its earlier days Chintadripettah may possibly have been pleasanter than it is now. In picturesqueness it lacks nothing. The road between the river and the village still gives beautiful scenery of wood and water. There are two or three old garden-houses standing back among the trees, with here and there a massive arch and handsome pillar that bespeak better times. The phosphates bred in the bed of the Cooum impregnate the air and drive the fastidious away. The same reason prevents the wanderer from lingering in the Napier Park, a small ornamental piece of public ground at the entrance of

Chintadripettah and opposite to the present Government House.

On the other side of the river below the old weavers' hamlet is the military cemetery. It lies at the extreme west-end of the island, and is a quiet retired spot little visited except by those who have occasion to go there. It was laid out as a burial-ground in the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1787–8 it was surrounded by a wall that is historical, and lives in the archives of the Madras Engineers. It was built by Garrow by private contract at a cost to Government of thirteen thousand pagodas (over forty thousand rupees). It was one of the extravagances that led to the withdrawal of large building contracts from the hands of private individuals, and caused Government to carry out its own works through its own engineers.

The distance between the leafy shades of the Choultry Plain and the busy native town of Madras, known in my time as Blacktown, but now called Georgetown, is not great; yet there could be no greater contrast of scene as one passes from one to the other. The luxuriant herbage gives place to narrow streets thronged with busy humanity. The only tree that remains faithful is the cocoanut palm, which springs from tbe tiny enclosed yards and lifts its crown high up into the brilliant sunshine and humid sea-breeze. Red-tiled roofs and colour-washed walls, the scarlet, blue, and white clothing of the people, the green palms and the azure sky make an oriental picture full of charm.

Historians differ as to the exact age of Blacktown. On one point they are agreed. If it existed at all before Fort St. George was founded, it was an insignificant fishing village of no importance. The centre of trade was at Mylapore, and until the English formed their settlement the ships rode at anchor before that old sea-

port. With the advent of the Company's merchants the fishing village became a busy town containing the native traders, who served the Company as middlemen and procured goods from inland. The quarter occupied by the Hindu merchants was called the Gentoo town, and was included in that part which was generally known as Blacktown. When the fort was threatened by the enemy, the English were equally concerned for the safety of their native brokers—without whom commerce would have come to a standstill—as for their own safety. To ensure their better protection, Yale, when Governor, walled in the Gentoo town without the consent of his council. The houses came close up to the old fort wall on the north and stretched along the beach. The sea washed close in—so close that in heavy weather the spray of the surf dashed into the verandahs. In place of the present Broadway, the only street in Georgetown that has any pretension to respectable dimensions, there was a small stream, a tributary of the Cooum. The walling-in of Gentoo town was a subject of contention in the council. It had been Yale's pet scheme when the place was menaced by the wandering hordes of Mahrattas, and he conceived the idea of making it a kind of outwork to the fort. Being of an imperious disposition and apt to act impetuously, he took the work in hand on his own responsibility and erected the wall. He imagined that he would have no difficulty in justifying himself as soon as the directors understood the importance of his action ; but he reckoned without his host. His tenure of office coming to an abrupt termination, his successor refused to accept the liability or sanction the outlay ; and Yale was sued for twelve thousand rupees, the cost of the fortification. Upon the line of this old mud wall was subsequently built another of a more substantial character, portions of which may still be seen.

The Choultry gate in the north wall, now filled in with masonry, was the chief entrance into the fort from Blacktown, although there was another called north or middle gate in the same wall. The Choultry, the original court of justice, was situated near the gate. The dwellings of the native merchants came up to the wall, from which they were separated by a space sufficiently broad to allow of the garrison being paraded there. These houses belonged chiefly to the Armenian merchants. The barracks, according to Vibart, were situated in this neighbourhood outside the fort, probably between the Choultry and middle gates. The married soldiers were allowed to live with their wives in Blacktown, a privilege much appreciated by the men.

Along the parade which followed the north wall to the seashore the daily market was held. For the first thirty or forty years the market people brought their goods into the open space, and spread them on mats on the ground, as is still the custom in up-country towns. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the English merchants built a row of small open shops, called 'bouticas,' for the accommodation of the market people. They were on the town side of the parade and faced the fort wall, and were let out for a small sum monthly. It was the first established market possessed by Madras, the humble predecessor of the imposing Moore market of the present day.

Here Blacktown met Whitetown daily. Here Mrs. Nicks, Mrs. Yale, with other ladies of the fort, wearing quilted cotton hoods or sunbonnets, came to do their marketing, while their husbands were busy in the consultation-room or at the sea-gate. Each lady was accompanied by two or three slaves, happy chattering creatures, on whom the bonds of slavery sat very lightly. If their conduct was satisfactory, the mistress

did not forget to purchase betel leaf and sweets as a reward.

It was a busy bustling scene, this morning meeting of the fort and town. The vendors of the market-stuffs sat by their wares brushing away the flies, disputing the price, fanam by fanam, cash by cash, gesticulating, talking, and refusing the offered sums, even as their hands were extended to receive the money. The thrifty housewives depreciated the goods as vehemently. Yet in spite of the chaffering and noise, good-nature prevailed between the dark and the fair, and all were friendly.

The Portuguese ladies, whose husbands had forsaken Mylapore and had come to live in Gentoo town, mingled with the English women and gossiped as they bargained. They wore the black lace mantilla over their heads, just as Taylor describes their descendants in later years, and they prided themselves on their blue blood and their name of castee.[1] The common tongue of the household and the market was Portuguese; it was spoken by slaves and servants, mistress and shopkeeper. On all sides it echoed, with Tamil and English interspersed, as the news of the day was exchanged.

There was no post, no English mail, except at very rare intervals. The afternoon parties at the garden-houses, approaching weddings, the last case of sickness and death were discussed with absorbing interest. The latest movements of the terrible Mahrattas, greatly exaggerated by the native imagination, were related; and the last tricks and delinquencies of the household slaves were confided by each housekeeper to her neighbour. Gossip and scandal, chaffering and bargaining filled the air. The sight of a diamond merchant passing along in his palanquin from the larger mart at the sea-gate reminded them that business was over and that their

[1] Of pure blood.

husbands would be returning. The soldiers, having finished their drill, were sitting down before their wooden platters to breakfast, and the sun burned fiercely overhead. At the bidding of their mistresses the slaves hoisted the laden market-baskets on to their heads, and the English ladies hurried back to their homes inside the fort.

It was a dirty, squalid Blacktown, albeit a very happy one as a rule. The contrast between it and the well-laid out, carefully preserved fort distressed the worthy merchants. In vain they represented to the citizens, through the headmen of their castes, that cleanliness was desirable and beneficial. The citizens of Blacktown did not wish to be clean. It was their time-honoured custom to throw their household rubbish into the streets, where children and pigs gamboled among buffaloes and goats, and they said that it was good enough for them. When they wanted it cleaner, they would clean it themselves.

The municipal difficulties of the merchants were reported to the Board at home, and the master-mind of Josiah Child was brought to bear upon the subject. He gave Blacktown a mayor and corporation, and the town was raised to the dignity of a municipal city (1687). It was an unexpected, unsolicited honour, and one that was not appreciated at the time, although it has made Madras the oldest municipal town in India. There was no pride about Blacktown in those days, and its mayoralty was a kind of white elephant to it. The civic functionary and his council might be elected, but they could not conjure up by virtue of their office the town hall and the public buildings, which Josiah Child pictured when he sent out the charter, the maces, and the robes of office. In happy ignorance of the customs of the Hindus, the masterful chairman of the directors fondly hoped that the robes of office would be an attraction to the native citizen, and lure him on to appear as a candidate for an aldermanic

seat. He little knew that a Brahmin, whose full dress then consisted of a snowy flowing loin-cloth and a sacred thread, would have fled to further India sooner than don an alderman's robe. In spite of its mayor and corporation, which soon became entirely Europeanised, Blacktown remained unaltered, busy in the morning with its trade, noisy at night with its punch and 'rack' houses, the delight alike of the British soldier and the native. Occasionally its happiness was clouded by the shadow of famine or by the approach of an enemy; and there were times when it was shaken to its centre by religious troubles in the shape of caste disputes. There were quarrels between the different sects, and at times they raged high with deeds of violence. The more peaceful natives quietly closed their houses and departed to the villages of Chetput, Nungumbaukum, Triplicane or even further afield. The absence of the washers, weavers, dyers, brickmakers, and other workmen inconvenienced the Company more than a little, as it stopped commercial operations. On this account the religious troubles of Blacktown penetrated the consultation-room itself, and absorbed the attention of the council. Different sides were taken by the members, and the quarrel threatened to be as fierce round the office-table as it was in the streets. Peace and order prevailed in the end, and the busy city resumed its ordinary life.

There were other and happier occasions when the Black and White towns united in common rejoicings. These were held when firmans[1] were granted by the native rulers, making trade concessions to the Company, when native ambassadors were received, and when a new sovereign was proclaimed. At the proclamation of James II. the servants of the Company, the free merchants, and a large number of natives who were connected with

[1] Licences to trade.

the Company, gathered in the Company's garden by the Cooum, and formed themselves into one of those motley processions which are now only to be seen in native States. The Governor, with his council and other members of his staff dressed in their robes of office, rode on horseback; native merchants, resplendent in jewels, followed in palanquins; and a large number of soldiers, armed peons, English trumpeters, and native tomtom beaters marched on foot. The Company's flag was carried on an elephant, and the procession was accompanied by a crowd of Blacktown inhabitants. The entire length of the town was traversed and the *cortège* halted before the Choultry gate. The proclamation was read, the Company's servants listening bareheaded and with drawn swords. After volleys of firearms and salutes, they all returned to the garden-house, where festivities were kept up with feasting and fireworks into the night, and many bowls of punch were consumed.

There were other processions of a different nature which too often passed through the streets of Gentoo town. Though Englishmen lived in the White town, their bodies were laid to rest in the Guava Garden in Blacktown. The coffin was taken into the church for the first part of the service, and from there it was carried through one of the gates in the north wall and along the crowded streets of the native city. The noise of buying and selling, disputing and drinking was hushed as the sympathy of Oriental nature was roused at the sight of the grief of the exiles.

For a hundred years did this Gentoo town of the Armenian and native merchants flourish. Then came the French, and the whole of the town enclosed by Yale in his city wall was levelled to the ground.

CHAPTER X

OLD BLACKTOWN AND ITS MERCHANTS

Nothing is more seductive and at the same time more deceitful than wealth. It is extremely troublesome to acquire, to keep, to spend, to lose.

SLOKA.

WHAT the mayor and corporation failed to do, the French effected. They cleaned a large portion of Blacktown by sweeping it off the face of the Coromandel Coast. The market, the Armenian quarters, and most of the Gentoo town disappeared. The densely populated native houses that filled the space between the old wall of the fort and the spot where the Law Courts now stand were annihilated, and the materials afterwards were used to form the glacis. Looking to-day from the top of the north gate over the fort stables and the outworks, it is difficult to imagine that the place was once a labyrinth of streets humming with busy life.

It took some years after the rendition of Madras to the English for the disorganised, half-destroyed town to recover itself. The work of restoration was begun, but it received a check when Lally invested it with his troops, nine years later, in his attack on the fort. In the wake of every invading army in the old days there followed gangs of *budmashes*, under the protecting title of camp-followers, whose sole object was loot. They rifled the dead on the battlefield, and plundered the living in the conquered and unprotected villages. The remnant of

Blacktown suffered more from these scoundrels than from the guns of the siege.

On Lally's departure some of the inhabitants ventured back, and the rebuilding was continued. From 1760 progress was rapid. Although the streets were narrow and the native houses insignificant, it was a much cleaner and handsomer city than the old one. In 1769 a fortified wall was built round the town on the west and north sides, remains of which may still be seen. The man who built it was Benfield, whose name has been immortalised by Burke in one of his great speeches. The orator's words were not in praise, but in scathing condemnation of Benfield, who had shaken the pagoda tree too vigorously over the contract.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the arm of the Cooum that washed the wall on the west was filled in, and the Broadway was made. The work was carried out by Stephen Popham, who came to Madras as solicitor of the Company. He belonged to the same family as the naval commander, Sir Home Popham, who held a command in India (1800–3). Stephen Popham brought his wife with him, a daughter of Sir William Thomas, and selected Blacktown as his home. He had given up a seat in the Irish Parliament to take the appointment, and he came out full of commercial enterprise and enthusiasm. He had visions of making Blacktown a princely mercantile suburb, where the merchants would live over their offices, as was the custom in London. It was a grand scheme, but there was an important factor in it with which Popham had not reckoned. This was the impossibility for the European to reside with safety among the natives. Sooner or later comes the epidemic, bred of their insanitary habits, and the Englishman succumbs.

Popham had the courage of his convictions, and endeavoured to live up to them. The result was disas-

trous. First his little son of six years old was taken; then a cousin named Weekes Popham died, and was buried in the cemetery on the island; he had come out to collect the estate of Captain John Popham, commander of one of the Company's ships. A few months later Mrs. Popham followed. With a courage worthy of a better cause Popham stayed on for eight years after his wife's death, and was killed at Conjeeveram by a fall from his curricle. Mrs. Fay, a lady who visited Madras in 1780, has left a vivid picture of Blacktown. She says:

'We are at present with Mr. and Mrs. Popham, from whom we have received every possible civility. He is a brother lawyer and a countryman of my husband, and she is a lively woman; her spirits have in some measure restored mine. . . . Mr. Popham is one of the most eccentric of beings I have ever met with. Poor man! He is a perpetual projector, a race whose exertions have frequently benefited society, but seldom, I believe, been productive of much advantage to themselves or their families. He is at present laying plans for building what is called the Black Town to a great extent, and confidently expects to realise an immense fortune; but others foresee such difficulties in the way that they fear he may be ruined by the undertaking. The pleasure that he takes in his visionary schemes should not be omitted in the account as of some value, for it really seems to be an uncommon source of enjoyment. The Black Town is that part of Madras which was formerly inhabited wholly by natives, but of late many Europeans have taken houses there, the rents being considerably lower than in Fort St. George.'

It was with the rise of the new Blacktown that the merchant houses came into prominence. During the last half of the eighteenth century, when the Company's revenues were augmented by their territorial acquisitions,

they became less jealous of their trade rights. This was the free merchant's opportunity, and he seized it. It was then that the big mercantile firms sprang into existence connected with the names of Harington, Dare, Roebuck, Garrow, De Monte, Moorat, De Fries, Balfour, Parry, Binny, and many others.

Dare built himself a house at Chetput, which still goes by the name of Dare's Gardens. He was the founder of the firm now known as Parry & Co. To this day the natives call Parry's place of business on the beach 'Dare's House.' The De Fries family were of Dutch origin, and the name appears on a monument at Cochin dated 1670, put up to the memory of Gerrit Jansz de Vries, who was born at Oldenburg, and came out in the service of the Dutch East India Company. They amassed great wealth, and spent it lavishly. At her marriage one of the ladies of the family wore shoes sewn all over with brilliants of enormous value.

Moorat is an Armenian name. The Armenians were connected with Madras from a very early period. After a cruel persecution in their own country they obtained permission to settle in Madras (1688) through Sir John Chardin, the celebrated traveller, whose brother Daniel lived and died in Fort St. George. Petrus Uscan, or Woskan, who built the Marmalong Bridge, was one of those who suffered in the destruction of Gentoo town. The French offered him protection if he would give his allegiance to them. He remained faithful to the English, who rewarded him on their return to the fort. When he died (1751) his heart was sent by his own request to Julfa, the town of his birth, in a golden box and buried there. Moorat also amassed wealth, and left some of it to charities for the benefit of his countrymen, which charities still exist. The rest of his fortune is dissipated, and his descendants have to work for their living. In one of my

journeys to India I passed through Paris, and I asked for a guide from an English travelling agent. A tall, handsome man of about thirty was sent to attend me, and he proved to be everything that could be desired. Learning that I was going to Madras, he told me that his ancestors had been merchants there. I asked his name, and he presented me with his card, which bore the name of Moorat.

The native merchants of Georgetown are many of them descendants of the men who were contemporary with the first settlers. Mr. Reddy Branson, who knew more about them than any man in Madras, said that the memory of their old rights was still cherished, and that the papers which confirmed those rights were jealously preserved among the family archives. They related to the carrying of umbrellas—the umbrella being more a sign of state than an article of protection against the sun—and the privilege of using palanquins. One of the most highly prized of these privileges, and for which vouchers are still preserved, was permission to enter the fort in a palanquin.

The town has its squalid parts, where the streets are as unpleasant as the inhabitants can make them, in spite of a vigilant municipality; and it might not prove attractive to the casual visitor. It abounds in interest with all its memories and associations; peace and war, famine and plenty have passed over it, and fortunes have been lost and won. In recent years it has been adorned with handsome buildings—the Law Courts, the General Post-office, the Madras Bank and others—which have given a new note to the town; but it cannot pretend to be on a level in architectural beauty with its sister cities of Bombay and Calcutta.

Between Georgetown and Mylapore is Triplicane, the Mohammedan quarter of Madras. Through the centre

of the suburb runs a wide street, which is said to have been laid out by the French in the seventeenth century during their occupation for a few years of Mylapore. The houses in Triplicane are of the same character as those in the back streets of Georgetown, insignificant in appearance and not more than two storeys in height. Their occupants are dhirzis, small shopkeepers, and dealers in wares from the north of India—the silks and satins of Indian make, embroidery, and gold thread. Over some of the doors in the Mount Road, as well as in Triplicane High Road, are some quaint notices. Over a small door leading into a tiny shed I noted :

'Indian Cycle and General Engineering Company. Agents for Aluminium. Madras Rickshaw Company.'

The single room would not have held more than half-a-dozen bicycles at most.

'Decent furniture for sale or hire' was upon a house of one storey, which was overcrowded with a dilapidated sofa, a round table, and five chairs.

'The City Stables, Government Auctioneer, Commission Agents, and Carriage Builders,' was more than full with two ancient gharries past all hope of repair.

'The Carleton Billiard Saloon. Ale, Wine, Spirits, Best Colombo arrack and English liquors sold by the bottle or glass,' had one room eight feet square for the accommodation of the imaginary billiard-table and the gay company that might frequent the place. A bench outside was perhaps more inviting.

'Optician very cheap. Very cheap pebles [*sic*] for old and young to be had at any price.'

The windows of all the houses in Triplicane, whether they belonged to the dwellings of the well-to-do merchants or to the poorer classes, were all closely shuttered with Venetians, indicative of the strict gosha preserved by the inmates. The Mohammedan seems to hold the same

view of woman as St. Chrysostom, who is said to have remarked that she is 'a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill.' Acting on some belief of this kind the Moslem shuts her up, convinced that nothing but rigorous imprisonment will preserve her virtue. Not until she is supremely old and ugly is she allowed to relax the rules of her gosha and go beyond the limits of the backyard. Even then the veil is worn and the toothless mouth and sunken cheeks are hidden.

It is in Triplicane that the Prince of Arcot has his palace, the Amir Mahal. He is a descendant of the Nawabs of the Carnatic, one of whom, the Nawab Wallajah, built the palace at Chepâk (1767) between the town of Triplicane and the sea. Lord Valentia, in his book of travels, says that it was designed by an English officer, but he does not mention his name. On the death of the last Nawab (1855), who left no direct heir, it was resolved by Government, says Colonel Love, 'to abolish the Musnad and to pension Prince Azim Jah' (the uncle of the last Nawab) 'and the other members of the Carnatic family.

'The late Nawab's military force was disbanded in 1855. One British regiment, one of native infantry, and the bodyguard moved to the Chepâk parade-ground, where the palace force was drawn up facing them. The Government agent explained the necessity for the step. The men, ancient retainers for the most part, remonstrated and their women implored, but eventually arms were piled. There was more trouble with the mounted men, who were somewhat disorderly; but the battery of six nine-pounders was taken possession of without difficulty. The palace property was placed in the hands of a receiver for the settlement of the Nawab's debts. The arms and the historical pictures were taken over by

Government at a valuation in 1859. The land and buildings were sold by public auction, and fell to Government for five and a-half lakhs of rupees. . . . The palace was divided into the *Khalsa Mahal* of two floors, so called from its dome, which is now part of the College of Engineering, and the *Humayun Mahal* and *Dewankhana*, both of one floor, which forms portions of the present Board of Revenue Office, and which contained the Durbar Hall. The whole of the land between these buildings and the eastern enclosure wall was occupied by a network of domestic apartments. The present residence of the Principal of the College of Engineering was the *Mahakama* or Court of Justice, which was presided over by the Kazi-ul-Mulk. The ground to the westward was taken up by tanks, sepoys' barracks, elephant-lines and slave-lines. The saluting battery was near the site of the Senate House. Outside the compound, between it and the sea, were numerous buildings, including a grey stone structure resembling a mosque, with five arches in front and two handsome minars. This was said about 1826 to be the only noteworthy Mohammedan building in Madras. Bishop Heber visited the Regent Azim Jah in that year, but he has unfortunately left no description on record.

'The palace grounds were gradually cleared of minor buildings, and the principal edifices were added to and altered into Government offices. The northern portion was devoted to an extension of Government House compound down to the sea and to a site for a Senate House; on the southern portion the Presidency College was built; while the western part was converted into a cricket-ground.

'In 1867 the title of Prince of Arcot was conferred on Prince Azim Jah and his descendants. The Amir Mahal was built by Government as the Prince's residence on

ground formerly belonging to the Nawab of Royapettah' (Rayada-peta—Royal suburb).

In 1899 there was an old pensioned soldier named Gibbs who was in charge of St. Mary's Cemetery. He belonged to the 1st Madras Fusiliers (now Royal Dublin Fusiliers), and he was in Madras in 1855. He took part in the disarming of the Nawab's troops, and had many tales to tell as I wandered with him through the old burial-ground among its tombs and flowers. His regiment was ordered out on that occasion by Neill, who was then in command, and the men were not informed of their destination. The women belonging to the Nawab's troops occupied a set of lines, the windows of which looked upon the place chosen for the piling of the arms. As the men deposited their weapons and retired, the women spat at them and reviled them.

Gibbs had a kind of hero-worship for his old commandant. He said that Neill during the Mutiny had the utmost confidence in himself and his men. He seemed to pick up information by magic and to know all that was going on around him. In 1857 Neill took the regiment up to Calcutta by sea. He landed his men promptly, and, knowing the urgency of the situation, he marched them straight to the station. A train was just about to start. He ordered his men, Gibbs among them, to board the train. The guard and driver represented that they were due to start at once. Neill would not hear of being left behind. He placed a guard over the engine with orders to the sergeant to shoot the driver if he attempted to move out of the station before the regiment was properly accommodated.

Gibbs's regiment was the first to use the Enfield rifle, which replaced the old Brown Bess with flint and lock. In using the Brown Bess, he told me, the men were taught when firing to take aim and shut their eyes as

they pulled the trigger. This was to guard the eyes against splinters from the flint. A man who did not take the precaution might escape, but the chances were that some time or other he would be struck by a splinter; if it touched the ball of the eye it meant blindness. Long after the Enfields were in use, the old soldiers, who were accustomed to the Brown Bess, shut their eyes from habit and spoilt the accuracy of their shooting.

In the Mutiny the sepoys were not long in discovering the advantage of the Enfield rifles, and they made use of them in their rebellion. There were great quantities lying in store with ammunition at Delhi and other places, and they adopted them and the cartridge, which had offended their caste sensibilities, without any scruple whatever. At first the Enfield cartridge was not a success. The end of it had a plate of iron which was frequently blown with the bullet out of the rifle, leaving the shell which jammed the weapon. Men whose rifles were jammed were as good as disarmed until they could meet a sergeant who had the necessary tweezers with him to extract the shell.

During the campaign Neill was superseded by Havelock. It was curious to hear the different opinions held by Gibbs and another old pensioner from the same regiment named Hart. Hart would have preferred Neill at their head, and would have followed him with confidence wherever he chose to lead. Gibbs preferred the more careful Havelock. When they entered Cawnpore, the day after the massacre, even Havelock was filled with a just wrath, and was roused out of his customary self-control by the awful sight which met his eye. Gibbs said he saw him wave his hat to the men as he cried out to them to pursue the enemy without sparing a single black skin.

Nana Sahib retreated before the regiment came up,

and his followers killed the women and children, throwing them into the historical well, down which Gibbs looked twenty-four hours after the dreadful deed was done. On a gentle soul like Gibbs's it only left an indelible impression of horror, but on the more impetuous temperament of Hart there remained the smouldering embers of resentment, which nothing but death could wipe out. He could never forget that the hand of the black had been turned against the white in a manner that was devilish and unpardonable.

From Cawnpore the Madras Fusiliers formed part of the force that marched to Lucknow, fighting three battles en route. The force was not strong enough to take Lucknow, so they retreated to Cawnpore to be reinforced. They advanced again and fought three more battles at the same places. Then they occupied the Alum Bagh on the eastern outskirts of the town, and Gibbs was left there with a detachment. The attacking force took stores and provisions into the Residency to assist the defenders in holding out against the rebels. There was a good deal of street-fighting before they could get in, and as they were not strong enough to disperse the enemy, the Residency was again besieged, as also was the detachment in the Alum Bagh. Gibbs was shut up there with his companion in arms, Hart, for two months, when the final relief was effected.

The Mutiny was quelled and the regiment returned to Madras. The rule of the Company came to an end, and British India became a possession of the Crown. At the time of the proclamation of the abolition of the Company the Company's regiments, European and native, were transferred to the service of the Queen.

This was done without previous reference to the men themselves. The Europeans resented the transfer in consequence. Their dignity was hurt; they considered

that they were placed on a par with commissariat cattle. In addition to this they looked upon the act as a breach of contract. They had enlisted for service in India only. Service in the Queen's army involved service anywhere in the Queen's dominions. This was not in their agreement when they enlisted. Regarding themselves as domiciled for the rest of their lives in India, they had married women of the country, East Indians and natives, and raised families. Their wives were not suited to live in any but a tropical country; they foresaw that if they were ordered to Canada or some similar place with a temperate climate their wives would not go with them. The two circumstances together caused them to object with all the argument they could summon to their assistance against the new arrangement. Argument failing, they asked to be discharged. Some of them found other employment in the country; some accepted the offer of a passage home with the private determination to re-enlist in regiments coming out to India.

A batch of such men were sent home in a hired trooper round the Cape, under the command of Captain Ponsonby Hill of the 1st Royals. They were sulky and ill-tempered, smarting under their grievance and the separation from their wives and families, and they gave trouble from the very beginning. They declined to assist the sailors in the usual way expected from soldiers on a trooper. They said that they were not soldiers, but only commissariat cattle; the difficult problem of bringing them to reason in as simple a manner as was possible was left to Captain Hill. The plan he adopted was to fall in with their view of the case; he gave orders that they, not being soldiers, were not to be employed on deck. They spent the hours in triumph until dinner-time came, when the soldiers were fed as usual. They were left without food and the dinner tables were cleared away. This resulted in a deputation

to Captain Hill, who in reply explained to them that he had no orders to provide meals for civilians, let alone 'commissariat cattle,' and that his orders had only reference to soldiers. The situation was too ludicrous to last long. A laugh swept away the contention of the morning, and no more trouble was given. Many of the men on arrival in England carried out their design of enlisting in Queen's regiments just going out. By this means they assured themselves of about fifteen more years' service in the country, a time sufficient to bring them to their pension. Their wives and families joined them, and their original intention of settling in the country was fulfilled.

Gibbs served in the police for some years. During that time he was stationed for a certain period at Conjeeveram, where there is a large annual heathen festival. Two temples stand about a mile apart; each has its processional or Juggernaut car, a huge cumbrous vehicle highly ornamented with carving and gilding. These two cars, to use the old soldier's expression, have to relieve each other every year. They should be drawn by the worshippers themselves. On one occasion Gibbs was on duty to preserve order. There was the usual assemblage of pilgrims who brought their offerings and did pujah to the idols in the temples. When it came to moving the cars they made no offer of help, but looked on idly while the men attached to the temple endeavoured to drag the heavy carriages to their respective destinations. One of the pujaris, exasperated by the apathy of the onlookers, complained to Gibbs, saying:

'Please, sir, order some of these lazy country people to help us to pull the car.'

'What do you want to move the car for?' inquired Gibbs. 'It does very well where it is.'

'The god wants it taken over to the other temple.'

'If your gord wants that car moved, let him move it hisself,' was the reply of the old soldier.

He made an excellent custodian of the cemetery garden, which was made up chiefly of pots of ornamental plants. Clean and trim in his own person, he kept the grounds as neat and tidy as a barrack square, and was entirely in sympathy with the chaplain's love of order. One day in a burst of confidence and admiration he said:

'His Reverence likes to have everything in order. You should see him dress the pots of a morning when he comes down here to look round.'

Gibbs lies buried in the cemetery. His epitaph might very well be the same as that which is written on a tomb in Syria over the grave of a Greek Christian: 'I lived well; I die well; I rest well. Pray for me.'

CHAPTER XI

EURASIANS

Take care to spend nothing without hope of profit; to undertake nothing without reflection; to begin no quarrel without good cause.—Sloka.

My life in Madras was not made up entirely of social duties and driving round the suburbs to leave cards at the white palaces of the Europeans. A new phase of pastoral work opened before us with our introduction to Eurasia in Sunday-school and the almshouses.

A chaplaincy, which is a Government appointment paid from the revenues, conveys to the mind of the man who accepts it, that his services are to be devoted to the troops and to the civilians of all grades employed by Government; but these do not constitute the whole of his flock. There is another community that comes under his spiritual charge, the domiciled Europeans and Eurasians who have no employment under Government. The very existence of such a class is not realised by the chaplain until he arrives in the country and personally makes their acquaintance.

In the earliest days Eurasians were termed half-castes, which accurately described the children of English and native parents. As time passed the offspring of pure-blooded parents were outnumbered by the children of the half-castes themselves. These resented the appellation and preferred to be known as Indo-Britons. For two or three generations they were content with this as a term

to denote a person born in the country and in whose veins ran mixed blood. Like the word half-caste it gradually fell into disfavour; and for a short space all people born in the country, no matter what their parentage might be, were classed officially as natives. This title was more offensive than Indo-Briton, and it was not an exact description of a people who claimed by right of their religion and European descent certain privileges not granted to natives, such as appointment to the civil and military services of the Company.

There was a reason for the use of the term 'native,' which in itself was an injustice to the whole community, and very properly resented. It marked (in 1786) a curious attempt on the part of the rulers of British India to ignore the inherited status of the Eurasian. The Venerable H. B. Hyde, when speaking in 1903 at a meeting of the Eurasian and Anglo-Indian Association, stated the case clearly. He related how the Court of Directors prohibited the wards of the Bengal Military Society, whose mothers were natives, from being sent home to be educated. This order marked the rise of a strange state of feeling on the part of the English in India which lasted for twenty or thirty years. The loyalty of the Eurasians was actually doubted; and a distrust of the whole community was engendered amounting almost to alarm. In 1792 the Supreme Government enacted that no one, whose father or mother belonged to a race native to the country, might be employed in the civil, military, or marine services of the Company, nor command one of the Company's ships. This prohibition was not enough apparently. Three years later it was further proclaimed that no man, unless descended from European parents on both sides, might serve in the European battalions except as musicians. Eurasians were also ineligible to serve on juries. For a whole generation the general policy of the

Company seemed directed towards the obliteration of any distinction between Eurasians and natives, except that the former were actually debarred from certain employments open to the latter.

In 1825 a movement was organised by the community itself to obtain emancipation from these unjust regulations. John William Ricketts (the son of an ensign in the Engineers who fell at Seringapatam), Da Costa, Wordsworth, Martindale, Imlach, Henry De Rozario (the Eurasian poet), and Charles Pote (the painter), together with other leading men of the race, drafted and signed a petition to Parliament praying for the amelioration of their condition. This petition was entrusted to the care of Ricketts. A sum of twelve thousand rupees was subscribed to meet the expense of taking it home and getting it presented.

Just at the time of Ricketts's arrival in England (1830) Parliament was engrossed with the burning question of reform, and there was little thought for anything else. The petition, however, was heard, and there was a debate upon it in both Houses. Ricketts was examined at length before a Select Committee. He was able to explain in detail the disabilities under which the Eurasians laboured. He pointed out that people of mixed British and Asiatic blood were not recognised as British subjects by the Supreme Courts if they happened to be resident outside the Presidency towns. They were subject to Mohammedan law, and were therefore excluded from the benefits of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. They were also excluded from all superior covenanted offices; neither were they allowed to act as pleaders in the Courts, nor could they hold commissions in the King's or the Company's services, though they might serve in the irregular forces. The private schools for the education of their children received no assistance from Government. In

short the man of mixed blood possessed neither the privileges of the European nor the full privileges of the native.

A second petition was sent to Parliament from Bengal to England in 1831. It reiterated in brief terms the contents of the former petition. John Crawford was the agent this time.

The fruit of the movement so vigorously championed by Ricketts and Crawford in turn was seen in 1833, when clauses were inserted in the Company's revised Charter freeing the Eurasian from the anomalous position he had hitherto occupied in the eye of the law. An Act of Parliament was passed in the same year under which others, besides the covenanted servants of the Company, became eligible for appointment as Justices of the Peace in India. Thus gradually all the old disabilities were removed. In spite of their disadvantages the Eurasians made a position for themselves in private life. They carried on some of the largest mercantile businesses in India and became owners of house property and landed estates. After the recognition of their rights they gave evidence of their worth by distinguishing themselves as civil and military officers and professional men.

When the Eurasian had shaken off the obnoxious term native the title East Indian was adopted. For the greater part of the nineteenth century it was the recognised name of the mixed race. In time it became tinged with contempt and was changed to Eurasian, formed from the words Europe and Asia. Already the same fate is overtaking the term Eurasian, which has grown distasteful to the class; and an effort is being made to adopt the name Anglo-Indian, which has hitherto been applied solely to the English-born resident in India.

By whatever term the community may be known, the name is likely to fall into disfavour through the band of

ne'er-do-wells hanging on to the skirts of the Eurasian society. To all intents and purposes this band is native in instincts, though it clings pathetically to certain European habits and to English speech. Sometimes they call themselves 'poor whites,' although in complexion they are as dark as the natives. It may be doubted sometimes if there is any but the remotest drop of alien blood in their veins. They would do better if they were brought up as native Christians and taught to work like the natives. Many of them, although not actually criminal, are sufficiently degraded to bring disgrace upon the Eurasian proper, and, to use one of their own expressions, to 'spoil the name' of the class to which they claim to belong.

The man of mixed blood, who has as much of the European in him as he has of the native, or in whose veins European blood preponderates, is confronted with many difficulties. The wonder is, not that he falls away, but that he follows so closely in the footsteps of his European forbears. Born in the land of his dark ancestors, and brought up under the enervating influences of the country, he struggles nobly to preserve the traditions of the white man's home. He becomes a useful member of the domiciled Anglo-Indian society, and earns an honest living as clerk in one of the many offices, Government or otherwise, that the country offers. He is also an efficient apothecary, assistant-surgeon, schoolmaster, and railway servant. If fortune favours him with a good education in England, he loses almost all trace of his East-Indian breeding—always excepting racial features and complexion which nothing can eradicate—and he becomes a thorough Englishman. He not infrequently fills some distinguished post, showing his ability to compete with the Englishman. The names of many Eurasian gentlemen will live in history.

One fact in the formation of the Eurasian must not be overlooked. A great deal depends upon the classes that unite. There is no doubt that if the best English blood had sought the daughters of the princely houses in India, there would have been born and bred a far more noble race than now exists. Too often the Eurasian has been the result of the union of the worst with the worst. The British soldier of bygone days was a rough, illiterate man, possessing his full share of animalism. He chose his mate from the lowest women, those belonging to the sweeper, the horse-keeper, and the kitchen-woman class. His child at best was no better than himself; too often it favoured its mother, and the result was deplorable. Where Englishmen of higher birth have sought the nobler born of India's daughters the result has been good.

Though the Eurasian has only in recent times made a name and a place for himself in history, he existed long before the English, Dutch and Portuguese went to the East. Timothy, to whom St. Paul wrote, was one, his father being a Greek, and his mother an Asiatic Jewess.

To come nearer home, Thomas à Becket was of Eurasian birth. The love-story of his parents is told in song and verse, and though of the nature of a legend, there is no reason to doubt the truth of the tale. The passionate, emotional nature of the man was enough to testify to its verity; his very faults indicated the Orientalism of his blood.

Gilbert à Becket was a rich London merchant. Fired by the preaching of the Crusaders, he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, accompanied by a faithful attendant named Richard. Evil times overtook them, and they found themselves the prisoners of a powerful Emir, who made them his slaves. The Emir had a daughter, who fell in love with the fair, handsome young Englishman,

and, through her good offices, he and his servant Richard made their escape. They fled for their lives to the sea-coast, where they were fortunate enough to secure a passage on a ship sailing to England.

After their departure the Emir's daughter was plunged into grief and despair. Life in the harem seemed no longer endurable, and she determined to go in search of her lover. It was truly the wildest of quests; but she set forth upon it with an indomitable courage, two words upon her lips, 'London' and 'Gilbert.' Repeating these constantly, she was guided onwards by wayfarer and traveller until she arrived at the port where the ships from the west touched. The sailors heard her plaint, and a kindly sea captain gave her a passage on his vessel to the far distant town. Once again her feet touched the shore, and she stood on the cold misty land of her beloved. Still repeating the talismanic words, she was guided to the great city of merchants. And here chance favoured the courageous lady. She arrived all unknowingly at the house of Becket. Her Oriental garments and strange speech excited the curiosity of the people in the street. They crowded round her, and began to deride and hoot at her helplessness.

Richard the servant, hearing a commotion in the street, went out to see what was the matter. At the sight of him the poor lady flew to his side for protection, recognising in him one of her father's prisoners. He drew her within the strong oak door, which was quickly barred against the clamorous crowd. Gilbert was out at the time; but when he returned a little later, a great and unspeakable joy filled his heart, as his eyes fell on the beautiful woman, who stood on his hearth and stretched forth her arms towards him with words of love. The merchant, mindful of her honour and his own happiness, consulted no less a person than the Archbishop of

Canterbury. The lady was baptised by the name of Matilda, and was united to the man of her choice. She bore him a son named Thomas, who became Lord Chancellor and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Had he not possessed the strain of hot impetuous Eastern blood—inherited from his mother—which made him reckless of the consequences of opposing his king, England might never have seen the tragedy of his death.

Every whit as romantic as Becket's are the love stories of the more modern progenitors of the Eurasians. That of Colonel William Linnaeus Gardner is very well known; his descendants, who occupy the position of zemindars in an Indian village, being heirs to the barony. Colonel Gardner was a nephew of Alan, first Baron Gardner. He came out in the King's service, but left it to serve with Holkar, for whom he raised a brigade of regular infantry. He married a princess of the house of Cambay, who was only thirteen years old at the time. She lived with him for over forty years and died broken-hearted in 1835, just six months after his death. The story of his marriage as told by himself to Lady Fanny Parkes is as follows:

'When a young man I was entrusted to negotiate a treaty with one of the native princes of Cambay' (on behalf of the English). 'Durbars and consultations were continually held. During one of the former, at which I was present, a curtain near me was gently pulled aside, and I saw, as I thought, the most beautiful black eyes in the world. It was impossible to think of the treaty; those bright and piercing glances, those beautiful dark eyes completely bewildered me.

'I felt flattered that a creature so lovely as she of those deep, black, loving eyes should venture to gaze upon me. To what danger might not the veiled beauty be exposed should the movement of the purdah be seen by any of those present at the durbar? On quitting the

assembly I discovered that the bright-eyed beauty was the daughter of the prince. At the next durbar my agitation and anxiety were extreme to again behold the bright eyes that haunted my dreams and my thoughts by day. The curtain was again gently waved and my fate was decided.

'I demanded the princess in marriage. Her relatives were at first indignant and positively refused my proposal. However, on mature deliberation the ambassador was considered too influential a person to have a request denied, and the hand of the young princess was promised. The preparations for the marriage were carried forward.

'Remember,' said I, 'it will be useless to attempt to deceive me. I shall know those eyes again; nor will I marry any other.

'On the day of the marriage I raised the veil from the countenance of the bride, and in the mirror that was placed before us, in accordance with the Mahommedan wedding ceremony, I beheld the bright eyes that had bewildered me. I smiled. The young Begum smiled too.'

Another soldier of fortune was the son of an English officer and the daughter of a Rajput landowner. James Skinner, after various vicissitudes in the military service of native princes, joined General Lake in 1803. A little later two thousand of the defeated Scindia's Horse came over. When the troopers were asked which officer they would choose to serve under, with one voice they cried out 'Sikander Sahib,' which was their name for him in Scindia's army. He was given the command, and the regiment became the celebrated cavalry corps known as 'Skinner's Horse,' now the 1st Bengal Lancers (Duke of York's). They were given the nickname of 'The Yellow Boys' from their uniform, which was yellow with black facings. They won their laurels during the next quarter

of a century and made a lasting name for themselves under their Eurasian commander. Compton says that to the end of Skinner's life an old spoon was placed on his breakfast-table every morning to remind him of his humble origin. In fulfilment of a vow he made on the battlefield of Uniara, to build a church to the God of his father if his life was spared, he erected the edifice of St. James's at Delhi at a cost of 20,000*l*.

In the same spirit of humility before noted he often expressed a desire that when he died he should be interred not within it, but under the threshold, so that all persons entering might trample upon 'the chief of sinners.' He was buried at Hansi where he died, but afterwards his body was removed to Delhi. Here all that was mortal of the gallant old adventurer was met by the civilians and military officers of the station and a vast multitude from the city, and so escorted to its final resting-place.

'No Emperor of Hindustan,' said the natives, 'was ever brought into Delhi in such state as Sikander Sahib.'

He was laid by the side of his old friend and comrade William Fraser, beneath the altar of St. James's Church.

A still more romantic story is that of the Madras officer, James Achilles Kirkpatrick. In his case it was the lady who proposed marriage.

Kirkpatrick's father came out to India in 1738 as a free merchant. He belonged to a branch of the family of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and lived at Keston, near Bromley in Kent, in his later years. In 1762 he married Katherine, the daughter of Andrew Munro, the Surgeon of Fort St. George; she was considerably younger than her husband. There were three sons born to James Kirkpatrick. Two of them, William and James Achilles, entered the military service of the Company. William became Resident at Hyderabad and James Achilles joined him as Assistant Resident. Colonel William was a

well-known Orientalist, and he was often away from the Residency pursuing his researches, making maps, exploring, and recording valuable facts about the resources of the country. In course of time the Colonel went on leave, and his brother succeeded him as Resident.

While occupying this position, Benjamin Heyne of the Madras Medical Service visited Captain Kirkpatrick; he has left a description of the Residency. It was situated in a large garden wherein grew cypress trees and grapevines, besides flowers and ornamental shrubs. The garden was on the banks of the Musy, a river that wound round the outer walls of Hyderabad. The house was thoroughly Oriental in its architecture. Probably it was originally a Mohammedan palace. The centre room was lofty, with a roof supported on pillars. Round this hall, which was used as a living-room by the English officer, were a number of curtained alcoves and screened galleries from which in old days the ladies of the harem could watch the occupants.

Kirkpatrick was a man who appreciated Oriental habits of living; he readily adapted himself to his surroundings, and enjoyed the semi-Oriental life in his beautiful palace by the river. He was besides an excellent Persian scholar.

One evening he was sitting alone in the central hall after supper when an old woman craved an audience. Anticipating a request for promotion in the case of a son or nephew he bade her speak. To his astonishment she poured forth an eloquent story of passionate devotion of which he was the object. At first he listened with incredulity, which was not diminished when she revealed the lady's name. It was none other than the beautiful Khair un Nissa, of whom he had heard but whom he had never seen. She was of the purest Arab descent, claiming relationship with the Prophet himself. She lived

with her widowed mother under the protection of Akil ud Dowlah, her grandfather, and was the darling of his heart. The old man was as proud a Mohammedan as ever lived; he occupied the high position of bukshi or paymaster to the English subsidiary force.

'Where has the lady seen me?' demanded Kirkpatrick, remembering the jealous guardianship of the harem.

The old woman cast a swift glance round the hall with its screens and curtains.

'Huzoor! Her eyes—they are like the stars of heaven—first fell upon you in the house of Akil ud Dowlah, the bukshi, as you sat with him in his durbar hall. The hall is like this, and the ladies of the harem are able to see the guests. You talked for more than an hour, and during that time my mistress watched your every movement, never once taking her eyes from your handsome form.'

Kirkpatrick thought of the rigid old Mussulman with all his family pride and traditions, and pictured the rage which would fill his heart could he but hear the story.

'Why have you come? To ask me to leave the country and save a foolish girl from her folly?'

'Ah, no, Huzoor! She, to whom you are the very sun of her existence, would die of grief if you left Hyderabad.'

'Then what is it you want?' he queried, wondering if the young Begum's folly went so far as to desire a clandestine meeting, a course of action fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the interests of the English cause, were it to be discovered.

The lady had no intention of descending to any common intrigue; her desire soared to higher things.

'She entreats you to ask the bukshi for her hand in marriage.'

'Impossible!' cried Kirkpatrick, aghast at the wildness of the proposal.

Was it probable that a Mohammedan of Akil's birth and position would entertain the idea for a moment? He dismissed the old woman with a refusal which was at once decisive and curt, afraid to trust himself to listen again to a tale of love that had stirred him to his very soul.

The next day at the same hour the old woman sought the English officer and repeated her story. He resolutely put her aside; and on a third and fourth attempt forbade her to speak to him again on the subject. One night, having supped and dismissed his servants, he occupied his usual easy chair in the great hall. Perhaps he idly wondered what the fair unknown of the bukshi's harem was like. The romance of the situation must have appealed strongly to a man of his nature—for he was no ascetic—and he could not have been indifferent to the frequent appeals which had been made.

While he thus rested, a purdah was drawn aside and a veiled figure glided into the room. Kneeling by his side she lifted her veil and revealed the beautiful face of Akil ud Dowlah's granddaughter. Before he could utter a word of remonstrance she poured forth a passionate declaration of her love in soft Persian, a tongue he understood as well as his own language. Even now he did not succumb to the temptation of the moment. Reason sounded a note of warning, and he struggled against the responsive passion that sprang into flame under the thrilling tones of her pleading. Compelled to listen in spite of himself, he felt the soft touch of a trembling hand on his. Then, and only then, was reason thrown to the winds, and he abandoned himself to the witchery of the moment. Taking her in his arms he vowed eternal fidelity, while she, in a heaven of bliss, only asked to be one of the humblest of his handmaids.

It was not as his handmaid, however, that the English

officer openly sought the granddaughter of Akil ud Dowlah, but as his honoured wife. Whatever might have been the bukshi's real feelings, he was persuaded to allow of a nikah marriage, and Khair un Nissa became a happy bride. Naturally the marriage gave rise to a great deal of criticism. Captain Kirkpatrick came through it without reproach or blame, his wife's mother testifying of her own free will to the fact that the marriage was entirely of her daughter's seeking.

A child was born of the union, afterwards well known as Kitty Kirkpatrick. Carlyle has immortalised her as Blumine in his 'Sartor Resartus.' He was acquainted with her when she was a girl, and he describes her as having soft brown eyes and floods of bronzed hair; she was low-voiced and languid, an interesting picture of the semi-Oriental Englishwoman.

Kitty inherited 50,000*l.* from her father, and married Captain James Winsloe Phillips of the 7th Hussars. She became the mother of several children, to whom she was devoted, and she died at Torquay in 1836.

Captain Elers of the 12th Regiment went home to England on the same ship with Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick and her brother. He thus describes them in his 'Memoirs':

'A Mrs. Ure, the wife of a Dr. Ure, of Hyderabad, had two fine children of three and four years old under her charge, the children of Colonel Kirkpatrick, of Hyderabad, by a princess, to whom report said he was married. Her Highness would not part with her children until 10,000*l.* had been settled upon each of them. They were a boy and a girl, and they had a faithful old black man, who was very fond of them, to attend upon them. Mrs. Ure had an infant of only a few months old, nursed by a young native woman, immensely fat, and she had also a young European woman as her maid.'

After the usual voyage round the Cape, they arrived in sight of old England. The Custom House at Portsmouth was an ordeal to be passed, and it is interesting to read how it was managed.

Captain Elers offered his services, which were gladly accepted by Mrs. Ure. She was bringing home a good deal of property that was contraband, shawls, jewels, and other valuables, amounting to upwards of two thousand pounds' worth. The articles were liable to be seized by the Custom House officers. Elers succeeded in getting everything passed by means of a handsome bribe, to the great joy of the lady. The party slept at the Blue Posts, and the next morning started in two post-chaises for London. A second night was spent at Guildford, and in the evening of the following day he delivered the two children with their attendant to the care of Colonel Kirkpatrick, of Nottingham Place.

CHAPTER XII

POOR FOLK

Virtue is the best of friends, vice is the worst of enemies, disappointment is the most cruel illness, courage is the support of all.—Sloka.

It is not among the Kitty Kirkpatricks and Skinners that the chaplain is destined to find a sphere of labour. The Eurasians who come under his spiritual charge in South India, and who most need his care and attention, do not as a rule rise above their low-born and low-caste ancestors. A great many of them bear Portuguese names, and are in complexion almost as dark as the darkest natives. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the women wore the Spanish mantilla. And though bonnets were assumed by a few of the more enterprising, the black lace shawl was the favourite head-covering. The French and English shawl succeeded the mantilla, and to this day it is worn by the lowest class. The darkest and poorest of the Eurasian women cling tenaciously to their old-fashioned dress; and generation follows generation without seeing any change from the skirt and jacket—the skirt, ungored and voluminous; the jacket, loose and concealing the figure rather than displaying it—which were introduced into the East by the Dutch nearly three centuries ago.

At the distribution of some clothes made by the Children's League in Bangalore, a poor East Indian, who showed a little pride in her personal appearance, was

asked if she would not like to wear a hat or a bonnet. She smiled, and modestly cast down her eyes as she replied a little wistfully :

'I should like it much, madam. I have often wished to wear a bonnet like a European.'

'Then you shall have one at once.'

Her brow clouded with disappointment as she answered,

'I am afraid I cannot wear it, madam. My neighbours would say I was making myself too glorious.'

And so with a hypersensitiveness to public opinion the coveted bonnet was refused.

Their expressions are often quaint, and their English is spoken with the foreign accent of the native. They have the same rapid enunciation. A debased Portuguese was formerly the *lingua franca* between Europeans, Eurasians, and Asiatics. It was in common use at all the ports of Ceylon as well as of India, and it served the traders equally well in Bombay and Calcutta as in Colombo and Madras. It has gradually fallen out of use and given place to English. Clive owed his life to his knowledge of it on one occasion, when he accidentally found himself alone and surrounded by sepoys in the service of the French. Hearing the familiar Portuguese, they took him for an officer belonging to their own army, and permitted him to pass on.

The faults of the poor Eurasian are the immediate causes of his poverty: unconquerable laziness, innate untruthfulness, and an inherent dishonesty under temptation. Never was there a class more lacking in principle without actually being criminal. It is these traits that weigh down the pauper Eurasian and render him a standing disgrace to the community. It is a pity that this particular class cannot be known by some other name. 'Poor Eurasian' instead of 'poor white' would

not be inappropriate, since he is more worthy of pity than of condemnation.

Our first experience of poor Eurasians was in the almshouses belonging to the cathedral district. Here old people were provided with a room and a dole of money, which they spoke of as their pension, regardless of the true meaning of the word. The women earned a little extra money by doing plain needlework. They were expected, both men and women, to attend the daily services at the cathedral. They were without exception gentle creatures, grateful for any notice, and full of self-pity. Any little gift of clothes or money that came in their way was eagerly accepted. Begging was strictly forbidden. It must often have been a sore trial to refrain from this favourite pastime of the poor Eurasian. Begging seems to be a second nature with them, and it comes as easy as purring to a cat.

There was a certain Mrs. Brewer at Bangalore when I was there, who begged round the officers' quarters regularly. Nothing but death would have stopped her; and for all I know her ample figure may still be familiar to the young men. When the 21st Hussars were stationed at Bangalore, the officers soon became used to the sight of Mrs. Brewer, standing among the ferns and crotons of the front verandah, and to the sound of her plaintive voice. They gave her relief, pitying her condition of widowhood and destitution. In course of time their pity was mingled with ire. The whining voice, pouring forth the same old tale, fell on their ears at inopportune moments, and her visits were often a serious interruption to the occupation of the day.

One of the young men, more practical and energetic than the rest, determined to take the old lady in hand. He questioned her as to how much she needed to support herself in comfort. Mrs. Brewer was taken aback by this

sudden interest in her domestic arrangements. She considered the matter for a few moments. In days gone by she and her husband had existed happily on twenty-five rupees a month and had brought up a family upon it. She looked at the handsome cavalry officer as he waited for her answer. Twenty-five rupees a month would be nothing to him, and it was more than she could make by begging. She replied with a world of commiseration in her tone that she thought that she might manage to 'push along'—one of the expressions learned from the early settlers—on twenty five rupees a month.

The hat was sent round. Not only was the sum promised, but additional rupees were subscribed to purchase an outfit and a few bits of furniture for the old lady. A small but comfortable house was taken at six rupees a month, and the chaplain was asked to disburse the odd nineteen on behalf of the officers of the 21st. One condition was attached to the charity: Mrs. Brewer was to promise faithfully to abstain from all begging.

The plan answered admirably for six months. At the commencement of the seventh Mrs. Brewer arrived at the chaplain's quarters, and he tendered her the usual nineteen rupees. No eager hand was extended to receive the money. On the contrary, she shook her head in a dispirited manner and whined in mournful tones:

'Sir, I cannot take it.'

'Can't take it? What do you mean?' cried the astounded chaplain. Never in the course of his experience in India had he known a Eurasian of her class to refuse money.

'I cannot take it; it is too dull for me.'

'Too dull?' he repeated, more bewildered than ever.

'Yes, sir; if I take this money I cannot beg. When I go out walking I have nothing to do and nowhere to go. I have no other amusement, and my life without it

is so dull that it is affecting my health. Therefore, sir, I shall be much obliged if you will thank those very kind officer gentlemen and return their money to them. To-morrow I will begin my rounds again, first selling these clothes which are too good to beg in.'

So Mrs. Brewer's spirits revived and her health was restored as she once more perambulated the station in suitable costume, taking her exercise regularly and earning her livelihood like other honest folk, if begging can be termed earning.

In India, where the weather is warm and congenial to the country-born, there is no hardship in sauntering through the cantonment, calling at the houses of the Europeans. The excitement of uncertainty, and the triumph of success when the rupee is bestowed—more often to get rid of the importunate beggar than to relieve visible distress—are sufficient to render the tramp round the station interesting, if not actually exciting.

Frequently the begging is done by letter, which is carried by one of the children of the family, who thus receives its first lessons in the art. The following epistle was brought by a smiling chubby little one, who pattered up to the verandah of the chaplain's sitting-room with bare feet over the warm dry sand. She handed the missive to the padre, as the chaplain is known among them, with a confident smile that seemed to anticipate a welcome rather than a rebuke.

'Reverend Sir,—Pardon me troubling you with these lines. I humbly beg to state that I and my four children are perishing with hunger and can't no longer keep up. I hope you will be ever kind to help me to cool the burning stomachs of my children, for which act of charity I shall feel thankful. I remain, Reverend Sir,

'Your obedient

'GRACE ALLEN.'

The 'perishing' little one, who acted as messenger, was offered some tea by way of cooling the burning without delay. She ate the bread and jam and drank the tea with no sign of voraciousness or starvation.

One more out of a large number of similar epistles may be given. There is a family likeness in them all, variety occurring more through eccentricities of spelling and grammar than in the matter. This came by the hand of a small boy whose appearance did not support his mother's statements.

'Reverend Sir,—I take the liberty of addressing your venerable honour with following pitiful lines, and hope my unfortunate condition will move your charitable compassions. I have received from your reverence one rupee four months ago. And my poor young children are dying for food these two blessed days. I therefore beg to throw myself and four children before your pious footsteps for aid. In doing me this act of charity shall ever pray. I beg to remain, Reverend Sir, your Reverend's obedient servant

'Mrs. James, a poor widdow.'

The small boy on being questioned about his midday meal spoke of a salt-fish curry. Any chutney with it? No, mother had no money to buy chutney; the children had to eat it without.

The term 'starved' is not understood by the writers of such letters. With them starvation means to go without something to which they have been accustomed, the obligation of breakfasting off rice-cakes and water instead of bread and coffee, and of eating dhall curry when the more expensive curry of meat and vegetables would be preferred. In times of famine the Eurasian must of course feel the pinch of real privation; but in ordinary seasons the pangs of hunger can be assuaged for

a very small sum. For a yet smaller sum a man may drink himself blind. It is some consolation in reading espistles of this kind to know that the 'starving' and 'famishing' little ones are more likely to be crying for cheap native sweetmeats than for food.

The habit of begging is contracted in earliest infancy, and every incident reasonable or unreasonable is made an occasion for it. An able-bodied man employed as a writer or booking-clerk by a native shopkeeper was expecting a domestic event shortly in the bosom of his family. He appeared with an insinuating smile and pleaded for a rupee to pay the hire of a gharry to take his wife to hospital. He was given four annas and told to send her in a bullock-cart, her usual mode of travelling when unable to walk. He accepted the sum gratefully, pocketed it, and his wife walked to the hospital which was not far from her house. A day or two later he came to announce the birth of the child. He finished with an earnest request for half a rupee to buy some milk for the new arrival. The hospital did all that was necessary for its inmates; neither mother nor child needed anything. This was pointed out to Lloyd, who was further informed that the baby would not need cows' milk yet awhile. After a lecture on the reprehensible practice of begging he was sent away. A third time his importunate voice was heard in the verandah. This time he begged for a little money, just a little money to buy the baby some clothes.

'When your wife comes out of hospital I will see about it. You are earning a regular salary as a writer, and can afford to buy clothes for it yourself.'

Lloyd departed, and the next day saw him at his old trick again. He was in the verandah as insinuating as ever.

'Now, Lloyd, I can't have this. This is the fourth day within a week that you have come up here to beg.'

'Yes, sir; please, sir.'

He put on an expression of mingled self-complacency and deprecation that disarmed anger.

'But you mustn't do it; it is very wrong.'

'No, sir.'

'And I have nothing to give you. Go back to your work, or your employer will dismiss you.'

'He has given me leave for an hour, sir.'

'Well, I can't do anything more for you, and you must go, for I am busy.'

'Please, sir, the baby——'

'The baby is all right. I saw your wife and child yesterday. They are doing very well indeed at hospital, and have everything they want.'

'Yes, sir; but, master, please give——'

'I won't give you anything more.'

'Please, one little thing your reverence can give, and I won't ask for anything more.'

'What is it?'

'Will your reverence please to give a little baptism?'

'Oh, yes, when the time comes. Now go to your work, Lloyd, and don't come bothering up here again.'

'Not till next week, sir?'

'No, nor the week after that.'

They are but big babies themselves these poor Eurasians, and it is impossible to be very severe with them.

In the matter of dress they are favoured. The needs of the climate demand so little that it becomes more a matter of decency than of warmth. Abroad the women of the poorer classes wear the skirt, jacket, and shawl, as has already been mentioned. Their under-garments consist of a long 'camisee,' as they call it, and a petticoat. Boots are optional, and stockings only kept for special occasions. The men wear shirt, trousers, and

coat, with a European hat of some sort; and they are very particular about carrying a walking-stick, which is entirely for show. In the privacy of their homes, where ventilation and punkahs are unknown, they lay aside as many of their garments as decency permits.

After a short experience of surprise visits, which were as much of a surprise to myself as to the people I called upon, a timely notice of the proposed visit was given beforehand. When this was done I found the rooms swept, the fowls expelled, a chair placed in the centre of the room for my use, and the whole family beaming in their Sunday best. The visit was a pleasure to all concerned, and there were no uncomfortable moments on arrival, nor long waiting while a hurried toilette was made. The chaplain, however, was not always able to send notice of his advent. The absence of a child from school or the report of sickness in a family gave no time for heralding his visit.

There was an old European pensioner who had married an East Indian wife and had adopted the country as his home. For half a century she had been his faithful helpmate. The children were all out in the world, and the old couple jogged comfortably along on his pension. They were regular in their attendance at church; he in spotless white drill, and she in black silk gown, white lace shawl, and flowery bonnet. One Sunday they were missing from their usual seats; and on the Monday the padre, fearing that one of them might be ill, called at their house to inquire if all was well. He entered the little front-yard and walked quickly to the door of the living-room which opened into the yard. There stood the old lady, her feet apart, her arms akimbo, and in her mouth was a long Trichinopoly cheroot, from which she puffed columns of blue smoke into the morning air. She wore nothing but the one cotton under-garment

known as the 'camisee.' It was long and voluminous and reached to her ankles. She was serenely contemplating three leggy fowls that were finishing a matutinal meal of boiled rice. For ten seconds she remained motionless, stupefied by the unexpected appearance of the padre at that unusual hour. Then, gathering her scattered senses, she bolted into some hidden recess at the back of the house and disappeared from view.

CHAPTER XIII

TRICHINOPOLY

Take heed not to trust yourself to the current of a river, to the claws or orns of an animal, or to the promises of kings.—Sloka.

Eighteen months passed and my husband received orders to go to Trichinopoly to relieve a chaplain who was going on leave. With all the social and pastoral duties that were expected of us, the time had passed quickly, and it was with mixed feelings that we took our leave of the Presidency town.

The South Indian Railway was not opened then as far as Madras, and the journey to Trichinopoly had to be made *via* Erode, where the Madras Railway connected with the South Indian. The heat was great—it was February—but as it was my first journey inland I looked forward to it with pleasure.

We started in the evening and began our travels in the darkness of the night. For hours the train seemed to be running through a vast plain devoid of town or village. Here and there a single light flickered in the distance, suggestive of a solitary watcher. At long intervals we ran into noisy little stations. A halt of eight or ten minutes ended in the shrill familiar whistle of the guard, and we glided out again into the loneliness and darkness of the plain. In the early hours of the morning the air grew perceptibly cooler. I looked out of the window and saw the rugged outline of hills on

both sides of the line. No light was visible, and the scene was more desolate than the plain. A little later a grey light on the eastern horizon heralded the Indian day. We passed over the Cauvery River, its silvery waters broken by dark water-worn boulders and its banks covered with elephant-grass and tangled jungle. Before the sun touched the distant hills, which we had left behind, the train pulled up at Erode, where we were more occupied in the consumption of the welcome cup of morning tea than in studying the beauties of nature.

The run from Erode to Trichinopoly at that period took about five hours. 'Haste is of the devil,' says the Hindu, who hates to be hurried. The leisurely pace at which we travelled gave ample time to enjoy the charms of tropical nature displayed in the full light of the morning sun.

The line passes down the fertile valley of the Cauvery. Twice a year the river comes down in flood from the hills, bringing with it a fertilising deposit. At each overflow the land yields a bountiful crop without requiring the assistance of artificial manures.

In all directions nature, whether under cultivation or in a wild state, was prolific. The trees and flowering shrubs, the scarlet gloriosa lily festooning the thorny arms of the cactus, the weaver-birds' nests hanging from the boughs above the water channels, the green parrakeets and bronze honeysuckers and sunbirds, the blue roller jay-bird, and golden oriole playing about the foliage in the sunshine 'like a yellow lambent flame,' were sights that reconciled me with parting from Madras.

At every station a crowd of happy, chattering people climbed into the train, taking the seats of others who left the overflowing carriages. The object of their journey was a feast at some temple, a visit of ceremony to a friend or relative, or to be present at a wedding. The

high castes jostled the low castes as they pushed their way in or out of the compartments. Everybody talked at the top of his voice and no one listened; and all wore, whether high or low caste, their best clothes. Blue and white, red and gold, green and yellow, they rivalled gorgeous nature and outshone the gay plumaged bird and painted butterfly. A number of Brahmin women and children, unveiled except for the cloth being drawn over the head, were travelling to Trichinopoly to attend a feast at the temple of Srirungam. Their silken draperies were of a rich tawny red, highly becoming to their glowing brown skins. Some of them were loaded with ornaments of gold, their necklaces, strung with many sovereigns, seeming to weigh them down. Green emeralds and blood-red rubies gleamed in ear and nostril, and their sarees were girdled with belts of the precious metal cunningly wrought into the suppleness of a linen band. The vision of colour and wealth was striking.

A hundred years ago the display of rich garments and jewels would have brought a calamity upon the wearers by attracting attention to their wealth. If they dared to venture out at all they clothed themselves in rags and exhibited every sign of poverty. At the smallest hint that they possessed any riches, the agents of the native princes who ruled the country descended upon them, armed with official authority, and spoiled them of their goods. It mattered not who the ruler might be, whether the Hindu Rajah or his enemy, the Mohammedan Viceroy of the Mogul, oppression was the lot of the villager, the weaver and dyer, the metalworker and the agriculturist. Heyne describes how the taxes were gathered in native territory. Peons were quartered in the villages and maintained at the expense of the villagers until the demands made in the name of the ruler, Hindu or Mohammedan, were paid. If there was a delay the

peons resorted to torture, or pulled down the houses and drove away the cattle. The inhabitants of one of the districts through which Heyne passed asked 'When will the Dharma Company (East India Company) take care of us also?' Some of the villages were deserted, the people having fled to escape the cruelty of the tax-gatherer. When Heyne asked an old woman to provide him with a fowl, for which he would have paid her, she replied bitterly 'Fowl? What sort of an animal is a fowl? The Moors take care that we never see any.'

This state of fatal oppression ended when the English took over the administration of the different districts and pensioned the native princes. Even at the dawn of better times the villagers could not at first believe that the old system had been swept away, and that justice for the future was to be meted out to the industrious worker. When their crops were harvested and the tax became due, they left their homes to hide in fear lest they should be spoiled of all they possessed. It took some years to foster the confidence which is so marked a feature of the happy, contented dwellers in the Cauvery Valley to-day.

It is not among these peaceful people of the land that political agitators are to be found. It is true that the villagers are credulous and their fears may be played upon. They are foolish enough to believe that the sacrificial blood of their children will be needed to ensure the firm foundation of bridges, and that a disease like the plague is due to the wholesale poisoning of their wells by the British; but of politics they know nothing and care less. From time immemorial the Hindu village system has remained unchanged, surviving every political convulsion and every change of government down to the present time.

Each village is complete with its different trades and professions. To the former belong the washerman, carpenter,

potter, barber, sweeper, shopkeeper, and several others. Among the latter are the schoolmaster, doctor, accountant, moneylender, and the religious teacher, who sometimes practises fortune-telling as well. The village has its own court or panchayet, composed of five members elected by the villagers, to settle disputes over boundaries, debts, and inheritance; and a savings bank that is conducted upon a system of its own. There are amusements of all kinds, feasts at the temple, and sports outside the village, wherein the young men have an opportunity of exhibiting their strength and prowess. The community, perfect in itself, continues the daily tasks of sowing, planting, and reaping, without paying any attention to the political situations that agitate cities. The villagers do not see a newspaper from one year's end to another. After work is over they take their intellectual recreation by listening to the recitations of the professional poet and story-teller. Day by day the men and boys go to work in the fields, ploughing with the bullocks or thrashing out the corn. The cows and goats are milked. The women fetch water from the well and gossip over their brass pots, finding ample to interest and excite them in a prospective wedding, in the death of a member of the community, or in a *cause célèbre* in the panchayet. The sole link between the powers that be and the villager is the periodical visit of the English official, whose duty it is to collect the revenue and see that peace and order prevail.

The marked feature of the Hindu village is contentment and the desire to have no interference with their established internal government. The only source of trouble is one not connected with politics, but with religious and caste disputes. Their conservatism is such that they regard with suspicion any advance in civilisation or education that is made by one caste and not by another. A few years ago the Vellalans of South India,

who claim to be next to the Brahmins, although they are of Sudra origin, were under the impression that the Shanars were becoming too prosperous and advanced. The Vellalans gathered together from their various villages, descended upon the unfortunate Shanars, killed a number of them and burned their houses. Having administered what they considered a necessary lesson to a lower caste, the Vellalans returned to their homes, leaving the Shanars to understand that the lesson would be repeated if they did not mend their rapid ways and advance more slowly.

In the old days the native ruler would not have troubled himself over a caste affair that did not materially affect his revenues, and the Vellalans would have gone unpunished. It was a surprise to find that the English Government disapproved of their action to the extent of punishing the ringleaders. To prevent a repetition of the assault, a punitive force of police was placed in the disturbed districts. The indifference of the villagers to events outside their own little world is great, but it is nothing compared with the ignorance of the jungle tribes of the hills, which is almost incredible.

As an illustration of the ignorance of some of the inhabitants of Tinnevelly, Bishop Caldwell used to tell the following story. The King of South India, seven or eight hundred years ago, was called the Pandyan. A descendant of his, a petty landowner, lived at Singampatti, not far from Courtallam. The bishop met some of the hillmen one day; and out of curiosity he asked them who governed the country at the present time. The reply was—'The Pandyan.'

'Where does he live?'

'At Singampatti.'

'What about the white men? Have they nothing to do with the government of the country?'

'Oh, no!' replied the hillmen. 'They often come here, but only to shoot. They have nothing to do with the government of the country.'

Some time before we reached our destination we saw the wonderful rock, brooding in the valley with the town clustering at its feet. Trichinopoly is one of the largest towns of South India and is famous for its temples. The rock is a natural fortress easy of defence. From the time when men first cultivated the swamp-loving rice it must have been an object of attraction to rulers who desired to retain possession of their lands. Gold and grain might be safely stored and guarded there, and workers in the fields might retire there to find a secure refuge from marauders.

In the middle of the sixteenth century Trichinopoly was deserted, and the fertile land of the Cauvery Valley was overgrown with jungle.

Various causes contribute to the desertion of cities in the East. One is epidemic disease, such as plague or cholera, which even the skill of modern science cannot control or subdue. It sweeps down upon a place, sparing neither palace nor hovel. The terrified people appeal to their gods with bloodshed and beat of drum. Perhaps it dies out; but if, on the other hand, it continues in unabated fury the miserable remnant of the people creep away, carrying what they are able of their household goods, and silence reigns over the city. Vegetation is rapid in growth. The deserted streets are soon covered with a mantle of green, which rises above the low houses and hides them from view. White ants assist in the decay of beams. Roofs fall in and floors give way, and the ruined town is known only to the jackal and the tiger. Sometimes gaunt famine has been the destroyer and driven the inhabitants away. Occasionally the devastating troops of an enemy have done the work of destruction. When there was nothing more to be stolen the marauder departed, leaving

death and desolation behind him. It was probably through the avariciousness of man that the rock was deserted and the neighbouring town of Worriore reduced to an impoverished hamlet.

About 1560 a Hindu adventurer took undisputed possession of the fortress. He had men and money, and he fortified the rock with a double wall round its base. Houses sprang up within the walls, and the land outside was brought under cultivation. The King, as he is termed by historians, built a palace for himself, where he lived in state with a large retinue of followers. Building was a passion with him. The evidence of it may be seen to this day in the huge pile of the temple of Srirungam. The small village temple that he found there dedicated to Siva and his consort, he surrounded by walls which were pierced with gateways and surmounted with handsome towers called goparums. Within the walls were chambers and dwellings for the pujaris and attendants of the temple; and pillared halls for the assembling of worshippers at the shrine. He did not complete the work as it stands at the present day with its seven enclosing walls; but he built a great portion of it. Tirumal, one of his successors, added more walls and gateways (1650). The principal gateway is unfinished. It is constructed of enormous blocks of stone, which are put together without mortar. The wonder is how the heavy blocks were lifted into position without the appliances of modern machinery.

The story of the payment of the workmen is kept alive in the name of the north arm of the river which forms the island. The wages were to be paid in rice, but when they became due the King's granaries were empty. The people became clamorous and turbulent, and the King feared that they would commit some violence. He invited them over to the north side of the island and persuaded them with false promises to embark on rafts. In the middle of

the stream they were overturned and drowned, and the river was called Colladam, the place of slaughter, corrupted into Colleroon. There is probably some truth in the tradition. A sacrifice of life at that period would have been considered necessary to ensure the stability of the building.

A full and complete history of India has never been written by a native historian. The history of the country as we know it has been compiled from the records left by Europeans who have visited it since the discovery by the Portuguese of the route to the East. Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English have given accounts in the past of what they saw and heard. As far as is known Trichinopoly flourished from the time of the building of the fort until 1736.

At that date the King died and left the government in the hands of his widow. Her right was disputed by a Hindu prince of the royal blood. The Mohammedan Nawab of Arcot, Chunda Sahib, seized the opportunity given by this internal strife to appear before the city with the secret intention of obtaining possession of it. He gained his end by craft. Tradition says that he made love to the widow and persuaded her to admit him and a body of troops into the town. Having effected an entrance he took no pains to hide his designs. The poor queen was thrown into prison, where she died, and Trichinopoly was occupied by the army of the usurper.

From this moment the city had no peace until the English, under Clive, defeated the French. Even after the power of the French was broken the country round the town was troubled by Haider and his son Tippoo. The Mysoreans overran the Island of Srirungam, plundered the peaceful inhabitants, and burned their villages as late as 1790.

The story of Chunda Sahib is full of tragedy. He

joined his fortunes with those of the French, and during the early part of the war he had every hope of seeing himself master of the Carnatic. Later, when the French were suffering defeat at the hands of Clive and Lawrence, Chunda Sahib recognised that his cause was lost. It was after the English had taken the Island of Srirungam and defeated Law that the Nabob's officers and most of his troops forsook him, leaving him broken in health and spirit without the means of flight. Law, the French Commandant, seeing the hopelessness of protecting his ally any longer, recommended him, as the only means of saving his life, to give himself up to Monackgee, the general of the Tanjore army, who had been fighting on the side of the English.

Law's hope of safety for his ally by this means was unfulfilled. There were old scores against the Nabob that had to be wiped off—acts of violence committed by his troops at the siege of Tanjore and elsewhere when the victory had been on the side of the French. At the bottom of his heart Chunda Sahib must have known that his chance of escape into honourable captivity was small. Monackgee swore by all he held sacred that he would give the Nabob a safe escort to the French settlement. As soon as the various native allies—the Mysoreans, the rival Nabob whose claims were supported by the English, and the General of the Mahrattas—were aware that Chunda Sahib was in the power of Monackgee, there was a clamour for the possession of his person. The demands coming from his superiors took the form of commands accompanied by threats if the Tanjore general refused to comply. Stringer Lawrence also asked for the prisoner, proposing to keep him at one of the English settlements. To this the disputants would not consent. In his perplexity and dread of bringing down the wrath of those who were stronger than himself, Monackgee violated his

oath and solved his dilemma by ordering the head of Chunda Sahib to be struck off.

Orme says that the black deed was done by a Pathan who served the Tanjore general in the capacity of executioner. The Nabob, now an old man (1752), was stretched upon the ground, unable through sickness to rise. When he saw the Pathan enter he guessed what his mission was. Nothing else, indeed, could be expected from his enemies. He lifted his hand as though to stop the assassin, and begged that he might have a few words with Monackgee, saying that he had something of great importance to communicate. The 'man of blood' paid no attention to the request. He stabbed the prince to the heart and cut off his head.

Monackgee sent the head to the Nabob at Trichinopoly, who thus saw his rival for the first time. The head was tied to the neck of a camel and carried five times round the walls of the city that all might see how the enemy had fallen. The horrible procession, accompanied by thousands of excited people, passed the palace where, as a young man, Chunda Sahib, decked in bright array, had won the heart of the widowed queen; and went through the gateway which he had once entered to take possession of the town. On all sides the lifeless features, ghastly in death, were greeted with insulting epithets.

Although his methods of warfare did not differ from those of the period when treachery and cruelty marked every campaign, he stood out above the princes of the day in courage and military qualities. Orme says that he was a brave, benevolent, humane and generous man as princes went in Hindustan; and he pays a tribute to his ability as a leader, venturing to suggest that if the French had listened to the counsels of the Nabob and placed their army under his direction, their power might not have

been so completely crushed, nor need the prince have met with such an ignoble end.

Every foot of the country round Trichinopoly is associated with this struggle between the French and the English for supremacy in South India. There are battlefields in all directions. The cantonment stands upon an old battlefield over which the cannon-balls have roared. It is no uncommon thing for an iron shot to be turned up in the gardens by the marmotty of the gardener. Trade jealousy was at the bottom of the strife, although the ostensible reason for the presence of the Europeans was the support of the rival claims of the native rulers. It was during these wars that Clive distinguished himself. He seems to have borne a charmed life. Men on either side of him were shot dead, while he remained untouched. His presence of mind and intrepid courage carried him safely through every difficulty.

It is said that he often climbed to the top of the rock to study the surrounding country. The view towards all points of the compass is grand. The country lies like a map below; every rock and landmark mentioned by Orme in his fascinating history is distinguishable through the clear atmosphere. During the nine years that we were at Trichinopoly I frequently went to the top, sometimes in the early morning, sometimes at sunset. The greys and golds and pale-blue haze of the early hours of the Indian day had a beauty of their own, but the time to feast the eye in colour was in the evening when the sun had just disappeared below the horizon. Crimson, orange, and purple flooded the heavens in the west, and the green vegetation took on a richer tint. If the moon were floating in the east, the picture was complete.

At all times of the day Clive's presence haunted the rock, especially in the narrow space at the summit where the temple of Ganesa stands. From that very spot he must have looked down upon the old fort with its walls

and towers. His keen eye must have travelled over the narrow streets and the closely packed houses stretching up the skirts of the rock, and have searched the luxuriant island of Srirungam to the north and the thickly wooded country to the south for signs of the enemy. The island to the north remains the same with its brown goparums, but the woods on the south are gone. All that is left of them is a solitary giant banyan on the borders of Puducottah, and a few old trees by the roadside and in the compounds of the houses occupied by the Europeans. The cantonment stands on part of the ground once covered by the wood, and most of the trees that ornament it, now in the full beauty of their growth, were planted when the houses were built.

All through the wars the Tondiman or ruler of Puducottah remained faithful to the English, who drew their food supplies from his country. In vain the French tried to intercept the coolies and capture the convoys. There were occasions when they were successful, and the unfortunate coolies lost their noses; but Stringer Lawrence put an end to the blockade by two hard-fought battles that drove the French from the field (1754). No amount of bribery, or threats, or persuasion could deflect the fidelity of the Tondiman's people or their prince. They reap the reward in the present day. They pay no tribute, and possess certain privileges of self-government enjoyed by very few Indian States. The inhabitants of Puducottah belong to the thief-caste. Every householder in the cantonment employs one of them as a watchman. He is a useful, industrious member of the household, working hard all day, a willing servant of the servants, and shouting during the watches of the night to let his fellow-thieves know that he is at his post, and that they must pass by the dwelling in his charge on their nocturnal prowls.

The old fort is no more. Its sixty square turrets

mentioned by the Jesuit father (Bouchet) who visited Trichinopoly in the sixteenth century, and the eighteen towers where grain and ammunition were stored, have vanished. Nothing remains but the mainguard gateway, a portion of the wall on the west, and Dalton's bastion on the north, which have been preserved as a memorial of British valour under Clive, Stringer Lawrence, Dalton, and other officers.

The house in which Clive lived was to be seen in 1879 when I arrived. It had once been a chuttram or native rest-house. The front was adorned with handsome carved stone pillars, on which were the figures of prancing horses, similar, but on a smaller scale, to the pillars in the temple of Srirungam. It stood facing the west in front of the tank at the corner. Since then it has been built over and absorbed into the Jesuit College.

The rock itself is unchanged. The street that runs round its base is intact. The only access is by stairs cut in the living stone. The temple elephant swings slowly up the steps every day bringing water from the sacred Cauvery for use in the service of the idol. Right and left of the stairs higher up are halls and chambers belonging to the rock temple. At the top of the stairs is a room cut out of the rock. It was formerly used as an arsenal, but is now furnished with a shrine before which lamps burn. When I paid my first visit to the rock the attendant did not trouble to come forward and open the door, but in these days when globe-trotters abound he, with two or three companions, is very much in evidence. Offerings are asked for, and in return the sightseers are allowed to gaze through the open doorway into the murky atmosphere of the windowless hall. They may also enjoy, as I did, the real smell of a heathen temple, wherein the stale smoke from burning incense and the odour of bats and rancid oil are mingled.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OLD GARRISON

Let us realise that death watches like a tiger to seize us unawares, sickness pursues us like a relentless enemy, earthly joys are like a leaky vessel from which water trickles ceaselessly until it is empty.—SLOKA.

A REMARKABLE feature about life in India is the rapidity with which the Government official uproots himself and his family from one station and settles down in another. He considers himself fortunate if he has a few weeks' notice of the change; sometimes only ten days' warning is given. In that time he has to hand over charge to a successor and take up his new work.

The servants are adepts at carrying out the details of the move. With a good staff of coolies the butler or head 'boy' gets the furniture into position. The cook busies himself with his pots and pans in the kitchen. The ayah packs and unpacks the house linen. Though the bungalow may have been empty at sunrise, by dinner-time the master will be sitting down in comparative comfort to a five-course meal. It did not take long to establish ourselves in one of the houses of the cantonment situated conveniently near the church.

The cantonment is about three miles south of the rock, and stands on ground that is slightly higher than the site of the town. It was laid out (1805) after the district had been taken over by the Company from the Nawab of the Carnatic. There was nothing further to

fear from the pillaging troops of the Rajah of Mysore, nor from the French. Barracks were built and substantial houses erected in the style of those on the Choultry Plain. Trees were planted and gardens made. The change from the confined quarter in the town to the cooler and more airy cantonment must have been acceptable to the English soldiers. The heat inside the fort walls was intense, and was the cause of sickness and excessive drinking among the troops.

The first English garrison stationed at Trichinopoly consisted of a company of a hundred and twenty men who were sent to the assistance of the native prince whose cause we espoused (1749). They were quartered in houses belonging to the natives.

An Indian town does not alter its character with advancing times. In England each period—the Tudor, the Jacobean, the Georgian—is marked by a distinctive style of architecture. In India the native house of three hundred years ago is identical with the dwelling of to-day. The indication of antiquity is ruin and decay, and that may be deceptive. The style of house in which the English soldiers lived may still be seen. The rooms are small and have few windows. The yards are walled in and the verandahs screened to the exclusion of light and air. There was no room to build barracks in the town on the English plan, and the troops had to accommodate themselves as best they could in quarters that were only suited to the native sepoy.

In 1751 the garrison had largely increased, and it is about this date that the name of the veteran missionary and politician, Christian Frederick Schwartz, is associated with the town. He was a Prussian by birth, and was sent out to the Danish Mission, which had its headquarters at Tranquebar. He mastered Persian, Tamil, Hindustani, English, and Portuguese, the study of which

he began before he left Denmark. During ten years' residence at Tranquebar he paid visits inland and probably came to Trichinopoly. In 1762 he took up his residence there to convert the heathen, but he soon found plenty to do in the garrison. His services were so keenly appreciated that, at the request of the military authorities, he was made garrison chaplain, and was the first of a long line of men who have ministered to the British troops for nearly a century and a half. He has left an interesting account of his work among the soldiers in some manuscript books, which are in the possession of the Mission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which is stationed in Trichinopoly. The earliest book was begun in 1751 to record the baptisms which he performed in the district. The language he used at the commencement was German mixed with a little Latin. All English names, however, were carefully transcribed in Roman letters. The German quickly gave place to English, showing how he must have applied himself to its study for the sake of those members of his congregation who could understand no other tongue.

A number of English soldiers were living with native women and having families. The men brought their children to be baptised. Schwartz not only administered the rite to the little ones, but prepared their mothers and baptised them also. After baptism he married them to the men. Where the marriage ceremony had been performed previously, he 'confirmed' the marriage after baptism. In the absence of a chaplain the officers were allowed to perform surplice duties and marry, baptise, and bury as necessity required. If a soldier wished to marry a woman no questions were asked apparently concerning her religion. The missionaries did not recognise marriage between Christian and heathen. Upon inquiry Schwartz found a number of such cases which he set

right. Schwartz was succeeded by Christian Pohle, who continued the ministrations to the garrison on the same lines.

The entries in the mission books give many interesting items of information about the men who served. There is no doubt that when they entered the Company's ranks they adopted India as their country and did not expect to return to England. Under these circumstances a native wife seemed desirable in every way. She made a devoted mother and kept house economically, studying her husband's tastes and conducing greatly to his comfort.

The following is a specimen of the mixed language in which some of the entries were made :

'1782 15. Martii wurde der Quarter Master Serjeant in the new Battn, Andrew Brown, seines alters 24 Jahr copuliret mit Anna a native of Madras die sub hoc dato getauft wurde vid : mein Verz : Getauft. N.B. Sie hat schon vorher mit ihm gelebet.'

Pohle baptised a corporal's child and made the following entry in English. After having given the names of the parents he described the mother as :

'Mary Mootimah, a heathen, to whom he has been married from a certificate at Poonamalie, 10th February, 1785, by Lieut. Samuel Agmotey, Quarter Master of the 52nd Regiment' (afterwards Sir Samuel Auchmuty), 'who signed the certificate, but has not expressed the marrying lawful, which word is left out, probably because such a marriage with a heathen cannot be lawful. I examined the woman, called Mary Mootimah, in the presence of Mr. Klein, and she confessed that she was not baptised by anybody, nor knew she a single word of any Christian prayer, but was a heathen.'

The names of god-parents were scrupulously entered, as also the fact of the child's legitimacy or otherwise. The terms used in German were 'ehrlich' and 'unehrlich,'

which were translated later as 'lawful' and 'unlawful.' Some supervision was also exercised over the choice of god-parents. 'Serjeant Bloome, instead of the drunk William Lemoze.'

Two more entries in the book of baptisms are of interest.

(1790) 'John, lawful child of John Ross, bandmaster of the 36th Regiment, and of Mary. The child is about two years old, and has been badly and insufficiently baptised by a drunk officer at Wallajabad.'

(1789) 'Sarah, to which was afterwards added Arnold, supposed to be the daughter of a soldier of His Majesty's regiments, aged about seven years. Has been five years with Captain C——, whose woman wanted to bring her up as a dancing-girl without baptism, of whom Captain L—— got her lately after two years application, and got her now baptised in order to send her to the Asylum.'

This institution was founded in Madras through the exertions of Schwartz to provide for the orphans of soldiers. If it had not been for the good offices of Captain L—— this little waif, Sarah, with English blood in her veins, would have met with a terrible fate. The status of a dancing-girl is too well known to require an explanation. She occupies the lowest and most degraded position to which a woman can sink.

Mortality was great in the ranks of the English troops. There is no one more careless of health in the Tropics than the British soldier, even in the present day, when the dangers of exposure, bad water, and infection are better known. In the old days he neglected to take the commonest precautions, and the result was too often fatal. The entries in the burial register give details of how some of the men met with their deaths, and mention the county or town in England from which they came. In the time of Schwartz and Pohle, Hanoverian regiments

were serving in India. One of these was stationed at Trichinopoly, and German as well as English names occur. In 1784 Pohle wrote:

'I buried also, besides others, a German named Rothmuller, who died suddenly, and whom I had in the forenoon exhorted.'

(1783) 'August 1st I buried a Serjeant, and on the 2nd, buried Mr. Kohlhoff' (i.e. Mr. Kohlhoff buried) 'a man, the casualties of whom we never got though we desired them.'

(1783) 'Buried in the churchyard —— Savage, an Ensign, quite young.'

(1785) 'Of the two Europeans I buried this morning, one was a Corporal Morgan.'

Apparently the names of the men who were committed to the grave were not always to be ascertained. More than once the entry merely contains the words, 'Buried two soldiers,' with the date.

Occasionally Pohle was unable to perform the service himself. With scrupulous honesty he recorded the reason why he failed to fulfil his duty as chaplain.

(1786) 'Buried by the soldiers (as I had to perform divine service) John Turner, Private, 78th Regiment, aged about 30.'

(1786) 'Buried by the soldiers, (as I take physic), Charles Fossett, Corporal, European Invalids, native of England, 34 years.'

(1786) 'Buried William Robinson, Serjeant, 1st European Infantry, native of England, 30 to 35 years, who, being asleep last evening, fell into the tank about the Main Guard and was drowned.'

(1786) 'Buried James Mc.Bane, Serjeant, 20th Native Infantry, who died by being wounded. He is reported to be a Scotchman.'

(1787) 'Buried by Mr. —— (on account of my bad

leg) James Purdie, Private, Artillery, native of England, 27 years.'

(1787) 'Was shot and buried for desertion on Madura-face, William James, Private, Artillery, native of England, not fully 28 years. I was attending him with the Revd. Mr. Kohlhoff to the place of his execution.'

(1787) 'Buried Nicholas Twineham, Private, Recruit lately arrived, a native of Oxfordshire, 16 years.'

(1787) 'Buried William Fluke, Private, European Infantry, Native of Wiltshire; arrived on this coast in August last, and died last evening, being drowned in a tank; aged 18.'

(1788) 'Buried Thomas (formerly Benjamin) Lewis, Private, 1st European Infantry, native of Devonshire, admitted to the service June 1786, died of consumption, aged 19 years; was baptised by me 25th June last.'

In the baptismal book under that date is the entry:

'Thomas Lewis, born a Jew, a native of England, county Devonshire. Since the 11th year of his age he has left his parents and been to sea. Present beside myself were Mr. Ch. Daniel Klein, Myles Fleming and John Chapman, both Privates, and a number of those in hospital.'

There is no further record to explain the circumstances of William James's desertion. At that time there was a great temptation to desert to the enemy's ranks for the sake of the large bribes offered by native princes. Experienced gunners were especially sought. A smart soldier with some knowledge of his profession had a good chance of receiving an important command with the commissioned rank of major or colonel under the colours of a reigning Rajah. As such he had the opportunity of amassing wealth, and at the same time he lived like a prince.

The drowning fatalities were unfortunately frequent.

Unable to endure the stifling heat of the houses, the men came out to cool themselves in the open by the big tank. They seated themselves upon the broad low wall that surrounds the tank. The slumber they vainly courted on their charpoys overtook them in the delicious coolness induced by the evaporation of the water. They sank into deep sleep, and rolling over the hard stone-bed fell into the tank, from which there was little chance of escape without assistance.

(1790) 'Buried a gentleman, —— Jortin, having been shot by another gentleman, —— Williams, last evening, both of them belonging to the 52nd Regiment. No salute fired at the grave.'

(1791) 'Buried John Williams, Invalid Artillery, who was killed this day by a piece of wall falling down in Sindamoni Gate.'

(1793) 'William Hendrick, Artillery, buried by his companions without my knowledge.'

(1802) 'Buried by Serjeant Lutter the two following Europeans, who were that early morning killed by the old rotten battlements in Sindamoni Gate which tumbled down on them. Johann Neumann, Pensioner German, Thomas Phipps, Invalid Artillery. His woman or wife was also killed.'

The Hindu King who built the fort used sundried bricks, upon which white ants and weather left their destructive mark. The fortifications became so unsafe as to necessitate either the rebuilding or the demolition of the dangerous parts.

We have no record of the circumstances attending the death of Jortin, whose name was probably Jordan. Duels at that period were of frequent occurrence. The stories of the quarrels have one feature in common, the triviality of the reason assigned for resort to arms. Not only was there the useless loss of life, but, more often

than not, a lasting remorse overshadowed the life of the survivor. This was the case when Major Allen killed the noted duellist, Colonel Henry Harvey Aston, at Arnee, in North Arcot (1798). Elers, in his memoirs, says that Allen 'never held up his head afterwards, and died in less than three months of a raging fever.' Aston belonged to the 12th Regiment, which took an active part in the wars in South India. Blakiston of the Madras Engineers has left a description of him which shows how lightly men regarded duelling in those days.[1]

'Here (at Arnee) I saw a handsome tomb erected to the memory of Colonel Harvey Aston, who fell in a duel with the major of his regiment. He had seen a good deal of the world before he came out to India, had been a great fox-hunter, a patron of the fancy, and a leading member of the sporting circles. He had many good points about him; was generous and brave; but he had a most inveterate disposition to quizzing, which involved him in many personal encounters, whereby he obtained the reputation of a professed duellist. He used to tell a story of one of his affairs, which, though not at all creditable to himself, was the best satire on the practice of duelling that can well be imagined. "I was at a theatre one night," said he, "and seeing a fellow eating apples in the box where there were some ladies I took the liberty of poking one into his throat with my fingers. The man struck me. I knocked him down and gave him a sound drubbing" (for the colonel was a famous bruiser). "He called me out. I shot him through the arm; and the fool called this *satisfaction!*" One of the few instances in which he was known to have been right was on the occasion that proved fatal to him. On receiving his antagonist's shot, which took effect in his body, he staggered a few paces,

[1] *Twelve Years of Military Adventures*, by J. Blakiston, 1829.

then recovering himself, he presented his pistol deliberately at his opponent, and said, "I could kill him" (for he was a capital shot); "but the last act of my life shall not be an act of revenge." Words sufficient to redeem a life of error.'

Blakiston mentions another duel where the survivor was full of remorse. Ahmednuggar was assaulted and taken in the Mahratta war. 'Among the killed was a Captain Grant of the 78th Regiment, who, at the time of the attack, was under arrest for having been engaged in a duel with a brother officer, who fell in the encounter. The opponents had been intimate friends till the dispute which caused the fatal event. Such was the effect on Captain Grant that he became careless of life, and, although incapacitated by his situation for military duties, he courted death on the first opportunity, and was among the foremost that mounted the ladders.'

In 1781 a sergeant named Carol was buried by Pohle. Report said that he was a Roman Catholic. Being in the Company's service, however, and declared a Protestant by Major Patterson and Captain Mackenzie, Pohle, as chaplain to the troops, read the burial service over him. His conscientious mind was not altogether satisfied that he had acted correctly. He added a note to the effect that if it were subsequently discovered that the man was not a Protestant, and 'the case should be proved to our prejudice, it shall not be counted as a performance of a burial service.'

It is difficult to understand how a burial service could be read provisionally. The worthy padre was satisfied that by the insertion of the note he had secured himself from the reproach of having performed one of the offices of his church over a heretic.

To the end of his days Pohle's rendering of the English language was quaint. Although he mastered it suffi-

ciently to preach to the soldiers with fluency, he never succeeded in emancipating himself from the German idiom when he wrote.

'Died and was buried William Power, son of a European, and formerly in our Charity (school). He used to get fits, and so was found dead the following day in the Ditch (moat), and buried by the Charity and School master. He has been afishing.'

Pohle died at the age of seventy-three (1818) and was buried at Trichinopoly in the fort churchyard. He laboured for forty-one years in the town and garrison, and there is no record of his having taken furlough or paid a visit to his native land. Although the Rev. Charles Ball was appointed chaplain to Trichinopoly in Pohle's lifetime (1798) he did not displace Pohle at the fort. Ball ministered to the troops at Warriore and in the new cantonment, where a church was afterwards built, and Pohle remained in charge of the small garrison that still continued to be quartered in the fort. He was the second chaplain of Trichinopoly.

The names of a number of officers commanding the different companies to which the men belonged are mentioned in the old Mission books, also the regiments. The 19th and 25th Dragoons, the 1st European Regiment, the 2nd Europeans, the 2nd Battalion European Artillery, the 2nd Battalion Coast Artillery, the 2nd Cavalry, the 4th European Infantry, the 78th, 102nd, 101st, 72nd, 52nd, 36th, 71st, 74th, 19th, 12th British Regiments, the 20th Battalion of Sepoys, the 19th, 7th, 13th, 23rd, 5th, 25th, 31st, 1st, and 16th Native Infantry formed part of the garrison in succession.

The old church in the fort was built through the exertions of Schwartz (1765–6). He was a man of great strength of character, possessing a strong personal charm which was felt by all who came into contact with him.

In 1763 he accompanied the English troops on field service to Madura. There he won the hearts of the officers and the men by his ministrations to the sick and wounded. On his return from Madura he proposed to build a suitable place of worship for the garrison in the fort. His proposal was received favourably and money flowed in. Colonel Wood, who was commanding, assisted, and Schwartz himself contributed a considerable sum.

While he worked among the Europeans he did not forget the cause of the natives whose language he had learned. They, too, felt the spell of his personal influence, which was so strong that the Government appealed to him to help them in their difficulty with Haider. He was entrusted with a political mission to Seringapatam, which he undertook from a sense of duty, although it was much against his will to enter into politics. He hoped that through his mediation peace might be restored to the country. He returned from Seringapatam and became, at the request of the Rajah of Tanjore, tutor to Serfogee, his adopted son.

The natives of Trichinopoly as well as of Tanjore worshipped him, and ascribed to him the qualities they attribute to their own heathen ascetics. Stories of him remain to this day which indicate his vigorous and practical mind.

On one occasion when he was in Ramnad he met a convert who had been behaving badly and had brought disgrace upon his name as a Christian. Schwartz administered a sharp reproof. He concluded with the words :

'Will you have my punishment or the Rajah's ?'

'I will have yours, sir,' replied the repentant sinner.

'Then kneel down.'

The man knelt obedient to his word, and Schwartz administered a severe caning.

'Now rise and go; and see that you take better care for the future,' said the missionary.

Some people came to him and asked him how they should pray to God. He answered promptly:

'Pray as if you were starving beggars.'

It was but natural that there should be among the English officers one or two who were not in sympathy with any religious movement. It interfered with their mode of life and set their consciences working uncomfortably. Schwartz was not a man to withhold reproof where it was needed; he called it exhortation.

William Taylor, the historian of the Mission, says that there was a certain captain who set himself in opposition to all the church work that was going on. Knowing that the missionary was the instigator of everything of the kind, he directed his animosity openly towards Schwartz, and never lost an opportunity of abusing him.

One day when the padre was upon the roof of the church superintending a gang of native masons, the captain came under the walls and poured forth a torrent of abuse. Schwartz was roused into making a reply, though it was not his custom to take any notice of such discourtesies. As a rule he was wont to treat them with contemptuous silence. He stood up and rebuked the officer before all the workmen, denouncing the wrath of God upon him unless he repented of his evil ways. The captain was startled by the vehement reproof. The words of warning seemed burned into his brain and he could not forget them. He tried to drown his thoughts in drink, and while under the influence of it he fell over the balustrade of his own terraced roof. He was mortally injured and died a few days later. The incident made a great impression on the natives who had heard the rebuke.

Schwartz died and was buried at Tanjore (1798). He never married, though the directors of the Danish Mission sent him out a lady for a wife, Miss Anna Sophie Pap. He had no desire to change his state, and declined the honour politely but firmly, while she found a husband at Tranquebar.

CHAPTER XV

LOAFERS

In the afflictions, misfortunes, and tribulations of life only he who helps us is our friend.—SLOKA.

THE removal of the English troops into the cantonment left the fort almost deserted; Christ Church, the scene of Schwartz's and Pohle's labours, did not remain empty. Tamil, Portuguese, and English services had always been held there, and these were continued by the missionary. He live in a small house adjoining the churchyard. It was built by Schwartz for his own accommodation, and occupied by each succeeding missionary for some years after. From its steps Bishop Heber preached his last sermon.

The Church of St. John in the cantonment was in charge of the chaplain. The troops assembled for parade-service every Sunday morning, and rejoiced in the fresh air of the open situation.

A parade-service has its attractions, and is one of the brightest scenes a military station has to offer. The men march to church to the strains of the band, and enter the building in military order. Some regiments, whenever they turn out to march, take the regimental pet with them. At Fort St. George an antelope used to accompany the Warwickshire Regiment everywhere. The old animal had died and a new one was procured to take its place. It was unfamiliar with its duties and responsibilities and

was inclined to be refractory. Instead of trotting along in front of the men it endeavoured to scud off by itself across country. Two men were told off to lead it until it should learn its lesson. A rope was attached to each horn, and by keeping the lines taut it was under control. Every Sunday the antelope made its appearance with the troops, and as soon as they had filed into the building it was taken back to its quarters.

One Sunday, for some reason or other, there was only a single orderly to manage the regimental pet. He had great difficulty in making it keep its place just in front. When the regiment halted before the church-door the antelope turned pugnaciously upon its leader and butted him. A lively and spirited contest ensued while the men were filing into the building. The last seen of the pet was its hasty and undignified retreat in company with its keeper towards the barracks. It was impossible to tell whether the beast was pursuing the soldier or the soldier was driving the antelope.

The music at the parade-service is provided by the band. The accompaniment of the instruments to the bandsmen's voices gives a martial tone that is appropriate to a soldiers' service. If the bandmaster happens to take an interest in church-music he can give a fine rendering of the chants and hymns. A great deal depends upon whether he is sympathetic and willing to carry out all the details.

A few weeks after our arrival at Trichinopoly the half battalion of European infantry quartered there was ordered away. Less than a year later we lost the battery of artillery as well. The order came unexpectedly, and the troops were not relieved. After their departure the military duties of the garrison devolved upon the sepoys, of which there were two regiments then stationed in the place. The parade-services came to an end, although the

officers of the Native Infantry and some of the musicians belonging to the band, who were Eurasians, attended the church. The gun that had been fired daily for more than a century was silent; and the bugles, that had sounded the reveille in the morning and the last post at night, were heard no more in the European barracks.

The infantry went to Burma and the battery was sent north, where trouble was brewing (1879). There were many regrets at the departure of the British soldiers; but none on their part. They were full of excitement over the move, anticipating active service before long. It is strange to note the eagerness with which the soldier looks forward to the real business of his life. Too often it means death; yet no man ever thinks that he will be the one to fall. It may be his comrade, but it will not be he.

As soon as an unexpected order to march is received a wave of excitement throbs through the cantonment. It is felt by all military men alike, from the commanding officer down to the smallest drummer-boy. There is an unusual briskness in the execution of duty. Social engagements are set aside, and all is orderly bustle. As the grey light of morning breaks, the loaded carts move away under the charge of their escort. The regiment, wearing trim workmanlike kharki, assembles in the barrack square. The word is given, the band strikes up a lively strain, and it marches out for the last time. An odd silence falls upon the deserted buildings. A few sweepers with brooms move through the empty rooms in leisurely fashion. The crows, grown suddenly bold, forage and explore where they have never dared to venture before; and the sparrows chirp and squabble on the parade-ground undisturbed by the tread of man or the blast from a bugle.

In addition to the officers belonging to the Native

Infantry, there were a number of Civil servants, as well as the staff of the South Indian Railway, who had their quarters at Trichinopoly. All alike greeted us warmly with the old-fashioned hospitality which is fast dying out in these days of many tourists and hotels. The calling began as usual, but was not such a lengthy business as in Madras. The distances were not so great and the number of people considerably smaller.

There was plenty of parochial work among the men employed on the railway and occupying subordinate posts in the different Government services. Several old pensioners had married Eurasian wives and had settled in the place. Our work among these various members of the congregation was very pleasant. They were for the most part highly respectable men and women of refined manners and gentle ways, who were earning an honest living and doing honour to the name of the class to which they belonged. It was not their fault but their misfortune that a contingent of the very poor and very dark-skinned should be living in the same place, and that these feeble folk often brought the whole community into bad odour with undiscerning Europeans by their feckless ways. Poverty was undoubtedly the lot of these, and it was impossible to raise them out of their impecuniosity. Their propensity to spend not only what they had but also what they could borrow was incorrigible. They shared with the Hindus a view of debt that was entirely different in its moral aspect from that which is inculcated in the English mind. They saw no harm in being in debt, and esteemed it a sign of importance to owe a large sum.

This fact was exemplified in the reply given to me when a native dhoby died. A great tamasha was made over his funeral. I inquired if he were a man of any distinction among his caste men, and were possessed

of property sufficient to warrant such an expense. I was told that he was a very important person among the dhobies and had 'plenty of debts.' A man who has no security to offer in the shape of an income of any kind which may be hypothecated to the moneylender, is reckoned to be a poor man indeed and much to be pitied. A man like the defunct dhoby, who could raise money on his monthly earnings, is considered a man of substance. There is no shame attached to borrowing to the utmost and contracting debts that can never be paid.

The same shamelessness is attached to begging. As has already been said, the poor Eurasian is an inveterate beggar. It was part of my husband's work to deal with the cases that occurred in the cantonment. By his desire they were all sent to him for relief. The ladies at whose verandahs they appeared with doleful tales were only too glad to avail themselves of this arrangement.

A man who shall be called John was constantly begging, and the money he obtained went in drink. While under its influence he treated his unfortunate wife badly. The poor woman had lost heart over her house and her appearance. No sooner did she get a few things about her than John sold them for drink and left her destitute. Sometimes she was without food. In such straits she used to come to the chaplain, and her appeal was not made in vain.

One day a disreputable-looking native brought a letter which purported to be written by her in which she begged for help. It had been her custom to come to the house herself and receive the gift in person. A reply was sent intimating that no money could be given by the hand of a coolie and that she must come herself, otherwise her good-for-nothing husband would take it and spend it in drink. The next day John appeared bringing a letter written by himself which he sent in by the peon.

It ran as follows: 'Dear Sir,—If I don't disturb you, will you please explain the substance of an endorsement to my wife, the purport of which is that if you send her any money by the hand of a messenger her "good-for-nothing husband" will only spend it in drink? I am really surprised for such defamatory and unchristian ungentlemanly insinuation (*sic*), and I would wish for you to explain yourself to me if possible now. And further I would ask you as a favour to let me know what amount of help assistance you have rendered to my wife for the last two months' stay she was here, which shall be refunded to you by me, as you are not one from whom a respectable woman can ask for assistance. Further anon.—Yours faithfully, John.'

John was ordered to take himself off, an order he met with the blandest, most insinuating smile. Instead of departing he drew a little nearer and begged to be allowed 'to say one little word.' Would the reverend gentleman be so very kind as to give him a rupee, for really he and his wife were starving. As for himself, of course he did not mind starving. Here his fat face spread into a still broader smile. He only begged assistance for his wife, whose health was too delicate to allow her to starve without serious results.

It was impossible to be angry with such people. One could only laugh and treat the plausible beggar like a naughty child.

John's wife died soon after this, and after her death he went down south, where he had worked before and hoped to be employed again. Some years later he turned up, smiling as usual, and begged for money to go to Madras. He produced a testimonial to the effect that he had served soberly and satisfactorily for four years. On the strength of this excellent character he obtained help, and with profuse thanks went on his way. About a

month afterwards he appeared once more with a letter in which he said that he had not been able to 'push' himself forward from Erode to Madras and that he had been ill. He added: 'It is more prudent to go back to Trevandrum than play the part of a wandering Jew. Can you please be so charitably obliging to pay my fare to Madura.' (It was on the way to Trevandrum.) 'I have not a cash in hand to find my way as far there. I am totally a changed man; have entirely left taking any drink.' He was sent on to Madura with a ticket that was purchased for him, and we never saw him again.

Mathew was a fine, strong, ablebodied man, who was always on the tramp, professedly looking for employment, but in reality begging. He passed on from one place to another, staying a short time at each station until he had exhausted the patience and the charity of the kind-hearted English residents. He ought to have been working at some honest trade, but his long tongue stood in his light. No sooner did he get something to do than he talked himself out of it. If he committed a slight error and it was pointed out by his superior, he at once began to justify and excuse himself. His employer lost patience and dismissed him. My husband helped him now and then from the Poor Fund, and at his own request gave him a letter testifying to his sobriety and ability to work. At the end of it was a note to the effect that 'this letter is not intended to assist the bearer in begging, but is for the purpose of procuring employment.'

In a few months' time Mathew returned bringing the epistle. He handed it back with an injured expression, and explained that it was useless; no one would give him anything after reading it. Would his reverence be so good as to write another leaving out the last few lines about begging? That part spoilt the whole; it was

positively 'obscene'—he probably meant obstructive—and did more harm than good.

The poor Eurasian knows the value of a long tongue, and that when the patience of the listener is exhausted a rupee is produced, more as a means of getting rid of a troublesome person than of assisting poverty. Mathew relied on this device with success. He had found it prevail more than once with the chaplain himself. The Indian bungalow lends itself to the system. The open doors, which cannot be closed because of the heat, allow the voice to penetrate to every corner. The suppliant stands under the portico and pours forth his tale of woe in a plaintive voice more irritating and distracting than the croak of the verandah crow or the piercing shriek of the squirrel. In Mathew's case the production of the desired coin did not always bring immediate deliverance. From force of habit he still talked on until entreated to take himself off.

'Can I go, sir?' he asked one morning after the bestowal of the gift.

'Yes, yes, go,' was the reply.

'Very well, sir, and I thank——'

'I quite understand; go, Mathew, go.'

'Yes, sir; you see, sir——'

'My good man, will you go?'

'If I go down the line they say——'

'Go away, I am busy; I can't listen to you now.'

'Perhaps I had better go up north——'

'Go north! go to Bombay! go to China if you like, only Go!'

One more echo from the verandah that penetrated to my adjacent sitting-room must be recorded.

'Well, who are you?' asked the chaplain, searching the features of an olive-complexioned gentleman of the road.

'My name is Sylvester,' was the reply of its owner, as he smiled confidently and assumed a pose of becoming humility and propitiation.

'What do you want?'

'Please, your honour, I want to go to Negapatam.'

A slight pause ensued, and the padre exclaimed:

'I've seen your face before.'

The statement was received with a start of surprise and an aggrieved refutation.

'No, sir; I've never been here before. I've never set foot in Trichinopoly before, please your honour.'

The chaplain regarded him with as much sternness as he was capable of assuming and said:

'A year ago I sent you from here to Erode.'

'No, sir, I assure your honour I have never been in the place before.'

'And six months before that I sent you to Madura.'

'No, sir.' 'But I did.' 'No, sir.' At this point the chaplain retired to his room to consult the vagrant note-book. He returned with it in his hand.

'There's your name and it occurs more than once. I remember perfectly well having a ticket bought for you each time and sending the peon to see that you got into the train.'

'No, sir. I've never been here before. Some other man using my name, only, sir.'

The injured innocence of the tone in which this was said was inimitable; but it was not convincing.

'Nonsense! You are not telling me the truth. I can't have anything to do with bad men who don't tell the truth.'

'No, sir, please, sir!'

'Go away; I have nothing for men like you.'

'No, sir!' was the melancholy reply as Sylvester sadly watched the padre's retreat to his study. There

was an interval of a quarter of an hour broken only by the swish of the punkah and the scratch of the busy pen. Then through the ferns and palms of the verandah came a deprecating voice:

'Please, sir, I was afraid!'

It brought the chaplain out again. Whether the truth is forthcoming or not, the poor creatures must be helped, as they are physically incapable of helping themselves by working.

'It is very wicked not to tell the truth.'

'Please, your honour, your honour knows that I was afraid!'

'You should tell the truth.'

'So I did, your honour.'

'No, you didn't. You said that you had never been here before. I can't help a man who tells lies.'

'No, sir; but please this time to give some little assistance.'

'There's two annas for you to get some food; and when you can tell the truth you may come again and I will consider your case.'

This love of itinerary begging brings the unemployable round periodically. The Poor Fund was intended partly for them and partly for the resident poor. Some of these were unemployable also, but a pretence was made to give them work where they were able to do it. Coarse sewing was provided for the women, and anything that was possible for the men who had neither strength nor skill. An old man named Richards thought that he had done sufficient to earn an honest rupee when he had written a long letter. A clause begging for an increase to his allowance was usually inserted either at the beginning or the end——'DEAR SIR,—I humbly beg to inform your honour that by this small pittance an East Indian cannot maintain for his whole monthly expense. I beg your

honour to increase something my allowance. Jesus spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay. St. John 9.6, also 7. Here the ground meaning common people, or low people, or servants who living by their superior's favour through their labour. For instance in the book of Prophet Isaiah 1 ch. 2 ver. It is written (*sic*) Here, O heavens, and give Ear O Earth :——Here the heavens denotes the Kings, princes, rulers, and Dukes and Nobles——And the word Earth denotes common and low people or servants. " Spat " meaning, Upbraid or like to spit another man's face.——Jesus rebuked the common people for their pride and warned them not show proud like Great and Nobles. By his rebuke Jesus said unto them, ye are common people, ye are servants, ye shall not be admitted like great men. Dear sir, I am a maimed man ; one of mine eyes is lost and I am turned very old. Respected sir, I humbly beg your honour, by your great kindness to increase mine allowance as to be sufficient for the month I shall praise only the name of the Lord and I shall be very thankful to your honour. If I use spectacles I can see a little. Dear sir, I remember once as I told as my Christian name is Manuel. But my Christian name is Philip, not Manuel. It is one of my relation's names. Upon some reasons when I was yet small, neighbours used to call me by the name of Manuel. When I was unawares the question came, therefore suddenly I told Manuel at the day when you enquired of my circumstances. I am, sir, your most faithful P. RICHARDS. With spectacle 5 days required for writing this letter.'

Poor old Richards appeared before our bungalow at Bangalore some years later. He was quite blind, and was led by a man who, he said, was his brother. He was passing under the name of Davis, and was asked for an explanation. He assured the chaplain that it was not

his fault; he did not call himself Davis. His neighbours had given him the name because it belonged to a half-brother who was taking care of him. Here his companion, who was the half-brother alluded to, tried to make matters clearer:

'You see, sir, this is how it is. We both had the same mother, but we each had two fathers.'

There was another old character of the name of David, who was on the Poor Fund. He used to delight in black clothes, and was the proud possessor of a clerical coat and hat much the worse for wear. He was asked why he did not work for his living, for, though between sixty and seventy, he was active and able to get about. He replied that he was a preacher by trade, and trade was slack.

'Not at all,' replied the chaplain. 'You shall preach to the servants of the house, and so earn a rupee a month.'

The arrangement pleased all parties. The servants, who were Roman Catholics and good souls according to their lights, liked listening to the old man as he held forth volubly in their own tongue. He used to come regularly once a week. I often caught sight of him walking about the compound in the most businesslike fashion, gathering his flock and persuading some of the heathen to come in as well. He was always neat and tidy, with white trousers, long black coat, clerical hat, white beard, and silver-knobbed walking-stick. He took himself very seriously and earnestly, and was supremely happy in his appointment. Once a month the butler came to the study with the information, 'David done preach, sir, and asking pay.' The first time his rupee was given he sent in for another, saying that the first rupee was his 'church pay,' by which he meant his allowance out of the Poor Fund. So for the future he was given two rupees.

Occasionally Europeans appeared with requests for assistance. For these people one felt much pity. They could not accommodate themselves to the conditions of life in the bazaars like the Eurasians, who were born in the country; nor did the curry and rice and fruits suit them as they suited the man of mixed blood. There was also more danger from exposure to the sun with the European than with the country-born. One April, the hottest month of the year with the exception of May, three Italian musicians paid us a visit and asked for money to pay their rail-fare on towards one of the large seaports. We invited them to come that evening and give us some music in the garden. There was a bright moon, and their music was charming; but their pleasure was even greater than ours in our appreciation of their performance. They left the station the next day, and we heard no more about them. English, Germans, and Americans down on their luck passed through Trichinopoly and were helped as far as the funds would allow. They were usually of the mechanic class. Once or twice we had men of good education whose pockets were temporarily empty and whose credit had come to an end. One of these, formerly a planter and afterwards an engineer in a manufacturing company, was making his way home as best he could. The company had gone bankrupt and was unable to pay him his salary. His planting venture had been equally unlucky. He was glad of dinner in the verandah and a shakedown on one of the verandah couches until the small hours of the morning when the mail train left. The Europeans passed completely out of our lives, and never returned like the Eurasians. Did they rejoin their relations in temperate climes, or did they lay down their lives in some Indian hospital friendless and forgotten?

CHAPTER XVI

ORPHANS

It is easier to snatch a pearl from the jaws of a crocodile or to twist an angry serpent round one's head than to make an ignorant and obstinate person change his ideas.—Sloka.

In India death comes suddenly to all men. Nothing brings the fact more forcibly to the mind of the European than the rapidity with which the event is followed by the funeral. Barely twenty-four hours elapse ere the deceased man is carried to his grave. With improvident Eurasians the death of the bread-winner is nothing short of a catastrophe. The family is thrown into sudden destitution and reduced to deplorable beggary. To provide against this, orphanages have been founded in India for the children of poor Europeans and Eurasians whose fathers have died or deserted them. The orphanage at Trichinopoly, known as St. John's Vestry School, owed its origin to Schwartz. During his ministrations as chaplain there was an explosion in the powder magazine at the fort. Several Europeans were killed, and their wives and children were left without means of support. He made an appeal on behalf of the orphans, which met with a liberal response. A sum of money was collected sufficient to found the school and endow it. Pohle called it 'Our Charity,' and was greatly interested in its welfare. So also were all the English residents, civil and military, some of whom, members of the vestry,

sat on the committee of management. Similar institutions in Madras and other military centres have been built, and have proved of great benefit to the European and Eurasian community.

The Trichinopoly orphanage was originally in the fort. After the troops were moved and St. John's Church was built, a habitation was found for it in the cantonment just within its limit. When we arrived in Trichinopoly it had its own buildings in Puttoor, situated about a mile from the church. After the English troops left, a fine airy building which had been occupied by the soldiers was assigned by Government, at the request of the chaplain, for the use of the orphans. It was nearer the church and was more convenient in every way. With a few alterations the building was adapted to the new purpose and the children went into residence (1881). Since then there has been no change, and the Vestry School continues to flourish as far as its funds allow, always full, and with a list of candidates waiting for a vacancy.

The children regard the chaplain as their temporal as well as their spiritual father. With the assistance of a good matron the large family is not a very onerous charge. The little ones of mixed blood are gentle and obedient. They have no desire to break bounds or run away. The rules that govern them are those that exist in any well-ordered house and no severity is required to enforce them. A certain amount of discipline is good for boys and girls all over the world. Eurasian children conform to rule with more readiness than those who are pure-blooded and born in England. Habits of cleanliness and truthfulness have to be enforced; and certain native practices, learned in early childhood when there was a too intimate acquaintance with the bazaars, have to be eradicated.

Soon after our arrival we sent a bar of yellow soap to the orphanage with a request that it might be used night and morning. The woman in charge, a snuffy old person who had been born and brought up in the bazaar, came to inquire how it was to be used. The children had been accustomed to ablutions in the native style—with water only, and an occasional Saturday scrub with soap-nut. A big bar of soap was a problem she could not solve without assistance. The poor old soul acted the part of matron to the best of her ability, but she was obliged at last to resign. A more suitable matron, a kind, motherly woman, country-born, but with European instincts, was elected for the post.

The boys and girls lived happily under the same roof, their quarters being divided by the big schoolroom. The classes were mixed, and the teachers mostly young women with the gentle speech and refined manners that are natural to the Eurasians. Life at the institution flowed smoothly as a rule. The inmates learned to love each other as though they belonged to the same family. In course of time the boys went out into the world to follow some trade or take up a clerkship, and the girls married or went into service. The former was preferable in many respects. If the engagement between mistress and maid terminated before another situation could be found, the girl had no home to go to, and ran a risk of being exposed to temptations. When once a member of the school had left, he or she could not be readmitted. The vacant place was filled immediately.

The children were devotedly attached to the orphanage and had no desire to leave. They usually came from wretched homes, utterly unworthy of the name, and compared with which the school was a paradise. There were more applications for admittance than there were vacancies. It was sometimes hard to refuse the parents

when their requests were accompanied by the wistful looks of the little ones. Ablebodied men of the poorer class, who were able to work for their living and support their families, used to beg that their children might be admitted. The preference had to be given to those who had lost a parent or whose father was incapacitated for work.

A fair-skinned boy of eight with a pair of pathetic grey eyes manifestly English was admitted on his own entreaty. One day he was found sitting on the steps of the chaplain's verandah just outside the study. How long he had been waiting there it was impossible to say.

'Who are you, my boy?' 'Pat.' 'Pat what?' 'Pat Campbell.' 'Where do you live?' 'In the bazaar.' 'Who is your father?' 'Father is drunk and mother is dead. Please, sir, can I go to the orphanage?' The request was accompanied by such a wistful look of entreaty that it was impossible to say no. On inquiry it turned out that the little boy's story was perfectly true. The old Scotch pensioner, to whom he owned his existence, was rarely sober. He was one of the tough old Englishmen who had survived the hardships of the Mutiny campaign. He had settled in the country and was devoted to fishing when he was sober. He left his children to the care of an old native woman who kept house for him. Pat and a younger brother were admitted to the orphanage to their great joy and comfort.

Another child, whose circumstances were somewhat similar, found a haven of refuge in the orphanage. When he arrived he was a miserable little bag of bones with unkempt hair and grimy skin. After a few weeks in the school he picked up flesh and grew bright and happy. One day his father arrived at the school with a request that his son might be allowed to spend a few days at home. Remembering the old times, the scanty meals,

the blows that were showered upon him by his tipsy parent, and the squalid misery of his home, Dan begged the school-sergeant to refuse the request. The father was persuaded to depart without the child.

Some days later he again appeared at the orphanage driving himself in a dilapidated jutka drawn by a wiry pony hired for the occasion. Again he was met with a refusal, in which he apparently acquiesced. Producing some tempting sweetmeats he persuaded the child to get into the jutka to eat them. No sooner had he mounted than the man whipped up the pony and dashed away towards the bazaars, the jutka swaying from side to side in imminent danger of being overturned. Nothing could be done in the way of rescue, as he had a perfect right to his own child. Notice was duly sent to the chaplain that Dan had been stolen by his own father. That same evening as the matron came out of church after evensong she felt a timid pull at her skirt. Peering down in the darkness she discovered poor little Dan, dirty, forlorn, beaten, and hungry. He clung to her and begged with tears to be allowed to return. His father had attempted to lock him in his miserable house. As soon as the drink had done its work Dan crawled out of the window and escaped. Never again did he allow himself to be decoyed away by either sweets or threats.

The inmates were not all orphans in the true sense of the word. Many had no relatives at all, some had lost one parent, and a few still possessed—to their detriment, sad to say—both parents. Four children belonging to a couple who were incorrigible beggars were admitted that they might be saved from the contamination of their wretched home. At seven years of age the girl was still running about the native bazaars as naked as the Indian children with whom she played. Within a very short period she and her three brothers were tamed and

converted into mild, gentle little members of the institution.

The eldest boy, who from longest association with the bazaars might have been the worst, was one of the steadiest and most trustworthy lads of the place. Perhaps he owed his sobriety to the fact that his mother had once made arrangements for his funeral. The exchequer was low, and Mrs. Robins was thrown on her own resources to provide food for her family. Her husband, an able-bodied man and an excellent carpenter, retired from work at the early age of thirty. He absolutely refused to do more, and based his action on the Bible. Our Lord, he averred, had laboured as a carpenter thirty years and no longer. He but followed his example in laying aside his tools. The responsibility of making an income sufficient to keep body and soul together fell upon Mrs. Robins, who set herself to the task with more zeal than principle. The burial of her son was not her own invention, but an old trick which has been played off on more than one unwary chaplain new to the country.

One morning she appeared in the verandah and related with torrents of tears a sad story. Her dear little son, Fred, had been taken ill in the night and had died. She described his symptoms and how he drew his last breath. The piteous tale was concluded with an urgent appeal for money. She wanted a few rupees to pay for a coffin, quite a plain coffin, to put her poor boy in. The cheapest she could get would cost seven rupees. Then there would be bearers to pay, and in addition she would be obliged to give them some coffee and bread. The list of her requirements poured from her lips with a glibness that ought to have raised suspicion; but the tears were convincing. The unsuspecting listener was melted to pity, and at the end of her tale of woe he placed fifteen rupees in her hand. The burial was fixed for five o'clock

that evening. The chaplain was at the cemetery and the grave prepared, but no funeral party appeared. He waited for more than an hour, and then returned to his house with many misgivings. He took the earliest opportunity of paying Mrs. Robins a visit when his suspicions were confirmed. He discovered that there had been no death in the family, and little Fred was playing in the road with some native children, with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms. When reproached and furthermore threatened with the police, she shed copious tears and said that she must live. She considered poverty and an idle husband sufficient excuse for her conduct, and she seemed surprised that the chaplain did not regard her action in the same light.

The charity was intended primarily for the poor of Trichinopoly, but there were many applications from outside. A widow on the west coast hearing of the institution raised sufficient money to carry herself and her children by rail as far as Beypore. From Beypore she walked, arriving one afternoon travel-stained and weary, the veriest tramp in appearance that ever trod the highways. A loaf of bread and some tea were the first consideration; then followed her story, a sad one of course, justifying the reception of the children into the orphanage. The following day she departed. The little ones were quite happy, but for some days they put by part of their food for the absent mother. The kind-hearted matron smiled as she bade them take it to the kitchen to be kept hot.

The choir of St. John's Church was furnished with choristers from the orphanage. No amount of training could eliminate the metallic sound from the boys voices, but they learned to render the music of the simple services correctly, if not as musically as might be desired. Their conduct was orderly, and only once did the lads put the chaplain into any difficulty.

The hot season was setting in with fiery blasts that shrivelled grass and foliage as the frost withers them in the temperate zone. Natives and Eurasians feel the heat to a certain extent, much as Englishmen may feel a hot summer. The serge uniform coats were laid aside and garments of cool blue cotton were given out at the orphanage according to custom. The boys thought that they could do better still by imitating the natives; they cropped their heads so closely that they looked as if they had been shaved. On a certain Friday, the day of the choir-practice, the boys arrived and took their seats in the choir. The chaplain's face was a study as he walked into the chancel and ran his astonished eyes over the double row of bald pates. On the following Sunday the service was performed without the assistance of the choir. The boys had to remain *gosha* until their baldness was a little less apparent.

Among other responsibilities which fell upon the shoulders of the chaplain was finding employment for the boys and husbands or situations for the girls. As a rule there was no difficulty in marrying the orphanage maidens. They were popular as brides with Eurasian men, as they made good housewives and had no extravagant tastes. Letters were received from guards, engine-drivers, writers, and Eurasians in the police service, men of various occupations drawing between twenty-five and a hundred rupees a month. They all asked for wives, and promised to be model husbands. Before mentioning the matter in the school, inquiries were made as to the character and prospects of the suitor. If these proved satisfactory, an interview was arranged with the chaplain that the latter might satisfy himself concerning complexion and appearance, two important points in the eyes of the girls.

If all was considered satisfactory, the candidate for matrimony was provided with a note of introduction to

the matron setting forth his wishes. She was asked to introduce him to So-and-so. The girls of whom he was to have the choice were of a complexion that matched his own. Unless some arrangement of the kind was made, trouble and discontent ensued. The darkest man invariably aspired to the hand of the fairest girl. Had he been permitted he would have tried to win a pure European. The girls were just as particular in their choice, and quite aware of their own value.

When it was known in the school that a suitor was in the field a thrill of excitement stirred the whole institution. The boys were full of brotherly anxiety that their adopted sisters should be well and suitably mated. The young man usually drove up in a hired carriage. As he was received by the matron he ran the gauntlet of many pairs of eyes. Presently Daisy Brown, Leonora Smith, and Maud Jones, all dressed in their best, were presented in turn by the matron. After the inspection the suitor intimated that his fancy had fallen on Leonora Smith. He begged to be allowed to have another interview, which was granted. After talking to her a little time and telling her about himself and his prospects, he put the question. Did she think that after she had seen him again she could bring herself to look upon him with favour? If she smiled, hung her head, and whispered with lowered eyes that she would like to have a little time to consider his offer, he departed a happy man. If, on the other hand, she frowned and turned aside in silence, he understood that he must either make a second choice or leave the place disappointed of his bride. A refusal, however, was rare. It usually ended in a wedding that turned out happily for both. The courting after the first interview was done under the chaperonage of the matron, and the trousseau was made in the school.

No suitor was allowed to appear at the orphanage

before he had been seen and approved of by the chaplain. In one institution a widower of about forty introduced himself and inquired if he could see the girls with a view to making choice of a wife. He was asked to produce his credentials; and when they found that he had none, the girls armed themselves with the sweepers' brooms and drove him out of the compound.

A handsome young sepoy from one of the regiments stationed at Trichinopoly ventured to pay attention to a girl in the orphanage. She was the daughter of a native by a European soldier. The ample diet of the school had conduced to plumpness in the maid who had no pretentions to beauty of feature. Embonpoint is reckoned by the natives one of the most attractive of female charms. It was doubtless the attraction in this case. Marriage between natives and Eurasians was not encouraged, and no applications were entertained from either Hindus or Mohammedans. Aware of this fact, the son of Mars trusted to his own personal charm. Whenever they met upon the road, as she took her walk with the other girls, he directed amorous glances at her, which she received with flattered embarrassment. One day he brought a beautiful sugared cake as a love-token. A small boy was decoyed from the playground and bribed to take it in with a message. Having fulfilled his part of the contract the little urchin returned to the playground with the news that a sepoy was courting Susan. The boys trooped off in the direction indicated, and found the unfortunate man waiting near the girls' side of the house, in the hope of receiving some sign that his gift had created a favourable impression upon the heart of his plump lady-love. Whooping like a pack of jackals they descended upon him, and he took to his heels in terror. He attempted to escape over a wall, but they seized his legs and administered a sound pommelling with their fists. He never

ventured to appear again, but sought a bride among his own people.

Refusals to marry have been known among the girls. Sometimes they arise from a desire to remain in the institution, where they are so happy that they do not wish to make any change. After a certain age, when the education is finished, they cannot be retained, and if they refuse to marry they have to go out into service. Marriage is not pressed upon them if they show genuine dislike to it. Sometimes it is nothing but a little shyness that has to be overcome, and this can be managed by the suitor himself if he is inclined to persevere.

A man applied at an orphanage in Madras for a bride. His credentials were satisfactory, and he was allowed to make his choice in the usual way. An interview was arranged in the matron's private sitting-room, where two chairs were placed opposite each other for the young people to be seated while they conversed. Although Maggie had consented to think over his proposal, his suit did not prosper. She listened to all that he had to say about himself, his work and pay, and his family ; instead of responding she drew back, and he pleaded his cause in vain. He pressed her for a reason, but none was forthcoming. She could only give the feminine excuse that he did not take her fancy, and she wished to have nothing to do with him. When the matron entered the room some time later to learn how matters were progressing, Maggie was sulking in silence, while the unhappy swain was regarding her in sorrowful perplexity. Seeing at a glance that his wooing was not prospering, she dismissed the reluctant maid.

'I am afraid, Mr. O'Brien, you have not been very successful ? ' she remarked.

'She will have nothing to say to me, ma'am. She won't even look at me,' he replied plaintively.

'Perhaps you would like to see another girl?'

'No, ma'am, thank you; I would rather have Maggie.'

'But if she won't have you, you must give her up and choose another. We never force our girls unwillingly into marriage. Let me send for Rosa or Mary. Either of them would make you an excellent wife.'

The lover shook his head disconsolately.

'I don't fancy Rosa or Mary.'

'Then, Mr. O'Brien, I think we had better say good-bye,' said the matron, feeling that matters were at a dead-lock and that there was nothing more to be done.

He rose from his chair to go. Suddenly his eye brightened with an inspiration.

'May I come again? May I have one more try?' he asked eagerly.

'Certainly, if you wish; but I warn you that Maggie is not one to change her mind easily.'

'Thank you, ma'am. I will come next Tuesday, and I will bring my concertina.'

He came and brought his concertina, and Maggie was wooed a second time. When the matron went in to see how he fared there was no need to ask any questions. The concertina occupied one chair and the young couple the other.

CHAPTER XVII

THE INDIAN GARDEN

It is more easy to discover flowers on the sacred fig-tree, or a white crow, or the imprint of fishes' feet, than to know what a woman has in her heart.—Sloka.

A house with no upper storey is familiarly known in India as a bungalow. If there is an upper storey it is called by the natives an 'upstair house.' In a Mofussil station there are many more bungalows than storied houses, and the latter are occupied by the senior men in the Services. All the houses of the Europeans stand in their own compounds, and the ground is surrounded by a mud wall or hedge. The wall is pierced by a gateway, but it is rare to see a gate or barrier of any kind. It would be useless as a means of keeping out intruders. There are gaps in every boundary made by the servants of the establishment, who have a natural aversion to using the legitimate approach; and ingress can be obtained from all the points of the compass. In many cases the masonry posts have no hinges upon which a gate could be hung. The only purpose of the posts seems to be a mark to show where the carriage-drive commences, and to support the black board on which is painted the name of the occupier of the house. It is a convenient custom to have the name ready at hand for the guidance of the caller, but it strikes the stranger as being odd. The compounds in which bungalows stand usually have one gateway.

Storied houses, being larger and more pretentious in appearance, have bigger compounds with entrances at each end. The natives consider the second gateway a dignity rather than a convenience, for they dispense with the carriage-drive altogether when on foot themselves; and they term a residence thus favoured a two-gate house.

We had the honour of living in a two-gate house at Trichinopoly, although the building was only a bungalow. The compound was large and possessed some fine trees, as well as an excellent spring of water. This spring was called a well, but it had the character of a small tank, being square in shape with solid stone-walls. The bungalow was in ruins, but by an arrangement with the landlord we were permitted to put it in repair and repay ourselves the cost from the rent. As soon as the move had been effected my attention was turned to the garden. I had already had some horticultural experiences in Madras, and the garden was one of the regrets in leaving the Presidency town.

There are certain conditions about an Indian garden that are a distinct disappointment to the enthusiast fresh out from the temperate climate of England. In the first place there is no turf. Grass grows in abundance, green enough in the wet season, but coarse and rough without any resemblance to the cool, soft, velvety lawns of England. Beneath the grass are 'creeping things innumerable,' of dimensions that are appalling to the newcomer. They are content to live in the obscurity of their retreat under the green blades if unmolested. Should a blundering human being be tempted to take a seat upon the grass, they declare war and proceed to invest his person. Their feet cling, their tails sting; they tickle, and bite, and scratch until their unfortunate victim rushes headlong to the bathroom to dislodge and

slay his enemies. Ants in England are not to be lightly trifled with, but they are mild compared with the Indian ant. This monster is half an inch in length, and if of the red variety that lives in the mango tree, it has all the courage and twice the ferocity of a tiger. When I watched the tawny hoopoes running hither and thither along the sunny gravelled paths, I earnestly hoped that each time they dipped their crested heads and snapped their long pliant bills a red ant was slain.

Another disappointment to the ardent lover is the necessity of allowing the gardener to do all the manual labour. To take a trowel and transplant, to weed the flower-beds, or to water the plants oneself, is impossible because of the heat. The mere effort of superintending and directing the compliant coolie makes one hot. The utmost I ever achieved in the way of manual labour in India was the occasional holding of the young plant in its place while the gardener filled in the soil. This privilege would not have been accorded, had it not been for the superstition of the gardener, who believed that I had a lucky hand, and that all plants touched by me would live and thrive.

A third feature of the Indian garden to which a lover of flowers must be reconciled is the pot-garden. In Madras, not having made the acquaintance of the white ant, I rebelled, and bade the man dig borders and make beds. The beds flourished, and became a wonderful blaze of colour with magnificent zinnias, marigolds, coreopsis, and other annuals. Under the fierce heat of the Indian sun they faded rapidly and ran to seed. Their glory lasted just three weeks, and then shabbiness marked the garden for its own. The borders were cleared and turned into a pot-garden of crotons, panaxes, coleus, caladiums, dracænas, ferns, and palms, which were permanent. The beds were filled with flowering shrubs,

conspicuous among which was the oleander. Natives love the oleander, and make wreaths of the blossoms by stringing them upon a thread. Though they will garland their idols and their friends with the wreaths, they do not approve of the oleander as a cut flower for the decoration of the house. The scent is supposed to irritate the temper. They have a proverb that says: 'Whosoever causes quarrels is not a man, but he is like a porcupine quill, or the flower of an oleander in the house.'

The Hindu of the south has all the instincts of the agriculturalist planted deep within him. He works willingly among the plants committed to his charge, and comes to regard them as his own. He exchanges plants and cuttings with other gardeners, and supplies a certain number of bungalows with cut flowers for one rupee a month. Such is the nature of the creature that he is mentally incapable of seeing anything dishonest in the proceeding.

At Trichinopoly I had a man who threw himself heart and soul into his work. He was engaged as soon as we took up our residence in the repaired bungalow. In spite of the experience gained in Madras the man was directed to make flower-beds. The spot chosen for the garden was to all appearances a stony wilderness. In no way daunted, however, the gardener, dressed in nothing but a large white turban and loin cloth, set to work. He began with a stick stuck in the centre of the plot of ground. To this was attached a rope with which he drew a series of semicircular beds intersected by paths. The beds were excavated and filled with loam and manure.

There were no nurserymen in Trichinopoly of whom plants could be bought, so it was necessary to go begging. A lady living near kindly offered a few seedlings, an offer that was gladly accepted. The gardener was sent with a

basket and was shown the seedlings which were intended to stock the new beds. Telling him to dig them up she moved to another part of the compound. Fifteen minutes later she returned, and discovered that he had not only removed all the seedlings but was digging up half the contents of the established beds. Sorely against his will he was made to replant them before he was allowed to depart.

Another friend promised a few rooted cuttings of crotons. The gardener was again despatched with a basket. This time he carried a letter as well. The pith of a lady's letter is said to lie in the postscript. At the bottom of this was the P.S.: 'Do not trust my man alone in your garden; and examine his basket before he leaves.' He brought back more than a hundred beautiful young plants, over which he grinned delightedly. When thanking the generous donor for his bountiful gift he smiled and made reply:

'Fact of the matter, I was called away in the middle of the digging up of the plants and did not attend to your warning. Keep them and you will have a fine show of crotons.'

Indian gardeners have many strange superstitions besides the belief in a lucky hand. To ensure the prosperity of the plants they make a marriage of a copralite to some tulsi (sweet basil). The copralite is an emblem of Siva, just as the ammonite is an emblem of Vishnu. Tulsi (*Ocymum sanctum*) grows everywhere. It has small purple flowers, and is not unlike the wild basil of England or the common calamint. When the leaves are crushed they have an aromatic scent. As I walked about the compound I often trod it underfoot, and the air was filled with the sweet smell.

There is a legend which ascribes its origin to the Hindu deity Vishnu. A demon named Jalandhara ob-

tained from Brahma the gift of being invulnerable, even should he be warred against by the gods themselves. Armed with this virtue he attacked Indra and the other deities. His excuse was their refusal to allow him to partake of the amritam (ambrosia, made by churning the ocean). The demon by virtue of his gift prevailed, and in their despair the gods appealed to Vishnu. He discovered that the secret of the demon's success lay, not so much in his invulnerable quality, as in the virtue of his wife Brinda. It was impossible to corrupt her fidelity by riches or cajolery. Vishnu had recourse to stratagem. He took upon himself the form of Jalandhara and lived with her while her husband was away fighting. The device was successful. Jalandhara fell on the field of battle mortally wounded. On learning the fate of her husband she was filled with sorrow and despair, and throwing herself upon his funeral pile she was burned with his body. Vishnu was so much impressed with her fidelity that to commemorate it he caused the tulsi to spring from her ashes. He furthermore enjoined upon his followers the worship of the plant in her honour.

In accordance with this command the Vishnuvite housewife tends the tulsi and makes obeisance to it before she begins the household duties of the day. At night she lights a lamp before the pot containing the plant and repeats her adoration, calling to mind the virtue of the lady represented by it. There are different versions of the legend. Some say that it sprang from the hair of a nymph beloved by Krishna (one of the incarnations of Vishnu).

The vervain, held sacred by the Romans and ancient Britons, was of the same modest character. Brooms made of vervain were used for cleansing the sacred places before the idols, or when any space was required for mystical ceremonies. A Hindu follower of Vishnu takes

an oath upon the leaves of the tulsi, and swallows them afterwards to show that he will respect his oath. It enters into many of the domestic rites of the Hindus, and may always be found growing near their dwellings.

The gardener carried the copralite and a friend carried a plant of tulsi. The two were put in the ground together in a retired position where the presence of a weed would not offend. Muntrums were recited as the earth was filled in and pressed round the roots which embraced the copralite, and the tulsi was watered daily with the rest of the garden. The performance of this ceremony was supposed to render the garden fertile and to protect it from evil.

Some gardeners try to increase the production of flowers by strange superstitious devices and by worshipping the tulsi and pepul tree. Knowing the disbelief of the English in such practices they are careful not to perform the rites in their sight. Hindus are sensitive to ridicule. They can better bear reproach and abuse than a laugh turned against themselves. Ridicule 'puts a ball of fire in their bellies,' as they plainly express the feeling. When the master and mistress are away strange proceedings take place in the compound. The aid of the gods is invoked on behalf of the house, the garden, the children, the horses, and the whole household.

Although I was not there to see it, no doubt the marriage of the tulsi was effected as soon as the garden was laid out; and probably the plants in the beds were treated with other dressings besides stable-manure. Milk, sugar, honey, blood, are all said to increase the fertility of the ground. It is believed that seeds soaked in blood or in the fat of animals will produce marvellous results. The native of the south has a proverb to the effect that 'old muck and plenty of water' is good for the soil; but there

is a lurking conviction at the bottom of every Hindu heart that the best of all manures is human blood. Blood is life, and when it is poured out upon the ground the life soaks in with it. It is this superstition that is at the bottom of occasional murders. A foolish woman who has no children will believe that her barrenness may be overcome by anointing herself with the blood of a child. A short time before Queen Victoria died her Majesty had an illness, and a rumour went through the bazaars of Madras that a number of men were to be slain to restore her to health. Some sepoys, belonging to one of the native regiments stationed at the time in the Presidency town, were ordered into camp for signalling practice. The men were greatly perturbed, and the officers had some difficulty in persuading them that their lives were not going to be sacrificed on behalf of the Queen.

The great trouble with the garden in India is the trespassing goat and the blundering buffalo. The animals rarely enter by the open gateway; they prefer the gaps. The invasion is aided and abetted by the owners of the animals. It is said of an English garden, where the pruning is not done with a liberal hand, that once in a way the visit of a sheep is beneficial. The Indian black goat does not come singly. It browses upon everything that is green and tender, and its agility is so great that it can almost climb a tree. What is spared by the goat is trodden underfoot by the buffalo.

Of all the domestic animals in India the buffalo is the stupidest. Like the camel, it will eat anything that comes within its reach, sticks, leaves, rotten fruit, dead rats, and garbage of all sorts. In spite of its unwieldy horns and staring eyes, which give it a savage look, it is abject before its keeper, usually a small, black urchin with a shaven head and a piece of string tied tightly round his waist for clothing. The urchin goes to sleep

under a tree, and his charges wander and trespass to the great distress of the gardener.

My man impounded wandering animals in an empty stall in the stables. It was illegal, but that fact did not seem to matter. An hour or two after the impounding the owner would appear, and there would be a long palaver with the gardener. If he was accompanied by any of the female members of his family, a good deal of feeling arose between them and the resident women in the stables. I once had the curiosity to watch one of these encounters that took place behind the buildings. There is something strangely fascinating, though it is by no means pleasing, in the display of uncontrolled emotion. In England it is seldom seen except in a baby, but in India extravagant joy, pleasure, grief, anger, and surprise may frequently be witnessed.

The women—there were four of them, two on each side—began with an animated conversation. Gradually they drew closer to each other, gesticulating and speaking with great rapidity in their incomprehensible tongue. It was like a thunderstorm, growing in intensity as they waxed warmer, until it culminated in a torrent of hysterical speech from all four at once. They shook their towsled heads and flourished their arms as though they were coming to blows. They stamped upon the ground with their feet, and beat the air with their fists. Bending their bodies forward they drew themselves up with a furious jerk as they fetched fresh breath to continue the wonderful outpouring of syllables. Occasionally they emphasised their words by spitting on the ground.

The whole thing came to a sudden and inconsequent end. The owner of the buffalo put a coin into the hand of the gardener after an amicable discussion, rose to his feet, and approached the women. In an ordinary businesslike manner he administered a thump with his fist

upon the back of his wife and ordered her to fetch out the imprisoned animal. She meekly obeyed without any resentment, and after a few disjointed sentences the party disappeared down the road. The stable women retired into their godowns, and peace reigned in the compound. After a few impoundings the garden was troubled no more by trespassers.

Buffaloes in a road are unpleasant creatures to pass. They invariably cross over with a heavy porcine gait, without any warning, just in front of the horse. An officer in the Royal Artillery met with his death in that way when we were living in Madras. The horse was restive and collided with a buffalo. It fell heavily and crushed its rider beneath it. The Rev. H. P. James was chaplain at the Mount at that time. One evening we dined with him, and the conversation turned upon a topic that was being discussed in some of the newspapers. Was there a future state for animals? Mr. James remarked: 'Well, if there is a future life for animals, I hope there is a hot place in store for buffaloes!'

The seedlings blossomed and faded, and were replaced by foliage plants in pots. Among these was the wax flower, a scentless gardenia, that was useful for decorative purposes in the church. Another interesting plant was the pas rose (*Hibiscus mutabilis*), a beautiful double hibiscus that unfolded at sunrise a creamy white. As the heat of the sun increased a delicate blush of pink ran through its petals, deepening as the day passed. By the evening the pas rose hung its drooping head on its slender stalk, withered and limp, and of a crimson wine colour. It is the rose of which the Persian poet sings:

> And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
> High-piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!
>   Red Wine!'—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
> That sallow cheek of hers to' incarnadine.

One of the charms of the garden was the blue Morning Glory (*Ipomea Nil*). It hung like a mantle of azure blue in the morning sunlight over a bamboo trellis, a mass of colour which no other plant could rival. It was the more welcome, as blue is not a common tint among Indian blossoms, the preponderating colours being red, yellow, and white.

In the compound were several tamarind trees that gave a thick shade. From seven to nine o'clock in the morning it was pleasant to sit beneath them with work or book. The eye often wandered to bird and butterfly, to the noisy squirrels, and the ugly bloodsucker.

Every tree had its barbet, a greeny brown bird with a long Latin name (*Xantholæma hæmatocephala*), better known as the coppersmith from its note. This is exactly like the beat of the blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil. A very industrious workman it is at its imaginary forge, for the tink–tink–tink continues from sunrise to sunset. Most birds adhere to the eight hours' labour movement, even when they are courting. The English thrush and blackbird sing two hours in the early morning, and then take an interval for breakfast; another spell of singing comes during the course of the forenoon until the luncheon hour. After lunch the birds have a snooze among the branches without putting themselves to bed with their heads under their wings. The last four hours of song are distributed through the afternoon and evening, and then the day's labour is done. The coppersmith works at his anvil the livelong day, irrespective of his courtship. When the nests are deserted in England the birds relapse into silence. The robin and the sparrow may be heard, but the 'unfinished song' of the blackbird and thrush sounds no more from the elm-trees. As long as the weather is warm the barbet never ceases. The climate of Trichinopoly is hot during the winter months,

and hotter during the rest of the year, and the coppersmith is in full song all the year round.

A bird that was always with us was the green parrakeet. Flocks of them came bustling into the branches of the tamarind trees overhead with whistling skrieks, like a parcel of schoolboys just escaped from school. After raiding the fruit they left as abruptly as they came, flying off helter-skelter to their next playground with a chorus of screams.

Over the beds and among the grass of the compound hopped quiet little birds of an unassuming greyish brown tint, the babblers, or, as they are better known to Europeans, the seven sisters. They chirruped and twittered as they poked about for food, far too busy to find time for a song. I could never get near them. Although apparently absorbed in their search for 'poochees,' there was purpose in that continuous hopping, and a respectful distance was maintained between themselves and the too curious stranger.

The mynas and the crows remained near the house for reasons of their own, chiefly connected with their commissariat. Among the crows I thought I distinguished the rook. Without his elm-tree he is an undignified degraded bird, with a mind given over entirely to the flesh-pots of the verandah. There is an Indian saying that a good Hindu wife should be like a crow. The unscrupulousness of the hen crow in her maternal solicitude qualifies that virtue. She is an incorrigible thief, bold, impudent, and utterly unashamed, and it is difficult to forgive her her sins on the strength of her being a good mother. The caw of the crow is strangely familiar to the newly arrived exile. Twining, in his diary of 'Travels a Hundred Years Ago,' relates how he landed at Madras (1792) and walked into the fort to the office of Mr. Parry. He had to wait for the arrival of that gentleman from his

garden-house 'on Choultry Plain.' As he stood in the shade of a small tree near the office, a crow came flying towards him with a familiar caw of welcome which made him feel in touch with the home he had left six months before.

Crows, like owls, lizards, and other creatures, are supposed by the natives to be indications of good and evil. A single bird cawing upon the roof or in the verandah before noon is telling good news or bad, according to the peculiar utterance of its note. After twelve o'clock if it comes 'to talk,' the servants say that it is only asking for food. The variety of expression in the caw of an Indian crow is remarkable. It seems to express curiosity, satisfaction, complaint, surprise, interspersed with wicked chuckles and bad words. Crows hold club meetings on the roof of the verandah for the ostensible purpose of talking scandal and relating naughty stories, but all the while their watchful eyes are upon the cookroom. If the kitchen boy is rash enough to bring a basket to the bungalow with any portion of its contents exposed, the crows swoop down upon it and clear off the contents in a very short time.

The opinion of the native concerning the bird is expressed in a Tamil saying. 'Put out the eyes of a young kurnam and a young crow. Both are bad.' A kurnam is a village accountant.

CHAPTER XVIII

PEOPLE TRICHINOPOLY HAS KNOWN

The meaning of a dream, the effects of clouds in autumn, the heart of a woman, and the character of kings are beyond the comprehension of anybody.—Sloka.

Trichinopoly, like other up-country stations in India, possesses several fine houses. The solid walls, terraced roofs, and noble pillars of polished chunam indicate the English architect lavish with the Indian labour at his command. Some of the buildings have fallen out of repair, and a few have disappeared altogether except for their foundations. The site of the reception-rooms can still be distinguished; but the prickly pear and the thorn bush spring up where the Persian rugs were spread; and the black goats loiter, nibbling the tender shoots of the shrubs where the English ladies once lounged.

It is a matter of regret that local history is so soon lost in India. The Englishman, ever on the move through the exigency of promotion or of health, leaves few traditions behind him. A viceroy, a general, a distinguished visitor arrives as a guest of the judge or the collector. The grounds of the judge's house blossom with white tents for the use of the staff; the house itself is furbished up for the reception of the great man and the guests invited to meet him. He departs, and the memory of his visit lasts just as long as the host remains. A few years later the judge leaves the station. The gaily dressed crowd

that came at his bidding to welcome the big-wig also passes on, and the associations connected with the house sink into oblivion.

A name well-known in Trichinopoly during the last quarter of the eighteenth century—though it is neither of historical interest nor known to fame—is that of Charles Darke. He was the grandfather of Sir Robert Peel's wife. In 1770 he came out to Madras as a cadet. Four years later he gave up his appointment in the Service and took out indentures as a free merchant, tempted by the many roads to rapid wealth which the country offered.

Fortune is proverbially fickle in the distribution of her favours, and she did not at first smile on Charles Darke. He suffered through the broken promises of an Indian prince. Just at that time the Nabob of the Carnatic, unchecked by a paternal Government that now watches over the expenditure of Maharajahs, was filling his impoverished exchequer with loans from the English free merchants and others. The enormous interest promised was a temptation few could resist. Darke was one of the merchants who risked his capital, and he had to wait a long time before he saw any return. He spent part of the time that he was detained in the country at Trichinopoly, where opportunity offered of making a second fortune by taking contracts for Government buildings. His name is connected with a handsome and substantial bridge over the picturesque Wyacondah channel, a tributary of the Cauvery River. The bridge is still known as Darke's bridge. It is unlikely that this was the only building that he undertook, and it is more than possible that he had a considerable hand in the erection of the barracks outside the fort at Worriore.

Darke's wife Rebecca, the faithful companion of his fortunes and misfortunes in the East, was the daughter of William and Sarah Gyles, of Northampton. She lies

beneath the floor of the old church in the fort at Trichinopoly. Pohle buried her in 1797. She was fifty-three years of age. He entered her name in the register book as 'The Lady Rebecca Darke.' The honorary title that he conferred upon her suggests the state in which the merchant's household was conducted and the title by which its mistress was known to her bevy of slaves. Mrs. Darke's only surviving daughter, Rebecca Juliana, married Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Floyd, at St. Mary's Church, Fort St. George, in 1791. Sir John's daughter, Julia, born at Worriore probably, and certainly baptised by Schwartz, married Sir Robert Peel, afterwards Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was in every sense a helpmate to her distinguished husband, although she always declared herself to be no politician.

Colonel Floyd commanded the 19th Light Dragoons, a regiment raised especially for service in India in 1781. It was known at first as the 23rd, but in 1783 it was renumbered the 19th, which title was retained until it was disbanded in the military reductions that took place after Waterloo. For twenty-four years it gathered laurels to itself and did good service in India. Under Colonel Floyd it played a prominent part in the campaigns by which Southern India was gradually drawn beneath the British Raj. Fourteen years out of the twenty-four it enjoyed the honour of being the only regiment of British Cavalry in the East. Military pride and precedence were as strong then as now, and the gallant 19th reckoned themselves, and not without justice, the crack regiment of the southern army.

About the year 1785 the military quarters inside the fort were so crowded with the increased garrison then stationed there as to be insanitary. New barracks were built at Worriore and the troops went into residence. They remained there ten years. At the end of that time they

were driven away by cholera. One of the victims of this scourge of the East was General Horne. A new site was chosen, but it was decided to ascertain if the spot suited the health of the men before erecting barracks. They remained in camp for ten years before the permanent buildings were ready for their reception.

The remains of the old cantonment at Worriore are still visible. There is the open parade-ground with its bungalows clustering round; these were once inhabited by the officers of the 19th. The huts that housed the men have long since disappeared, and on the site has sprung up an irregular village, thickly packed with native houses of mud and thatch. The bungalows, which the officers of the 19th so hastily forsook for their camp on the ground occupied by the present cantonment, are inhabited by native merchants engaged in the cigar industry. In one of the largest, a two-storied house suggestive of better days, lived a Eurasian family upon whom I called. As I sat in the reception-room—its fine dimensions broken up with canvas partitions—I thought of a possible past, when the imperious tones of the daughter of 'My Lady Darke' might have echoed through the house, as she sent her slaves flying to do her bidding; or as she greeted her guests and bade them welcome.

Mrs. Floyd was a handsome woman and an excellent rider. The saddle was more to her taste than the slow palanquin with its labouring, chanting bearers. Colonel Bayly, her contemporary, tells the following story in his diary.

One morning all the troops of the garrison were on parade waiting for the general who was to inspect them. Rebecca Floyd was among the spectators; so also were her children. The general, who was no favourite with the lady, was a little late in arriving on the ground. As he was seen approaching a spirit of mischief seized her.

She snatched her child from the arms of the bearer, cantered up to the general just as he reached the edge of the ground in full view of the waiting troops, and tossed it upon his saddle, crying,

'Oh, general, just hold the baby for me a moment,' and then she galloped away.

Captain Elers of the 12th Regiment, writing at the beginning of the nineteenth century, described Trichinopoly and mentioned several of the residents at that time. Among them was 'an old gentleman of the name of Darke, formerly very rich, and to whom the Nabob of the Carnatic was indebted for many lakhs of rupees.' Other names that appear in the diary besides that of Colonel Floyd and his wife are Captain Prescot of the Artillery, William Hawkins of the Civil Service, Colonel Browne, Major Lennon, Wallace, a civilian in the Service, and Irwin his assistant. Captain Elers saw the initiation of the annual week of gaieties known in the present day as the 'Trichy week.' The residents sent round a subscription list, which was responded to with liberality. Balls, breakfasts, and a race-meeting were inaugurated. Amusements for the men of the garrison were provided very much on the lines of the gymkhanas of the present day. It is more than a hundred years since that first race-meeting took place. The festivities still continue with cricket, golf, and tennis competitions added. The races may often be termed with more justice gymkhana meets.

The Trichy week in our time was always looked forward to with pleasure, not only by the residents of the station, but by the Europeans who lived within easy reach of the cantonment by road or rail. The residents kept open house. If the accommodation within the walls of the bungalows was not sufficient, the guests overflowed into white tents set up beneath shady trees in the compounds. The friendly gathering, which only lasted eight

or nine days, was some compensation for the patient endurance of the long and trying hot season with its monotonous round of duties connected with the parade-ground and office.

A building which has retained the history of its association is that which is known as the Court House. It was one of the first that was erected within the limits of the present cantonment. Planned to sustain a siege, all the out-buildings—stabling, kitchens, and servants' quarters—are enclosed within a substantial fortified wall pierced with narrow loopholes. Here in 1825 lived John Bird of the Company's Service.

When Bishop Heber came to visit the remote southern portion of his diocese, where Christianity had begun to make marked progress, he was the guest of John Bird. The Rev. W. Taylor, who was his contemporary, saw him on more than one occasion, and described him as he appeared at a confirmation service at Madras, as a slender, dapper figure, wearing his own hair 'fashionably dressed.' He carried himself very erect and had a penetrating eye. Nor was he a man to spare himself in the performance of his duties. It was this very trait which probably caused his death.

He went to the fort from Mr. Bird's house and held a long, fatiguing service at Christ Church. An enormous congregation of native Christians assembled, not half of whom could find room within the walls. His eye fell on the great crowd waiting patiently to catch sight of him. Sooner than they should be disappointed, he determined to give an address from the top of the steps leading into the humble domicile built in the churchyard by Schwartz and once occupied by him. Exposed to the sun Heber stood before the listening multitude and preached for some time, probably with his head uncovered.

The effort was a tax upon his powers, but the excite-

ment of the moment carried him safely through to the end. It was not until after his return to Mr. Bird's house that the evil effects of the excitement and exposure were manifested. He took a plunge bath, and the sudden immersion sent the blood to his head with disastrous consequences. When his servant came to see why his master stayed so long in the bath, he found him lying dead at the bottom.

The bath, which is like a small tank built of brick and chunam, has been repaired and enclosed with a protective railing. It is shown to the visitor as one of the interesting sights of Trichinopoly.

Bishop Heber was buried in St. John's Church. He lies under the floor of the chancel at the north end of the altar. Bishop Gell, who had an old-fashioned preference for the north end of the altar, was always a little exercised in his mind when he celebrated the Holy Communion at St. John's. It was against his inclination to take the eastward position, and yet he could never reconcile himself to the desecration of his predecessor's grave by treading upon it.

One afternoon in February I had occasion to go to the church, which was but a few minutes' walk from our house. The building was kept open during the day with a peon on duty to look after it. At the altar-rails I found a homely old couple silently regarding the brass that covered the place where the body of Bishop Heber rested. Not knowing whether they had come by appointment and were waiting to see the padre, I asked:

'Do you wish to see the chaplain?'

'No, thanks'; then by way of explanation the man continued, 'we are visitors and are looking at the church.'

He spoke with an American accent. Always glad to point out the few objects of interest that St. John's contained, I said:

'Do you know that Bishop Heber, the author of the hymn

> From Greenland's icy mountains,
> From India's coral strand,

lies there?'

They looked at me with the gravity to be seen on the countenances of real pilgrims as the answer was made:

'Yes, we know it, and we have come all the way from America to see his grave.'

They showed no curiosity concerning anything else, and were indifferent to the fact that a large heathen temple was within reach and a big thickly populated heathen town close at hand. These sights had no interest for them. I left the old pilgrims from the New World silently worshipping at the shrine of the saintly man.

To the south of St. John's Church is a handsome house standing in park-like grounds on the Dindigul Road. It was built upon the foundation of an old chuttrum or native rest-house; part of the original building is incorporated into it and forms the lower rooms. It was erected for the use of the general officer commanding the Southern Division, with a bungalow in the compound for his aide-de-camp. While we were in Trichinopoly (1879-1888) the house was always in the occupation of the judge, each one taking it in succession from his predecessor.

Here Lord Roberts, then Sir Frederick, stayed when he visited the station as commander-in-chief. We met him on more than one occasion. He had a quick observant eye, and was gifted with a grace of manner that was inherent. He also possessed a good memory, and seldom forgot a face that he had once seen, or the traits of character that marked the owner of the face. Among his many accomplishments were to be numbered riding and tent-pegging. On one occasion at Hyderabad he was

persuaded to try his skill against that of the Nizam, a noted master of the lance. Lord Roberts beat his Highness, to the intense gratification of the English troops who witnessed the contest.

Lady Roberts accompanied him on one of his visits. They were received by Mr. Snaith, the judge at that time, a man of delicate health, to whom the necessary entertainment of his guests was an effort. One evening there was to be a ball at the old assembly rooms, at which Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts were to be the guests of the station. Mr. Snaith excused himself on the plea of ill-health, and went to bed as soon as the dinner was over. The time fixed for the ball was half-past nine; before the half-hour struck most of the people had arrived at the rooms. Ten o'clock sounded and half-past ten, but no chief appeared. I was detained at home, and it was not until half-past ten that I was able to reach the ballroom. At that time we had a large grey Australian horse which was driven in single harness. The judge had a pair of greys, which also went in single harness as well as double. As my coachman pulled up at the door there was a rattle of arms at a word of command. A group of gentlemen in full uniform stood in the verandah looking at me in blank amazement. Seeing the grey horse they had supposed that the Chief was coming; the guard had presented arms; the assembled company had risen to their feet, and a signal was given to the band to strike up. The perplexity of the moment quickly merged into laughter, in the middle of which Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts arrived under the portico almost unnoticed. The guard, having saluted, was in ignorance that the honour was misplaced, and the men were already withdrawing with a sigh of relief to stand at ease; the delay had been long and unusual, for military punctuality was a prominent virtue with the Chief. The men were hastily reformed,

and the salute repeated as Lord and Lady Roberts stepped out of the carriage.

The explanation was that the judge had gone to bed: his butler supposed that the rest of the household would follow his example, and so had counter-ordered the carriage. When the mistake was discovered there was a further delay while the coachman and syces reharnessed the horses, and they were late in starting.

In 1875 King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, spent a night at the judge's house. Mr. Forster Webster had the honour of receiving him. Special preparations were made, and the natives were much impressed with the news that the son of the great Queen, as they called her, was coming to Trichinopoly. Among other duties, the dhirzee was commissioned to put up new mosquito nets on the bed intended for His Royal Highness. The man set to work, and, having crowded as much material as was possible into the net, found that after all it had a very commonplace appearance; it might have been the couch of the youngest civilian in the Service. It is beyond human power to invest a mere mosquito net with a regal air or to give the fittings of an Indian bedroom a princely appearance. Whitewashed walls and matted floors are insuperable difficulties to ornate decorations of any kind. The dhirzee was a man of resource. He spent some hours in the 'evening bazaar,' otherwise known as the thieving bazaar, where he purchased several yards of cheap turkey-red and a huge secondhand pincushion. He cut up the material and formed it into a number of large rosettes, which he sewed broadcast over the mosquito netting. The pincushion was the chief ornament of the dressing-table. He called his mistress to behold his handiwork, and stood swelling with pride as she ran her eye over the scarlet excrescences on the curtains and the pincushion upon the table. The tightly stretched satin

cover bore the word 'WELCOME' done in white pins. Under the greeting could be read in pinholes 'LITTLE STRANGER.' The pins had been removed, but they had left the words indelibly printed on the papery satin. To the dhirzee's intense chagrin the pincushion was replaced by an unpretentious toilet set and the rosettes were removed, reducing His Royal Highness's couch to the level of an ordinary bed such as might have been occupied by any ordinary mortal.

The Prince came and went, and the memory of his visit was fast fading into oblivion when we arrived in 1879. It was proposed to commemorate it by the erection of his statue in the grounds of the house which had the honour of receiving him. A site was chosen, and a platform built with a canopy; but the statue was never placed in position, it being considered wiser, on the whole, not to carry out the design *for fear the natives should worship it.*

At the back of this house, just beyond the limits of the compound, is the spot where the duellists of the old days settled their differences. It is easily reached by riding south-west from the Artillery Barracks in the direction of the Ruttamullee Hill. I have ridden past it more than once in the early morning, when the rocky hill has been the object of my ride. Following this line across country, the duelling-ground lies to the left, between the barracks and the old road.

One of the pensioners pointed out the spot. He remembered the last duel that was fought there. The victim of it was buried in St. John's Churchyard, at the west end of the cemetery, not far from the entrance leading out on to the parade-ground. The monument is 'To the memory of David Edward Armstrong, Captain H.M. 84th Regiment, who died 24th August, 1852, aged 30 years and 11 months.' The cause of the dispute was

trifling, said the old soldier, who was in the same regiment, some difference at mess with an officer in the artillery. The next morning they rode out at dawn to the retired spot behind the house, and the tragedy was enacted. On the following morning the narrator of the story formed one of the firing party at the grave.

A well-known figure, familiar during the last half of the nineteenth century to the residents of Trichinopoly—native as well as European—was that of Bishop Caldwell. He and his wife were frequent visitors at the house of his son-in-law, the Rev. J. L. Wyatt of the S.P.G. Mission. Robert Caldwell came out to India in 1841 as a missionary. He was an indefatigable student, and was learned in several of the sciences. Sanscrit and the Dravidian languages were his special study, as being the foundation of all the vernaculars of Southern India. He was not long in mastering Tamil, one of the most difficult of the Dravidian group. As soon as he knew sufficient Tamil to speak to the people in their own tongue, he began his missionary labours among them, moving about from village to village, far from the Europeans and out of the beaten track of Governors and commanders-in-chief. He was a man of magnificent physique. One of his assistant missionaries described him as a fine man, over six feet high, and weighing twelve stone. He was well built, and was endowed with handsome features. Few Englishmen, even if they ever dreamed of attempting such a thing, could walk as he did in the heat of the Tropics from Ootacamund to Tinnevelly; the distance by rail is more than three hundred miles. When he first arrived at Idaiyangudi he spent nearly all his time in travelling about his district. He passed the heat of the day in village schoolrooms, while he slept at night in the open air, because of the bloodthirsty insects which haunted the native houses. He was fortunately blessed with a

capital appetite and a good digestion to wait upon it. He could eat and assimilate almost anything; and it was probably owing to this that he was able to work in India for upwards of half a century, and that he possessed such wonderful recuperative power. As he moved about from district to district, he was met on the way and welcomed at each halting place by crowds of people with the usual accompaniment of band, banners, and torchlight procession. After a long and tiresome journey, the tamasha began with addresses and songs, and the Bishop replied with unflagging patience. He sat listening by the hour to all that they had to say, and appeared as happy and philosophic as if the dust and heat, the din of tom-toms, the blare of the dreadful brazen instruments, and the evil smell of the oil torches were as refreshing as the bath and dinner that were awaiting him. Even in his old age, when he could scarcely see to read, he stood erect as a palm, the episcopal vestments, the long white hair, the snowy beard, and the clear-cut features giving an ideal presentment of a venerable Bishop.

He was a voracious reader, and remembered what he read, and was a student of nature as well as of books. His studies of the Hindus by whom he was surrounded had a curious effect: their Orientalism seemed to enter his very soul and put him in sympathy with their mode of thought. It enriched his speech with the imagery of the East. The sermons he delivered occasionally from the pulpit of St. John's Church were full of beautiful word-pictures, which touched the imagination and charmed his hearers. It was a style of preaching that was particularly impressive with the emotional Hindus.

In 1843 Caldwell attended Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, as interpreter on a pastoral tour through the southern part of the Diocese of Madras. The Bishop, as was the custom with all Government officials, travelled in

State with a large retinue. He was carried in a palanquin, and the camp equipage went in carts or on the backs of camels, which were then used as a means of transport. When the Bishop approached any place of importance, a red umbrella was held above the palanquin by a peon in gorgeous uniform. It was a sign of dignity, which in olden days before the advent of the British was the prerogative of rajahs, and it made a deep impression upon the country people who came to meet him with music and fireworks. His camels, however, produced an even greater sensation than the red umbrella upon the simple Tinnevelly folk, who had never before seen such creatures.

A confirmation was to be held at a certain village, where the Bishop was timed to arrive a short while before the service, just allowing himself an hour for early tea and robing. The camp was usually pitched outside the village under a spreading many-stemmed banyan tree if possible.

The Bishop arrived, robed himself in his vestments, and proceeded to the church in his palanquin punctual to the appointed hour. The catechists and native clergy met him at the door. The building was perfectly empty, without so much as a chorister boy or bellringer to be seen.

'Where are the candidates?' asked the Bishop.

The clergy wrung their hands as they replied in consternation and distress:

'We could not help it, your Lordship! An hour ago they were all here waiting outside the church.'

'What has become of them?' demanded the astonished prelate.

'They heard of the arrival of your Lordship's camels, and they have gone to see them.'

Mr. Caldwell was obliged to go back to the camp, and with the assistance of the catechists and clergy collect the wandering flock.

The experiences of Bishop Whitehead in the present day are very similar when he visits the native Christians in the remote corners of his Diocese. In an account of a tour in 1905 he relates how he was carried in a palanquin with a great deal of shouting and chanting: 'When we arrived at the village a large crowd met us with music and fireworks. Fireworks in this part of India seem to be regarded as a regular part of the ritual of confirmation. Even in broad daylight they invariably form the prelude or sequel of the service. Doubtless they will soon claim to take rank as an "Oriental use," and have some subtle doctrinal meaning attached to them. At any rate, when we are accused, as we often are in England, of Anglicising the Indian Church and preventing it from developing on its own lines, we can appeal to the fireworks to refute the charge.'

Bishop Whitehead goes on to say that they proceeded 'with much pomp and noise' to the house which had been prepared for him. Breakfast was eaten, and the travellers took an hour or two of rest. Meanwhile the people came in from far and near, and about two o'clock in the afternoon there was a congregation sufficiently large to hold a service. Over the Bishop's chair was erected a canopy of scarlet cloth (cotton) gaily decorated with tinsel. In the eyes of the natives it was no doubt a suitable and imposing ornamentation of the episcopal seat. The choir was accompanied by tom-toms and cymbals. They sang lyrics which seemed to have no natural end, and they continued to sing until they were told to stop.

On returning to the missionary's house Bishop Whitehead had an interesting talk about schools. Those belonging to the Mission obtained assistance from Government by complying with the regulations enforced by the Educational Department. One of these was to the effect that benches must be provided for the pupils.

Natives are accustomed to sit on the floor, and they are unhappy if they have to adopt any other mode of sitting. It would be positively inhuman to make the little ones use the benches, so the forms 'stand in the school-room ready for the Inspector's visit, while the children follow the custom of their forefathers for a thousand generations and sit on the floor. It reminded me,' adds the Bishop, 'of the story of the missionary in one of the South Sea Islands, who wrote home saying that he could not induce his flock to give up cannibalism, but, happily, he had persuaded them to use knives and forks. If we cannot educate the village children, at any rate we can teach them to sit on benches.'

CHAPTER XIX

A PIONEER MISSIONARY BISHOP

Just as the moon is the light of the night and the sun the light of the day, so are good children the light of their family.—Sloka.

Bishop Caldwell was fortunate in the choice of a wife. The lady was a faithful and constant companion to the end of his life. She was filled with the enthusiastic missionary spirit that influenced her husband. In addition to the care of their souls she applied herself to the care of the bodies of his flock, and dispensed simple domestic medicines to all who sought her aid. Their faith in her skill was unbounded, whether she was ministering to their bodily ailments or to their spiritual needs.

She was with her husband on one of his many tours in his Diocese. There had been a service in the morning of Sunday at the village where they had pitched their camp. In the afternoon the Bishop and his chaplain went to a neighbouring town to hold a service in the open air. It was customary for the catechist to conduct matins and evensong when no clergyman was available. Accordingly the catechist fulfilled the usual duty at the church in the Bishop's absence, Mrs. Caldwell being present. Evensong was finished, and they sang a lyric. At the conclusion Mrs. Caldwell was surprised to see the catechist, who had been officiating, seat himself without giving the usual Benediction. She looked round; the

congregation had also settled down, and showed no sign of departing. Leaning from her pew towards the catechist she whispered in Tamil:

'Why don't you conclude the service?'

'Because we are waiting for your sermon, madam,' was the embarrassing reply.

Robert Caldwell's experiences as a missionary before he became bishop were varied, and must often have aroused his sympathy for St. Paul when the apostle was dealing with his converts. One of the difficulties, which still remains with native Christians, is the position which the religion of Christ gives to woman. In the eyes of the Hindu she is an inferior creature whose chief duty is child-bearing, and she accepts this position, shaping her conduct accordingly. It is almost impossible in the present generation to persuade a modest, gentle Hindu woman who has embraced Christianity that she does not still occupy this traditional position.

The height of becoming conduct on the part of a Hindu bride at a heathen wedding is an exhibition of overwhelming modesty. The more shyness she can display the more admiration does she evoke. She neither speaks nor smiles from beginning to end of the ceremony. The consequence of this assumption of shyness is to make the bride late. It takes time to overcome her modesty sufficiently to allow of her being dressed. While her toilette is in progress she frequently has to be propped up against a wall; and even then, if not supported on either side by assistant bridesmaids—who are usually drawn from the elder women of the family—she allows herself to collapse and roll over helplessly, to the great admiration of the feminine portion of the family circle looking on.

In Christian weddings the old Hindu customs cling, and there is a difficulty in bringing the bride to church;

she frequently keeps the clergyman waiting till his patience is exhausted. When she does appear she is so imperfectly dressed and so painfully shy that she looks a shapeless bundle of new clothes and jewelry. Her head is hidden in the folds of her saree, and she has to be supported up the church by her old bride-women. Once placed at the altar rails it is almost impossible to elicit a response, or even a murmur which may be treated liberally and taken as a response.

Bishop Caldwell was once marrying just such a couple, the bride maintaining a modest silence. After frequent repetitions of the betrothal sentence his patience was at an end. It had already been severely tried by the loss of more than an hour of valuable time he could ill spare. Closing the book, he said:

'Now, for the last time I repeat the sentence. If you do not say the words after me, I shall send you home unmarried.'

On hearing this terrible threat, one of the bridesmaids, who was the bride's great-aunt and an influential person in her father's household, rushed forward, seized the bride, and gave her a violent shaking, as she exclaimed:

'How dare you behave so! Why don't you do as the gentleman tells you?'

It had the desired effect, inasmuch as it gave the bride leave to speak. She found her voice—a firm, strong young voice it was, too—and the ceremony was concluded without further delay.

After he became Bishop he made his headquarters at Tuticorin, where he occupied a curious old Dutch house that had its staircase outside. He was consecrated Bishop of Tinnevelly in 1877, and died in 1891, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, after fifty-three years' work in South India. His parents were Scotch, but he was

born at Belfast (1814). Like Bishop Gell, it was Caldwell's wish to rest in the land where he had laboured. Six out of the first seven Bishops of Calcutta left their bones in India. Middleton (1822), Turner (1831), and Wilson (1858) were buried in Calcutta. Heber (1826) lies in Trichinopoly; Cotton (1866) was drowned at Kushtia and his body was never found; Milman (1876) lies at Rawal Pindi. Corrie, the first Bishop of Madras, was buried in Madras (1837); and so also was Dealtry (1859). Sargent was buried at Palamcotta (1889), Caldwell at Idaiyangudi, in Tinnevelly (1891), and, lastly, Bishop Gell at Coonoor (1902).

The house in which Bishop Caldwell stayed when he visited Trichinopoly was at Puttoor, a part of the cantonment occupied by sepoy lines when I first arrived there. The lines have since been pulled down, but the officers' bungalows remain, as at Warriore. The largest of these was purchased by the S.P.G. Mission. Here Mrs. Wyatt, Bishop Caldwell's eldest daughter, lived for many years in the midst of her scholars, orphans, Bible-women, lace-makers, and converts. She had her father's gift of language, and spoke Tamil fluently.

Like Mrs. Caldwell, she was a veritable mother in Israel to her people, ministering to their spiritual or temporal needs as occasion demanded. Among the natives she had a great medical reputation founded on the judicious use, in the absence of qualified men, of castor oil, quinine, and other simple drugs. Being the mother of sons herself, they believed that the touch of her hand brought prosperity and good fortune. Chance favoured a further belief that she could bring fruitfulness to barren women, a reputation that was not without its embarrassments. She engaged a teacher for her school, a married woman who had no children. Whether it was the regular occupation, or better food, in consequence of

a better income, or the change of air, it is impossible to say; but the result was better health, and the woman became the happy mother of a son. Her delighted husband put it down to nothing less than the fact of having taken service under Mrs. Wyatt. The news spread, and one day a woman who had been married seventeen years and had not been blessed with children came, and entreated Mrs. Wyatt to exercise her powers on her behalf and grant her the priceless boon. In vain she protested that she had no such powers; the poor creature, who was emaciated and out of health, begged and prayed and refused to depart. It seemed to the kind-hearted Englishwoman cruel to send her away in that miserable condition, especially as from all appearance she was suffering from a very common complaint. A dose of santonine was made up, and afterwards a tonic was administered, together with a diet of wholesome food, with the result that the woman not only became fat and strong, but also, to her endless joy, a mother.

At the close of the war made upon King Theebaw, some members of the royal family, who by the merest chance had escaped the general massacre made by Theebaw, were sent to Trichinopoly and placed under the charge of the European missionary and his wife who were superintending the Mission at that period. They arrived while the missionary was away on a pastoral tour through his district. His wife took them under her wing, but not without some trepidation, which was in no way lessened when she heard the account of their conduct on the journey given by the inspector. In the train one of the boys crawled under the seat of the carriage and remained there the whole time, refusing to come out of his hiding-place for food or for any other inducement.

The lads had been brought up luxuriously at the palace at Mandalay, and were imbued with the Oriental princely

contempt for their inferiors. It would not do to place them in the dormitories of the school; on the other hand, unaccustomed as they were to European habits of living, she could not give them a bedroom in her own house. There was a small bungalow in the compound which was used as a store-house. One of its rooms was empty; this was prepared and made as comfortable as was in her power for the reception of the scions of royalty.

Fortunately she had on her staff of teachers a high-caste woman who had been brought up in the palace of Tanjore, and knew something of the treatment suitable for Oriental princes. She had been educated as a dancing girl, the only class of women to whom the Hindus grant education. She possessed sufficient knowledge of the classical languages of the East to make herself understood by the boys. She was put in charge of them as their governess, and under her care they settled down without further trouble to their new life.

Before long the spirits of the boys returned. They mixed with the scholars of the Mission, and with an imperialism that was in their blood they took the lead in all their games. Athletics were a popular form of amusement with them. They organised sports with wrestling and acrobatic performances, which were made attractive by the special costumes donned for the occasion. The young princes' pocket-money went in bright-coloured cloths and tinsel for personal adornment.

The curiosity of the Hindus of the bazaars and villages round Puttoor was aroused. Trespassing in the Mission grounds had for some time past been a nuisance in more ways than one. The curiosity increased. Not content with gazing, the trespassers laid light fingers upon any trifle that might be within reach. When at last a brilliant acrobatic property disappeared the

Burmese princes took action. At the first sight of a stranger they started off in wild impetuous pursuit. The mild Hindu—particularly mild in the south—fled in terror for his life. Such a scare was established that the bazaar boys dared not so much as peep over the wall, much less venture inside the gates.

The princes had a talent for picturesque decoration in their own fashion, not only of their persons, but in the gala ornamentation of the house and garden. At Christmas they begged to be allowed to assist in the decoration of the room used as a chapel. (A church has since been built.) The effect produced by light garlands was thoroughly Eastern and decidedly pretty. Had they confined their attention to the walls it would have been a thorough success. Their ambition went further than the walls. They wished to give the kind English lady, who had been so good to them in their exile, a pleasant surprise. They cut out in paper two large angels with a strong Burmese cast of countenance, and painted them in the brightest colours they possessed. The heraldic word 'rampant' is the only term that will exactly describe their attitude, one foot being lifted and the hands upraised. On Christmas morning, as she entered the chapel, her eyes fell upon these wonderful creations, which were pinned upon the altar cloth over the embroidery. Whatever the lady felt she took it in the right spirit. The congregation, with their Eastern tastes, saw nothing to give offence, and they expressed their unqualified admiration for the effort of the Burmese.

It was some time before Government would permit them to return to Burmah, though they petitioned frequently for the termination of their exile. When permission came at last the eldest boy had arrived at man's estate. He embraced Christianity and married the daughter of his governess. He, with his wife, mother-

in-law, and brothers, settled in Burmah, where he obtained a post in the service of Government, and became a loyal, law-abiding British subject.

The lives of the people of India are full of tragedy for two simple reasons : they make no attempt to control emotion, and their minds are steeped in superstition. Anger, joy, fear of demons, grief, disappointment, sway and toss them as the tempestuous blasts of their cyclones sway and toss the trees, laying many of them low, never to rise again.

The governess of the princes, who was born and brought up a heathen, had many strange tales to tell of the palace where her childhood was passed. She was the daughter of a high-caste man of Tanjore, who was of the same caste as the Rajah. Her father had the good fortune to save the life of the Rajah at Siva Gunga by killing a wounded tiger that was charging down upon him. As a reward he was made food-taster to his prince, and was given quarters in the palace. There he died, leaving his wife and little daughter under the Ranee's protection.

The Ranee and her women, with the rest of the Rajah's wives, were strictly purdashin. They occupied a huge block of buildings within the walls of the palace, where they were served entirely by women slaves. About seventy children were brought up and educated in the palace to minister to the wants of the ladies of the Rajah's zanana. They did not all fill the duties of domestic servants. Some were taught trades such as carpentering, masonry, iron and brass work, jewellers' and goldsmiths' work. Some learnt to drive and to harness the palace horses, so that the ladies could take carriage exercise within the walled grounds.

The governess was taught to dance ; and she learned Sanscrit so that she could perform in the Sanscrit plays

that were got up for the amusement of the princesses. Certain pujaris, by right of their sacred office, were admitted to serve the palace temple, and to give instruction to the girls, who not only danced to amuse, but took a part in the temple ritual at certain seasons of the year.

One of the yearly festivals was the Ayeetha, which affects every trade and calling in India. It is the blessing of the tools, and the offering of a sacrifice to ensure success for the coming year.

There is a legend to the effect that one year a fair and beautiful Mahratta maiden was chosen out of the rest to perform some special and mysterious pujah in the temple. She was very proud of the honour of being the chosen one, and was the envy of all her companions. Each day that passed some ceremony of preparation was performed. She was washed and anointed with scented oil, and fed on sweetmeats and delicate curries. Her hair was combed and perfumed and adorned with jewels. The finest white cloth was soaked in saffron and hung out to dry in the sun to be ready for her use.

On the great day of the Ayeetha all the girls assisted at the toilette of the chosen one. When she was ready, the pujari, gaunt and wild from the ascetic ceremonies performed in preparation, came in person to carry her to the temple. The little heart beat fast in mingled awe and pride as she was lifted to the shoulder of the dishevelled, ash-besprinkled Brahmin, and borne away to the mysterious doorway through which only Brahmins might pass. No! there was another who possessed the right of way, but he seldom exercised that right. This was the Rajah himself. No door could be shut against the reigning prince within the palace, not even the door of the mulasthanam.

The children watched their companion disappear

within the temple. Her fair face and young limbs, the yellow robe and gleaming jewels, a vision of brightness in the Indian sunlight, flashed before their admiring eyes. Once she looked back as though a qualm of fear had touched her, but curiosity and pride stifled timidity; and they saw her turn her head towards the grim idol she was to serve in some mysterious manner. Then she vanished into the murky darkness and was lost to sight. They strained their eyes to penetrate the dim light of the windowless temple, and they could distinguish the red flame that burnt like a spot of blood before the idol. In another moment the door was shut on pujah and pujari, and the temple was wrapped in its usual silence.

They waited long in the hope that their little companion would return. The sun went down towards the west, and the children shuddered as the Brahmins—wilder and more fanatical than ever—issued from the door, but the girl was nowhere to be seen. A great crowd had gathered, bringing their tools for dedication after the pujah had been performed within the temple. The group of children stood on one side, and watched the strange rites and ceremonies by which the gods of the people were to be propitiated.

As night fell they went to their supper well-nigh fainting with hunger, confident that their companion would join them in the hall where the food was placed, and would tell them all she had seen and heard within the dread temple.

Their quick eyes soon discovered that no bowl of special curry had been prepared to-night, and that the absent one was not expected. Wondering and full of awe at the thought that she would have to spend the night with that dreadful idol, each silently rolled herself in her sheet and fell asleep.

The next day she did not appear; and when one girl,

bolder than the rest by reason of her friendship with the missing companion, ventured to ask a question, she was told that the child had become the wife of the god and could no longer live with them. After this they ceased to look for her, believing that she had been sent away to some other temple.

The English Government, under whose protection the Rajah lived, began to ask questions that were not easily answered. It was whispered that, though the ritual was carried out by Brahmins who profess to abhor blood sacrifices, the practice of human sacrifice was sometimes performed within the palace temple.

The Rajah, who was an enlightened man, did all he could to aid the English Government in their enquiries, but could discover nothing.

A year passed and the Ayeetha was once more approaching. There were rumours that this time a youth of fifteen would be the victim. The matter was discussed between the English officials and the prince, and it was decided that the Rajah should pay the temple an unexpected visit while pujah was being performed. It was no light task that he had undertaken. So strong was the hold of superstition upon the minds of the palace people, that even the Ranee herself would be on the side of the Brahmins, and not in sympathy with her husband. Before taking part in the Ayeetha the pujaris went through a long course of ceremonial, which rendered them especially sacred in the eyes of the people. To lay a finger upon one of them when he was thus prepared would, in their belief, be as sacrilegious as meddling with the god himself, and draw down his wrath upon the presumptuous person.

On the day appointed, and at the hour when the pujaris had assembled in the temple, the Rajah appeared and asked for admittance. He brooked no delay, but

pushed open the door and entered. The worshippers assembled outside were aghast but none ventured to stop him. When the Brahmins recognised their sovereign, they made no attempt to obstruct the way. Never before had he done such a thing, and his sudden appearance in their midst caused consternation.

He pressed forward through the crowd to the sacrificial spot; and there, sure enough, lay something beneath a blood-stained cloth.

He was not altogether free from superstition himself, and to raise the cloth with his own hand was more than he with all his courage cared to do. He ordered some men standing near to lift the sheet. They glanced at their chief, awaiting a sign of his consent. The pujari made a few passes before the Rajah and signed to the men to withdraw the cloth.

Slowly it was raised, and the dead body of a sheep met the Rajah's gaze.

The eyes of the chief Brahmin never left the face of his prince, and a light of fanatical triumph shone in them as the Rajah turned away. He passed out of the temple in silence and without comment from the assembly. He was unaccustomed to give reasons for his actions and they were used to the ways of an Oriental despot. The door closed behind him as he left the stifling atmosphere of the temple, and the mysterious ceremonies of the Ayeetha were continued.

Whether he saw a sheep or a human body it was impossible to say. There was no reason to doubt his word. He and his English friends were inclined to believe in the sheep. His people thought differently. They said that the pujari had exercised divine power acquired by his severe preparation, and that he had changed the youth into a sheep on the entrance of the Rajah.

One thing was certain. A well-favoured youth disappeared from the town; and when his people were asked what had become of him, they replied that he had gone to a distant temple to serve the gods.

The Rajah who was reigning in 1879 was the last of his race. His predecessor was for a long time without an heir. In despair he made a gigantic effort at matrimony and married seventeen girls—some say twenty-two—in one day. The matter was reported to the directors of the East India Company, and a discussion took place as to the propriety—politically speaking—of his act. Seventeen girls for the old man meant a probable future charge of seventeen widows upon the revenues of the State.

The news of this remarkable marriage caused some amusement to the Board. On the margin of the draft despatch, prepared for the consideration of the members, one of the directors scribbled 'Oh, what fun!'

The matrimonial effort produced one daughter only, and when her father died she succeeded him. A consort was found for her, and he was given the title of Rajah. When I went to Tanjore she and her husband were reigning.

There were fourteen widows living, but their numbers have considerably diminished since then. Their wholesale marriage was cruel and unjust. At the death of the Rajah all the girls had to submit to the deprivations associated with Hindu widowhood. They were shut up for life in the palace, a huge building containing more than a hundred rooms, besides the durbar halls of audience, the courtyards, gardens, stabling, servants' quarters, and palace temple. There they spent their lives, living on what excitement they could find behind the purdah. It usually took the form of quarrelling. Their little world was full of jealousies. The widows were supposed to be on an equality, but were constantly in dispute on the subject of

precedence. Many were the appeals made to the political agent who had charge of them. He patiently listened to their complaints, and did his best to restore peace.

I visited Tanjore two or three years later with a party from Trichinopoly. We were the guests of the Rajah and Princess, who were marrying a niece of the Rajah to a prince from the north. The ladies were allowed to pass behind the purdah that screened a dais at the end of the durbar hall, and were introduced to the Princess, the bride, and the first wife of the bridegroom, who had come with her two children to see the wedding. This lady excited my interest, and I asked her through an interpreter how she liked her husband's new wife. She replied with a pleasant smile:

'She is all that I could desire, and will be a beloved sister to me.'

Had I put the same question to the bride, something of the same reply would have been given, with a difference in the last sentence:

'She is all that I could wish, and she will be a mother to me and my children.'

The first wife looked about twenty-five years of age, and the bride, a slip of a girl, not more than fifteen, if so much.

It was at Tanjore that the women of the palace who proved unfaithful or obnoxious in the old days were shut in a dark room, into which a male cobra was introduced. It requires a knowledge of the people and of their language to draw from them the stories of their tragedies and their comedies. Questions by casual and curious visitors addressed to the guide fail to elicit information, for they resent inquisitiveness.

'Are there no traditions connected with the palace?'

'No, sir, there are none.'

'I have heard that in the old days such and such a thing happened.'

'Perhaps, sir. The people are ignorant and have many foolish beliefs, but I have been told nothing.'

Which is perfectly true. Being a pariah he neither knows nor cares about the legends of the higher castes; and even if he did, it is not likely that he would be made a confidant.

CHAPTER XX

GHOSTS AND DEVILS

An intelligent man is he who knows when to speak and when to be silent, whose friendship is natural and sincere, and who never undertakes anything beyond his powers.—SLOKA.

TRICHINOPOLY sits in the very bosom of idolatry, an idolatry which is real and apparent on every side. It is the worship of the power of evil, unmixed with any leavening philosophy; nor is it elevated by any idea of symbolism. The devil, in whom the man-in-the-street believes, is a malignant sprite with a strong personality. The devil must be propitiated in his opinion, lest it should exercise supernatural powers for evil. It manifests its presence to its votaries in all kinds of ways, taking the shapes of animals and men when desirous of moving, and resting in an uncut stone or rude image when stationary.

Europeans look on the idolatrous practices of the heathen with varied feelings. Many pass them by with a scornful contempt, as though they were beneath their notice. Some are repelled, others merely show an idle curiosity, which is too often mingled with a flippancy that gives offence to the keen-witted native. A few openly ridicule the worshippers of idols, a method that does not assist the missionary in his endeavour to teach the people better things.

In the early days of the British in India heathen rites and ceremonies were regarded by the Europeans with something like horror. It was a time of superstition in

England. Men and women seriously believed in witchcraft and intercourse with the devil. What they saw in India did not tend to lessen that faith. It is not surprising to read that when Matthias Vincent, one of the Company's servants, was accused (1679) by an Englishman named Thomas of having 'practised Diabolicall arts with the Bramines and others for bewitching him,' the Court of Directors gave ear to the tale. They not only listened but took action, directing the authorities in Bengal to prevent him from 'exercising charms or useing poyson, by securing him a safe custody from conversing with any of the said witches or other natives.'

Thomas afterwards went out of his mind and attempted to murder his wife. In those days this fact not only served to show that the man was a lunatic, but that he was suffering under a ban or spell cast upon him by another. Vincent succeeded in clearing himself of the charge of witchcraft after he reached England, and he received the honour of knighthood within two years of his departure from India.

There is something very pathetic in the deep-rooted faith in demons exhibited by the natives of the South of India. A man may embrace Christianity, declare his faith and allegiance to the God of his new religion, and live an exemplary Christian life, yet his demon creed clings closely. The devils are still living and real personalities, and he trembles before their power; but he no longer worships and propitiates—that is left for his heathen relatives to do. Though he does not worship nor propitiate them, he believes in the power of casting them out through the example of Jesus Christ. A native clergyman once described to me in good faith and all seriousness how he had successfully cast the devil out of a young girl. He was born a Christian, and was the son of a native clergyman.

Christians, he told me, were very rarely possessed, but he had known of cases of possession among them. The girl in question was the daughter of a poor woman; she assisted her mother in making rice-cakes for sale. The usual symptoms were shown, such as indicate hysteria and derangement of the nerves in England. The girl was beaten several times, and heathen magicians were called in to exorcise the evil spirit. As she was a Christian it would not leave her at their bidding. In despair the mother came to her pastor for help. After some consideration he decided to make an attempt. He sent word that the girl was to fast on a certain day. On that same day he fasted himself, and met her and her mother at the church. He led the girl to the altar steps and bade her kneel at the railing. Opening his Prayer-book, he began to pray in a low voice. As he proceeded the patient groaned. Gradually her voice grew louder; but the more she groaned the louder did the worthy man pray, until at last he was obliged to shout against her screams, still praying earnestly at the top of his voice. The power of his supplications prevailed. The girl sank exhausted by his side, silent, but once more sane. Hoarse and worn out with the effort, he handed her back to her mother freed from the spell of the evil spirit.

He had another story to tell of the wife of a schoolmaster, who occupied a small house near his church. She was a famine orphan, from one of the orphanages, a good, quiet girl before and for some time after her marriage. She lived with her husband like any other native woman, cooking his food and keeping the house.

One day after sunset she went to draw water at a well, which was near a tree inhabited by a devil. (I give the good man's story as he told it to me.) From that hour she was possessed, and it was supposed that she must inadvertently have gone too near the tree. Her husband,

who was much attached to her, was greatly distressed. He tried to beat the devil out of her. Several times a day he beat her severely, but it had no effect. She did not seem to feel it, and was certainly neither better nor worse for the treatment. He then tried what native doctors could do, but their medicines made no difference. He was advised to take her to the General Hospital, and he did so. The devil never manifested himself before the European medical men, and, after a few days' observation, she was discharged as having no ailment of any kind. The moment she set foot inside her own house she was seized by the demon and thrown into violent convulsions.

During its manifestation she screamed and cried out in different languages, singing strange songs in unknown tongues. One of the songs she sang was in the language of the Koravans, the bird-catchers, a people she was not known to have seen or spoken with. (Could she have been an orphan of that tribe?)

Another peculiar feature of her possession was the gift of second sight. At times she prophesied and told people their innermost thoughts and secret actions. A man passing in the road heard her cry, 'Aha! you beat your wife last night; you think that no one knows that you beat her cruelly.' He slunk away like a whipped hound, for she spoke the truth. No one was safe from the revelations that might be made.

There was an elderly woman living a few miles away. She was of some consequence in her village, owning the house she occupied, and giving herself airs on that account. She professed to have certain powers of magic, and when she heard of the young woman's affliction she expressed a wish that she might be allowed to try her hand at casting out the devil. She entered the patient's room; but before she could begin her exorcisms the demon spoke by the

mouth of the girl. The crowd that had gathered to witness the casting out of the devil was stricken with horror at the revelations which were poured into their ears. This woman, who held her head so high, and pretended to be so superior to her neighbours, had led a life of infamy in the past, the demon declared, and it began to give some of the details of her evil-doing. When she heard the story of her life proclaimed in this public manner the shock was so great that she fell down in a fit of paralysis before the possessed wife, and she was carried to her house, where she died two months later. It was found that everything that had been revealed was true.

The young woman was eventually cured by a Mohammedan hakim, who wove spells and wrote them on thin slips of paper. The slips were soaked in water, and were swallowed by the patient.

When people are possessed they are frequently gifted with the power of prophecy, and this power is made use of by others for their own purpose, so my informant said. There are professional casters-out of devils, who can make the demons speak through the lips of the afflicted, and with the assistance of these professionals the devils may be consulted. The belief in harsh treatment as a cure is universal. He assured me that the patient was incapable of feeling pain when possessed. He further drew attention to the fact that there were two kinds of spirits, the demon or malignant sprite that lives in trees and rocks and takes possession of the human body; and the ghost or spirit of a departed human being who has met with a violent death. The ghost is apparently almost identical with the European ghost. He related a tale that was told to his father by Bishop Dealtry's butler. The butler said:

'We were travelling up-country, and we came to a *dâk* bungalow one evening, where we intended to sleep the

night. The Mussulman servant of the bungalow met his lordship at the door, and said:

'"You cannot sleep here, my lord. No one can spend the night in this house. An evil spirit disturbs it; and it is not good to be in the same house at night with an evil spirit."

'The Bishop was not afraid. He said that he would sleep there, and he begged us not to fear any evil spirits; they could do us no harm.

'We made his lordship's dinner, prepared the bedroom, and cooked our own food. He ate his evening meal with a calm mind, and, having said his prayers as usual, he laid himself down on the cot in the bedroom, while we spread our mats in the verandah close by. In the middle of the night we heard sounds of people moving in the kitchen. There was chopping of wood, rolling of the curry-stone, and noise among the cooking-pots. From within the house came the sound of splashing water, as though someone was bathing in the bathroom adjoining his lordship's sleeping-room. Presently the Bishop called, and I went to him.

'"There is someone washing in the bathroom; bring a light, that I may see who it is," he said.

'I brought the lamp in from the verandah, and together we entered the the bathroom. The sounds ceased as we opened the door. The Bishop asked:

'"Who is there?"

'He received no reply. The room was empty, and there was no sign of water having been thrown about since the Bishop himself had taken his bath. He closed the door and returned to his bed, while I went back to my mat in the verandah. No sooner did we close our eyes in sleep than the noise began again. I knew from the beginning that it was not the noise of a human being, but of a spirit. It was the spirit of a man who years

ago had been murdered there. The circumstances of the murder were well known to the village people. I heard the Bishop call once more, and I went to him.

'"My lord," I said, "this is neither man nor woman who disturbs the peace of the night. It is the ghost which has for so many years driven travellers away from this bungalow. The bungalow servant will tell your lordship that I speak a true word. Did he not warn us of this evil thing?"

'His lordship made no reply, but began hastily to dress himself. When he had put on all the clothes that he wore in the house he asked me for the robes that he used for service in the church. I gave him his long silk gown with the large white sleeves and the other garments that went with it. Taking his Bible in his hand, he opened the door of the bathroom and slowly advanced into the middle of the room, we, his servants, watching at the open doorway with our livers turning to water. The Bishop raised his hand:

'"I conjure thee, whatever thou art, to depart in peace and trouble no more this house."

'We could see nothing, and when the Bishop had stood a few minutes in silence, perhaps making a silent prayer for the spirit of the murdered man, he returned to his room and went to bed. The rest of the night was passed in peace and quietness. We left the bungalow the next morning. From that time it ceased to be haunted by ghosts; and travellers are able once again to use it.'

The same native clergyman had another authentic ghost story to tell. It was one that he had heard from his father.

Among his father's congregation there was a Eurasian, named Reilly, who had heard the tale of the Bishop laying the ghost. He expressed his disbelief in it, and in all

other ghosts. He held a situation in one of the merchants' offices on the beach at Madras.

It was customary for a peon or watcher to stay all night at this office, and some difficulty was experienced in getting a man to fulfil the duty. The reason given for refusal to take the post of watchman was that the place was haunted by the ghost of a punkahman who had met with an accidental death on the spot. This punkahman in years gone by had served the head of the firm as a body servant while his master was in the office. His duties were to meet his master on arrival, carry his office-box upstairs, where the merchant sat, return to the carriage for the tiffin-basket, and make a third journey to fetch the water-goglet and tumbler. One day, in returning for the water-bottle, the man tripped, fell down the stairs, and broke his neck. He had a tall, spare figure, and was always dressed in a spotless white Mahratta dress, the coat being full at the waist and reaching to the feet. The dress is seen at the present time on the servants of the Madras Club. He wore a muslin turban of blue check of a peculiar pattern, unlike anything that is used in the present day.

Soon after his death he was met by the night-watchman running up and down stairs as if in the performance of his duties. If there had been nothing more to disturb them but his appearance the servants might not have objected. The peculiar feature of the haunting was, that wherever the night-watchman slept he found himself in a different place on awaking. The move was made without the knowledge of the sleeper. Nothing was felt: he merely awoke in a different spot from the one in which he had laid himself down.

The watchman became nervous and took a companion to keep him company. It made no difference. In the morning the two men found themselves in another part of the house. Then a party watched, keeping awake all

night; but nothing happened and no ghost was seen. The following night they watched again and unintentionally fell asleep. The next morning the whole party found to their consternation that they had been spirited away to a different part of the building.

The matter was reported to Reilly, who expressed his annoyance with what he termed their folly. He had often stayed late at the office, though he had never slept there, and he had seen no sign of the ghost. One evening, however, he had to remain later than usual. A ship was expected to arrive and it was necessary for him to await her anchorage in the Roads. He sat upstairs in the room belonging to the head of the firm, and a peon stayed below with the night-watchman. Reilly seated himself at the writing-table and beguiled the time with a book. On the table were two candlesticks with glass shades and the candles were lighted, the sun having long since sunk below the horizon.

He was deeply interested in his book and took no heed of how the hours were passing. Suddenly he felt impelled to raise his head and gaze into the room across the breadth of the table. There, just on the other side of it, stood the dead punkahman. It was impossible to mistake him. He wore the long full old-fashioned coat and the blue-checked turban. Although the man had died before the employment of Reilly in the office, yet the strange visitor smiled at the Eurasian clerk as though he were greeting an old friend after a long absence. Reilly could not believe his eyes. He rose from his seat and, taking the two candles from the table, he advanced towards the spectre. Still the man smiled, regarding Reilly with a steady gaze until he was close upon him. Then in a moment the lights were extinguished and Reilly found himself alone in the dark. A sudden panic seized him. He called his peon, but there was no reply.

Stumbling down the stairs in hot haste he found his attendant asleep. Confused, angry, and unhinged by the vision of the ghost he had derided, Reilly so far forgot himself as to beat the peon severely. The man resented the action, and the next day took out a summons against his master for assault.

When the case came on surprise was expressed that a man of so gentle and quiet a nature should have conducted himself violently towards a servant who was not offending in any way. There could be no objection to his spending the hours of waiting in sleep. Reilly did not deny his act. He admitted beating the man in the unusual agitation of the moment, and he gave, as an explanation of his extraordinary behaviour, the story of the apparition. From that day the haunting of the office ceased and the watchmen slept at their posts in peace.

With regard to second sight and the power of reading the past and the future, the natives believe that it is done by the aid of the demons through the lips of the possessed. There is another way of learning what the future holds; it is by the reading of the stars through astrology. The latter process is entirely one of calculation.

There was still living in 1899 a man named Streenivasa Chamberlain. He was of the Brahmin caste and was born in Trichinopoly. A clever youth of some education, he was brought to the notice of the police superintendent, who admitted him into the service, and encouraged him to study. He learnt several languages, English being one of them; he had been a student of astrology from his earliest days. Like many other high caste natives, he was gifted with a marvellous memory and a clear mathematical brain. While in the police service he came under the influence of a Mr. Chamberlain,

who persuaded him to embrace Christianity. He was baptised, and took the name of his benefactor. Several years later he had a severe illness and was brought to the General Hospital, Madras, where he created much excitement among the European nurses by telling them something of their own lives. It was all done by casting their horoscopes and making calculations. Among other things, he said that a change would occur on the staff of the medical officers of the hospital. He professed by a series of calculations to arrive at the name of the new officer and he gave the name. A few weeks later an unexpected change did occur, and the officer named was appointed.

I asked the native clergyman how Streenivasa reconciled his practice of astrology with his profession of the Christian faith. He replied that Streenivasa saw no harm in it as long as he believed in the grace of God intervening. 'By the grace of God,' he added, 'we are able to do things spontaneously and of our free will which may avert the ruling of the stars.' He gave as an instance the following, as he cast his eyes round my drawing-room:

'Here you have a palm which should be living outside exposed to wind and rain and sun. By the grace of your hand it is brought into your drawing-room, tenderly nurtured, and safeguarded from the destroying cyclone and the knife of the hut-builder, which in the ordinary course of events would cause it to suffer. The palm, of course, has no free will or independent action; but we, who have both, and at the same time enjoy the providence of God, Who watches over us as well as the palm, may study the reading of the future and call upon Him to avert the evil which threatens.'

It is a belief in a higher power over fate which prevents the Hindu from becoming an apathetic fatalist.

I have a vivid recollection of this faith in 1899, when astrologers foretold all kinds of disasters. They were to culminate in November, when a great nation was to be submerged and lost; plague and famine were to devastate the land, and on the 13th of the month the end of the world was to come. Propitiatory offerings and prayers were made by people of all castes and religions, who, when they found that the catastrophes prophesied did not come to pass, declared that the gods had listened and intervened to save men from the threatened evil. It may, perhaps, be remembered that just at this period troubles in Africa occurred which ended in the loss to the Boers of their country. The prediction of the end of the world caused a great commotion throughout the island of Ceylon; so much so that many of the Buddhists withdrew their money from the banks and spent it on religious works. Singhalese and Tamils attended their places of worship, and made offerings more frequently than usual. When the fatal 13th dawned the native merchants closed their shops, and the workmen belonging to the different mills and manufactories failed to appear. The day passed uneventfully; the gods had been merciful, and men returned to their daily routine happy and content.

No tragedy is without its stray straws of humour. For the next three months scarcely a chicken was to be had in the island, to the consternation of careful housekeepers. The old henwives of native villages had set no eggs.

'What is the good of wasting time over such foolishness? The gods will not ask fowls of us when they come,' they said.

So they curried the unfortunate hens that desired to sit, and realised on the fowls that were fit for roasting while the opportunity offered.

To return to the subject of the possessed. There was

a man of the Velalla caste in the Trichinopoly district who had been born of Roman Catholic parents and been brought up in the faith. One of his sons was afflicted with epilepsy, and the fits were ascribed to possession by a demon. The father tried various means of curing him, but without success. He employed native doctors, who could do nothing. He next called in the Roman Catholic priest, who endeavoured to exorcise the evil spirit by prayer. It was said that on one occasion the padre placed the Bible on the patient's head, but the power of the demon was so strong that the holy book was thrown high into the air. The man, by the priest's advice, brought his son to live close to one of the churches. Together father and son attended the services of the church constantly, but without any visible improvement in the lad. At the end of three months the Velallan took the boy to Trichinopoly, and they presented themselves at the S.P.G. church, never missing a service. They persevered for three months more, and at the end of the time there was no improvement.

The man was then tempted to go back to the heathen practices of his ancestors. He made sacrifices and oblations to Karmachi, one of the forms of Kali. After a short time the lad seemed better, and the epilepsy gradually left him. The cure was ascribed to the beneficence of Karmachi. The man and all his family forsook their Christian faith and returned to idolatry.

The belief in the power of the priest to exorcise is not confined to the East. I remember a case in 1860, when the parents of an idiot boy came to the incumbent of a parish in Norfolk, and begged him to exorcise the evil spirit from their son. They explained what they had done in their broad Norfolk speech.

'We ha' beat him black and blue; we ha' runned him up and down the roads till he cou'n't stand; we ha' held

the Bible with the church-door key atween its leaves over his head, while we burnt bacca under him, with him tied to a chair. You'd ha' thought, sir, as that would ha' druv the devil out of him; but that didn't fare to do him no good. And now if you'd be so kind as to try your hand at it, may be the devil will hear yew.'

CHAPTER XXI

CASTE AND THE LEGEND OF THE ARTISANS

However learned one may be, there is always something more to be learnt; however much in favour one may be with kings, there is always something to fear; however affectionate women may be, it is always necessary to be wary of them.—SLOKA.

CASTE is a puzzling subject to the new arrival in India who has not made a study of it. Everyone has heard of caste, and knows the use of the word in England, where it can only be applied to class. It has, however, a very different meaning in the East, and has no counterpart in Europe. It is founded on religion, and so intimately connected with it that someone has said 'Caste is Hinduism, and Hinduism is caste.'

From ancient times there have been four divisions—the Brahmin, or priestly; the Kshattriya, or soldier; the Vaisya, or merchant; and the Sudra, or server. The impression conveyed by these divisions on the uninformed mind is that all men attached to the temples and ministering there are Brahmins, that all sepoys are Kshattriyas, shopkeepers are Vaisyas, and Sudras servants. This is not so, although originally it might have been the case in the dim past, when the caste distinctions were made to indicate the trades and professions. The Brahmin is certainly to be found in numbers in all the big temples built for the worship of Siva and the incarnations of Vishnu; but there are thousands of small temples dedicated to demons where the pujari is not a Brahmin. On the other hand, Brahmins

may be found cultivating the land in villages where none but the twice-born live. They are clerks in offices, shopkeepers, postmasters, telegraph clerks, soldiers, stationmasters, and beggars. Rich or poor, educated or ignorant, the caste is always respected, and nobody presumes to outrage it because the Brahmin is poor and ignorant.

The Kshattriya is not represented in the south of India. The Vaisyas also have no representatives in the south.

The greater part of the Hindus of the Madras Presidency are of Sudra and Pariah origin. They are divided and subdivided, and divided again. It is doubtful if they have ever been completely tabulated and numbered. The higher divisions of the Sudra, in the absence of the two intervening castes, rank next to the Brahmins, and they consider themselves of high caste; but the Aryan of the north looks down with contempt upon the Dravidian of the south, upon whom Hinduism was forced by Aryan conquerors. There is a proverb, 'Beware of the dark Brahmin and the fair Pariah; both are shams.' In the opinion of the Brahmin of the north the characteristics should be reversed, the outcaste black and the twice-born fair.

Although the term Pariah indicates an outcaste, the class in the present day is split up into many divisions, each jealously maintaining certain caste rules to which they really have no right. The Pariah servants of the European's house will not eat with the horsekeepers and grass-cutters, and the horsekeepers will not eat with the sweepers. As to which is superior or inferior, it is impossible to say. All are outcastes, and the least honourable calling is that of the sweeper.

Caste had its origin in trade. Men learned their trade from their fathers, and taught it to their sons, and then made a trades' union of it. In these days the educational advantages offered by England has tempted men to forsake

the calling of their ancestors and seek appointments in the merchant's office and under Government. The artisans, who think highly of themselves, whatever may be the opinion of those outside their castes, are known as the Panchalar. Panch is Sanskrit for five. The five Panchalar are the goldsmith, carpenter, blacksmith, brassworker, and mason. A romantic story is told of how they were all well-nigh exterminated through the inherent arrogance which is said to cling to their descendants still.

Long ago they lived in a fort by themselves. Trade came to them, and they prospered. With prosperity came pride and independence, till at last they cast off their allegiance to the King of the country and refused to contribute any longer to his revenues. The King determined to attack them and bring them into subjection. He gathered his army together and encamped before the fort. The walls were built of loadstone; as soon as the troops approached to assault the fortifications, their weapons were drawn from their hands and became unmanageable. The Rajah made a second and a third attempt, but always with the same result.

Foiled and angry he retired to his capital, and issued a proclamation, offering a large reward to anyone who would reduce the fort and humble the pride of the inhabitants. Many attempts were made by force of arms, but through the power of the loadstone they all ended disastrously.

One day the queen of the nautch-girls craved an audience with the King. It was granted. She offered to bring about the destruction of the rebellious artisans if the Rajah would give her his assistance and allow sufficient time. Both her requests were complied with; but a condition was attached. She and her troupe of nautch-girls were required to swear that they would succeed or die. They took the oath, without hesitation,

on betel-leaf and areca-nut. Then the King inquired how he was to help them.

'Build us a house exactly opposite to the enemy's fort, so that we may take up our residence close to it,' was her reply.

The house was built, and the queen with a number of beautiful girls occupied it. It had a broad terraced roof level with the fort walls. Upon this roof the queen assembled her girls every evening to dance and sing. At first the men looked on with curiosity and wonder. The older ones shook their heads at such folly, while the younger men laughed and chaffed the girls on their method of warfare.

'A strange kind of Rajah is your ruler to send out a band of dancing-girls against us!' they cried from the walls.

The chaff was received good-naturedly. The girls laughed and showed their white teeth between lips that were full and tempting. Each evening, when the day's work was over, the inhabitants of the fort gathered upon the walls before the palace of the nautch-queen. Each day the girls, decked in fresh jasmin and oleander flowers, posed and swayed and showed their supple limbs in the dance. With their songs was wafted the intoxicating scent of sandalwood and attar of rose as their silken draperies floated upon the evening breeze; and the young men were filled with madness. The older wiseheads, however, looked on with grave apprehension, and would have driven the women away or killed them; but the young men were infatuated, and cried:

'Let them be! What harm can a parcel of women do? Their singing and dancing serve to pass the hours of the evening. It would be more fitting if we invited them to come into the fort instead of driving them away.'

So they remained, and the dances continued with much laughter and banter until all enmity was forgotten.

One day the nautch-queen asked for a private interview with the King. When she came from the audience-chamber she was wearing a magnificent diamond necklace which was not upon her neck when she went in. Bright as were the gems, they did not sparkle more than her eyes at the thought of what her reward was to be. This was nothing less than marriage with the King.

Among the people of the fort was a handsome young goldsmith, who had lost his head and his heart over the charms of the nautch-queen. She did not appear to be indifferent, and had favoured him to the extent of meeting him under the walls of the fort. Often he had entreated her to return with him and take up her residence in his zenana. There was nothing that he did not promise, and no secret that he withheld. He was as wax in her hands. At length she promised that he should have his desire; but she told him that she wished to give an entertainment upon the roof of her house before leaving her palace that should exceed all others of the kind. The dancing should be superb. As it was necessary that they should prepare properly for the tamasha, the dance must be sometime during the next moon.

Meanwhile the King was not idle. His people, with their carts and cattle, were busy night and day. At the end of four weeks the nautch-queen announced that she was ready. She sent word to the inhabitants of the fort that if they would all assemble on the walls, they should see a nautch that would exceed anything they had ever witnessed before. Decked in flowers and jewels, silks and embroidery of gold, the nautch-girls sang and posed, while the queen addressed herself to the young goldsmith in words and actions that maddened and intoxicated all alike.

In the midst of the revelry there arose an ominous sound, and a pale light played around the base of the walls. Even as the occupants of the fort turned their affrighted eyes from the nautch-girls to seek the cause, flames leaped into the air on all sides and a dense smoke enveloped them. Under cover of the darkness, and while the attention was centred upon the crafty queen and her girls, the King's men had brought straw and firewood, with which they had built up a circle under the walls. At a given signal the pile was simultaneously fired, and the fort was enveloped in flames.

Madly and triumphantly danced the queen and her troupe, while the crackling of the fire rose above their shrill song. In mocking tones the queen bade her lover come and claim her. The young chief advanced to the very edge of the parapet, and stood in the clear yellow light of the burning straw. With fierce words he cursed his betrayer, declaring that the reward of her treachery should be nothing less than death. He cursed the King, who had instigated the evil deed, and the people of the country who had assisted in the destruction of the fort, saying that the hour would arrive when they would be glad in their dire necessity to rebuild the fort with walls of gold if they could only recall the inhabitants. Then leaping into the fire below he was the first to perish.

The heated stones snapped asunder and split from end to end, and the fort crumbled beneath the only power that could destroy it. The place was reduced to a mass of ruins, and the magic spell of the loadstone was gone. The King with his troops effected an entrance unopposed; and what the fire failed to perform the sword completed. Nearly all were killed. The few who escaped fled in terror to the seashore and took ship to the Far East. They did not dare to land until they reached China. There they were kindly welcomed, and in return for the

hospitality, they taught the Chinese their cunning crafts which knowledge is retained to the present day.

The King, jubilant at his success, proclaimed a general rejoicing. The nautch-girls were rewarded with munificent liberality, and the queen herself was honoured by the King with marriage with accompanying festivities that were usually accorded only to princesses of royal blood. All through the ceremonies she never once gave a thought to the unhappy man who in his great and trusting love had confided to her the secret of the walls of his fort. On the night when she was conducted to the palace of the King, when silence reigned and his Majesty slept, the spectre of the goldsmith appeared by the queen's side. What he said is not known. The following morning she was found dead by the attendants. She had been strangled with the diamond necklace which had been part of her reward.

Time passed and the proud independent artisans were almost forgotten, when difficulties arose which had never troubled the people of that kingdom before. There was a scarcity of agricultural implements. Carts, axes, harrows, sickles, brass cooking-pots, and other indispensable articles for field and household use wore out and had to be renewed. The supply in the shops was exhausted, and the shopkeepers were unable to procure a fresh stock. Mats, furniture, the fittings for houses, even jewelry and personal ornaments became dear and well-nigh impossible to buy. The curse of the young chief was beginning to work. When the King's daughter was about to be married the King sent out in all directions for jewels; there were none to be had but those that were secondhand. Not a goldsmith, carpenter, or brassworker was to be found throughout the length and breadth of the land. All had fled to China or had perished.

The King was in great distress. His people blamed him for the calamity, and openly expressed their dis-

content. Alarmed for the consequences, he issued a proclamation and sent heralds round his kingdom in search of artificers. He offered money and land; but in vain. His subjects were all agriculturists, and knew nothing of the handling of chisel, saw, or forge. He persevered, his throne being at stake, and bethought himself of a device. He sent a crier out with a branch of scarlet coral. Running through the coral there was a tiny passage crooked and sinuous in its course. Anyone who could thread this piece of coral with a fine strand of silk should receive a large reward. Many tried, but they could only push the silk in a short way. They abandoned the task in despair, saying that their hands were accustomed to hold the plough and to milk the cattle; they were not suited for such delicate work.

A woman buying rice in the bazaar heard the proclamation. She asked the crier if she might take the piece of coral to her house. She had a son who was clever with his fingers; perhaps he might be able to accomplish it. The coral was given to her with the promise that if the boy succeeded he would certainly be rewarded. On her return home she called him and bade him thread the coral with a fine piece of silk which she gave him. For some time he tried to thrust the thread through the narrow, tortuous passage, but without success. Finally he gave it up, and sat silent and thoughtful with his eyes upon the warm sunlit sand, where the ants toiled ceaselessly at their self-imposed tasks. They lifted and dragged all kinds of objects always in one direction—towards the entrance of their nest. A tiny ant, so small as to be scarcely visible, fastened its nippers on to a fine shred of cocoanut fibre that had dropped from a sugar bag and was impregnated with saccharine. Gradually the strand was drawn to the hole of the nest, down which it slowly disappeared.

The boy started to his feet and ran indoors to the storeroom, where a pot of honey stood. He dipped the end of the silk into the sweet syrup and hurried back. With delicate touch he arranged the coral in the entrance of the ants' nest, stopping all other ways of egress with earth. He placed the silk close to it. In a short time the honeyed silk was discovered; but the ants were perplexed by the altered appearance of their front door. Presently an ant came from below. There was an exchange of confidences, and the two tiny creatures set to work without further ado. Gradually the silk was withdrawn; inch by inch it vanished until only a short piece remained. The boy caught it and gently removed the coral. An exclamation of delight escaped his lips as he saw the other end of the thread hanging from the coral, the two ants still clinging tenaciously to their treasure.

His mother carried the coral to the palace of the King. An order was sent out summoning her to his presence. He demanded her history. She confessed that she was one of the women of the fort. On the night of its destruction she happened to be on a visit to her sister, who was the wife of a merchant in the King's city, and so she escaped death. Her husband perished in the flames, and she remained in the house of the chetty. In due course her child was born, and it passed as the merchant's son.

The King was delighted with his discovery. He loaded the widow with presents, and directed that the boy should apply himself to his father's trade under his mother's supervision. Materials were supplied, and the boy began to fashion swords and agricultural implements. When he became a man he married his cousin, the daughter of the chetty, and had five sons. They followed the five trades, and each became the founder of one of the castes or guilds. The King gave them the name of the Panchalar. As descendants of the chetty they adopted

the thread worn by Brahmins, but the twice-born say that they have no right to it.

Another difficulty for the casual observer is religion. The castes differ with a strange bitterness and bigotry, and will not eat together nor intermarry. Yet they worship the same gods. The Brahmin and the higher Sudra castes are followers of Vishnu or Siva. The lower castes and Pariahs worship demons. The Brahmins profess to have a contempt for demonolatry and the blood sacrifices which accompany its ritual. They worship in large temples, where their offerings consist of fruit, grain, sugar, butter, and camphor, in addition to gold and silver and precious stones. The doctrine of the high caste Hindus is deistic and philosophical. Religious exercise lies more in the performance of domestic ceremonies than in a frequent attendance at the temple.

The Hindu woman, no matter what her caste may be, takes no active part in public worship. She may provide the gifts and carry them to the temple, but a male member of the family must present them. Her office is in the privacy of the house. Before eating the midday meal she rings a bell or strikes a gong to call the rest of her family, and she does pujah to the household god, whose image in brass or copper she keeps upon a shelf. A lamp is lighted and a small offering is made. Prayers are said with clasped hands and many genuflexions. It is a short ceremony, incumbent on every female head of the zenana.

The man performs his ablutions and orisons at stated times. Domestic ceremonies connected with births, deaths, marriages, and the attainment of certain ages are carried out with the assistance of the purohit, the domestic chaplain of the family. At intervals a visit is received from the guru, the superintending domestic chaplain and inquisitor. It is his duty to discover if caste rules have been broken, and if domestic rites have been properly

performed. These visits are always a source of excitement and pleasure to the ladies of the household in all well-to-do Hindu families.

The temple feasts are attended periodically. The ritual takes place within the adytum, known to the Hindus as the mulasthanum. It is the innermost hall into which none but the Brahmins may enter. Its desecration entails a long series of expensive purificatory rites before the mantric essence or divine afflatus can be restored and the sacrilege atoned for.

An English official was once asked to enter the mulasthanum of a celebrated temple in South India. He hesitated to accept the invitation, knowing what it involved; but the head-man pressed him to enter, and assured him that his visit would be acceptable. He accordingly went, and was shown the idol in the inner sanctum. His guide pointed out certain engraved marks upon the figure which indicated the particular sect that worshipped there. He listened to the explanation with interest; and when he had thoroughly examined all that there was to be seen he was courteously conducted to the door. A little later the mystery of the special favour was explained. A case came into the law courts brought by a certain sect that claimed the temple and its rich revenues from the sect that was in possession. There was a great deal of hard swearing and conflicting evidence. The Englishman was summoned as a witness to testify to the kind of marks he had seen in the temple. His evidence was conclusive, and the impudent claimants lost their case. The cost of his evidence was great, as no festival could take place until the mantric essence had been restored; but the stake was a high one and well worth the expense.

Aurungzebe desecrated hundreds of temples by killing cows in the mulasthanums. When the Hindus had an

opportunity of retaliating they killed pigs in the mosques. These pleasant little amenities would take place in the present day were it not for the strong arm of the English law.

The mulasthanum is a disappointing place when once its mysterious recesses have been penetrated. During my residence in India I had the opportunity of entering two. A cow had been slaughtered in each, and neither had been restored to virtue when I visited them. One was on the rock fortress at Dindigul. There were ruins of barracks, partly built of masonry and partly rock-hewn, which had once been occupied by British troops. A little higher up was a cool, clear pool which it was said had never been known to fail. At the extreme summit was the temple with its brown, wedge-shaped tower.

The view was beautiful. In the west the sun was sinking in a golden glory, turning the hills to a deep purple. Below lay the fertile land of the Madura district in a warm, transparent haze of heat. The great southern road that runs down the length of the Peninsula to Cape Comorin was easily distinguished by a line of avenue trees. The rock was deserted except for myself and my companion. She was sketching and I explored the temple, penetrating into the Hindu holy of holies. It was a small dark room, with a low ceiling of stone. The light entered by the doorway, the door being gone. A great part of the space was occupied by a raised platform of stone, on which was carved in outline the figure of a tortoise.

Upon this platform the idol formerly rested and then ceremonies were performed daily; the image was washed and anointed and decorated with flower-wreaths, while the devadasis (temple girls) danced and sang before it. Numbers of pilgrims came up the rock bearing their offerings and prostrating themselves outside the walls. Now it was deserted. Grass grew between the un-

mortared stones outside, and the dust of ages clung about the simple moulding of the interior. No wild-eyed fanatic barred my entrance, and I could wander where I chose. The place was abandoned to the bats, and from their unsavoury presence I quickly beat a retreat. The Indian bat has an appalling smell as well as a villainous appearance. It may be a timid creature, but its looks belie it, for it is nothing short of impish. A sailor in Captain Cook's service encountered one when he was taking a walk on shore at some tropical port. He swore that he had seen the devil. 'He was as large as a one-gallon keg and very like it; he had horns and wings, yet he crept so slowly through the grass that if I had not been afeared I might have touched him.'

The idol that rests on the daïs in the mulasthanum is made of five metals—gold, silver, brass, copper, and lead. At the temple of Srirungam, near Trichinopoly, the image is said to be of stone and always sleeping. Pujah is performed every day, and the water used in the diurnal ablutions runs off into a tank, where it is reserved for the pilgrims. They receive the precious liquid as a sacred gift that is full of virtue and drink it.

When Clive took possession of the temple of Srirungam two thousand fierce Mahrattas stood before the door of the mulasthanum, declaring that the Europeans should only pass in over their dead bodies. Their superstition was respected, and Clive left them in undisturbed possession of the inner hall.

An image is brought out once a year at Srirungam and borne in procession through the streets. It is cased in gold and rests upon a silver car. In showing the vehicle the guide—a temple attendant—explained that it was the swami's dogcart.

There are no blood sacrifices at Srirungam. 'By sacrifices are the gods nourished,' says one of the Puranas.

It is believed that the nourishment is received by the inhalation of the aroma or essence rising from the offerings. Manu states that creatures dying in this way are conveyed to abodes of bliss. The sacrifice is mystically identified with the victim; it is regarded as the ransom for sin and the instrument of annulment. A third reason for sacrifice is the acquirement of superhuman power by means of which the gods may be compelled to grant their favours.

The killing of human beings was repugnant to the Aryan instinct, and the horse was substituted for man, the part of man that was suitable as an offering to the deity entering the horse. From the horse the same part passed into the ox, and from thence to the sheep and the goat. The horse and the ox are no longer used in sacrifice, but the sheep and goats—in some parts of the Presidency buffaloes and pigs also—are still in use. To the orthodox Brahmin, however, blood is abhorrent, and he is content to offer to his deity the inanimate products of the earth.

CHAPTER XXII

A DEMON, A FUNERAL, AND SOME SNAKES.

One should keep oneself five yards from a carriage, ten yards from a horse, one hundred yards from an elephant; but the distance one should keep from a wicked man cannot be measured.—Sloka.

A marked feature in the south of India is its devil-worship. It is not noticeable in the town of Madras, although it exists there as well as elsewhere; but in the south it strikes the eye at once. Village temples and wayside shrines abound by the side of the road and in out-of-the-way spots. Passing down the line towards Tuticorin the traveller sees uncouth representations of animals arranged in rows before the temples. Under innumerable trees devil-stones are set up with small platforms before them to hold the offerings. Everywhere the devil is in evidence. It is usually said to be of the feminine gender. Nothing seems to satisfy it but blood. Thousands of goats are offered annually to these demons. The largest festival of the kind takes place at Puttoor, the suburb of Trichinopoly already mentioned. The legend of the foundation of the feast is as follows:

Once upon a time a female demon, Kolomayi by name, had a temple in Travancore. She was of a blood-thirsty nature and would accept nothing less than human beings from the people who offered her pujah. Children were often sacrificed before her image, but her wrath was not appeased. Sickness and famine afflicted the people; these calamities with the holocaust of children threatened to

depopulate the country for miles around her temple. A deputation was sent to inform Kolomayi that the sacrifices would be no longer continued. They begged her to withdraw and seek another country. For the future they intended to place themselves under the protection of a milder deity, who would be satisfied with goats and fowls.

They then made a raft, placed the image upon it and set it afloat on the waters of the Cauvery. Kolomayi was borne for many days on the bosom of the flood that poured down the hills. In time she reached the broad channel of the river below Erode. The raft was carried into an irrigating canal, and was stranded at Puttoor, where it was buried in alluvial deposit.

Some ryots were digging in the banks of the canal to open a place for the flow of water on to their rice-fields. One of them struck the image with his implement and broke its arm. The man picked up the broken limb; he was filled with horror when he saw fresh crimson blood flowing from the fracture. With trembling lips he asked:

'Who are you?'

A terrible voice that came from the earth beneath his feet replied:

'I am the goddess Kolomayi, once the honoured deity of the Travancore people. The floods have brought me here, and I rested from my journey till you disturbed my slumbers. It is well known how the gods serve those who rudely awake them.'

In fear and dread the men besought her not to curse them.

'What can we do to serve you? Tell us and we will be your slaves.'

'Set me up and build a temple over me,' replied Kolomayi.

They hastened to fulfil her command, washed away the mud with which she was encased after her long

entombment, and placed her upon a pedestal of stone. The broken arm, on being restored to the image, healed miraculously. A goparum was built and a pujari was found to take charge of the new temple. The ryots brought offerings of fruit, camphor, sugar, and butter, and prepared to do pujah. The terrible voice spoke again.

'You must sacrifice a child to me. I am not to be appeased by gifts such as these.'

Her words filled them with dismay. The pujah was left unperformed while they returned to their homes to seek the advice of their women. Long into the night they sat by the fire under the big banyan tree in the centre of their village, holding council with heavy hearts and perplexed minds. At last an old woman arose and said:

'Pah! foolish men that you are to bring this evil upon us! but since it has come we must rid ourselves of it as best we may. To-morrow take beams and boards to the temple; and there, before the open door, let Kolomayi see you making another raft. Now depart to your houses and sleep in peace. At sunrise carry out my instructions and all will be well.'

The next morning they began the raft with much noise of saw and hammer. When the evening came they heard Kolomayi's voice.

'What are you doing?' she asked.

'We are making a raft.'

'What for?'

'That you may continue your voyage on the river towards the sea which is but eighty miles away, and the flood is full and strong.'

'Why do you wish me to depart? Have I not promised to protect you if you sacrifice at my shrine?'

'Our wives have told us that they are not as fruitful as the women of Travancore; therefore they will not permit us to offer you our children.'

'What, then, do you offer to your gods?' asked the demon.

'We give them goats, of which we have plenty.'

Kolomayi was silent for a space. The raft journey followed by the long entombment in the mud was not a pleasant memory.

'You may substitute goats for children when you offer sacrifice to me,' said Kolomayi. 'And I will bless your lands with double crops, but the goats must be as black as your own children without a single spot of white.'

So she was allowed to remain in her temple, and every March a feast is held in her honour. A pujari is supposed to be filled with the afflatus or divine essence of the goddess who feels, speaks, and manifests herself through him.

Kolomayi's pujari stands upon a raised platform, so that he may be seen by all while the sacrifice of blood is made. It is a disgusting orgy, with revolting ceremonies, mingled with the amusements of a country fair. Hundreds of black goats are driven in from the villages round Trichinopoly. I used to hear the flocks bleating as they passed my house in the night under charge of a goat-herd. The animals are led up to the pujari singly. Water is sprinkled on the head, and as the creature shakes itself to throw off the drops, an attendant swings round a heavy sword and decapitates it with one blow. The bleeding head is caught up and presented to the pujari, who seizes it eagerly. Placing his lips to the artery he presents all the appearance of drinking the blood. It is impossible to say whether he does so or not. If he does not, he must have some secret method of staunching the blood, for the bleeding ceases when he throws the head aside.

All day long he continues his ghastly feast. His clothes as well as his body become saturated with the crimson stream, and the crowd shudders as it beholds the

insatiable appetite of the demon. There is no doubt that he is under the influence of some powerful drug; his wild bloodshot eyes, his eagerness to receive the heads, and his insensibility to the presence of the excited crowd that surges around him point to the fanaticism produced by bhang and datura poison.

The body of the goat is returned to the owner, who prepares a curry, which is eaten as a love feast by the family party that has accompanied him. All night long the excited worshippers remain in the streets uttering short staccato cries of 'Ah! Hah!' drawing in the breath with the first syllable and sighing out the second. Sweets, coffee, arrack, and toys for children are sold at temporary stalls, and the festival is turned into a fair that lasts several days.

The English residents usually played tennis or some outdoor game between four and six. As I did not join in these games I spent the time in visiting the Eurasians and taking evening drives. Sometimes I went into the town, left the pony-cart and wandered about the evening bazaar, and down some of the narrow streets. The shopkeepers brought their wares into an open space before the old ruined palace where the last Hindu queen lived. The strangest articles were exposed for sale, all neatly spread out upon mats laid upon the dusty ground. I saw old glass, cracked and discoloured; old brass, copper and iron articles, lamps and candle-shades, native garments, caps, shoes, betel-bags, toys, fans, sweets of native manufacture, and a hundred other objects of no great value, but affording hours of serious bargaining between buyer and seller. The crowd was good-natured and amusing if rather redolent of garlic and oil. There was nothing to fear from Hindu or Mohammedan but infection.

In times of cholera it was not safe to mix with them, nor was it inviting. The careless, contented expression

was gone, and each countenance bore an anxious harassed look. The goddess Kali was angry and would assuredly kill them all if she were not appeased. The prolonged notes of the funeral horns never ceased as body after body was carried to the burning or burial ground. Columns of blue smoke rose from huge fires that were lighted for the purpose of disinfecting the tainted parts of the city. The beat of the tomtom told the story of frequent pujah done to the malignant demon. At such times it was best to keep away. Cholera is no respecter of persons, and it rarely disappeared after a bad visitation without claiming toll of the cantonment. One or two fell victims, struck down with awful suddenness, dead and buried before the news of the illness reached those living at a little distance.

On two occasions I lost servants. It was the same in each case. They came to their work in the morning as usual, and were in the midst of the performance of their duties, when they were seized with pain. It was followed by symptoms of biliousness. A few hours later they were convulsed with cramp and before midnight death had claimed them. Natives and Eurasians frequently collapsed from terror and despondency. They gave up hope and their friends ceased to apply remedies. The chaplain's ministrations to the sick Eurasians were physical as well as spiritual. At his urgent request the efforts of those who were nursing were renewed, and not relinquished again until the patient recovered or death ensued, which last happened too frequently.

In the town of Trichinopoly I felt in much closer touch with the natives than in Madras. The people of the inland cities have been less influenced by contact with foreigners than in the seaports. They are indifferent to the presence of the European, and pursue their vocations as though no stranger were near. If their curiosity is roused they stop to stare, and possibly to ask questions;

otherwise they go their ways with unconcern. Through the streets passes the wedding procession with beat of drum and playing of pipes. The dead are carried along the road with wailing and every sign of bitter grief. At the wayside devil-stone or temple the worshipper performs his pujah careless of those who may have the curiosity to stop and look on. A pilgrim in fulfilment of a vow breaks cocoanuts and recites muntrums before an oil-anointed image, upon which he has placed a wreath of jasmin flowers. He, too, takes no notice of the stranger who watches his odd ritual. Mohammedans kneel on their prayer-carpets by the road side, with their faces towards the setting sun, and say their prayers with many prostrations.

As I sat and sketched I had opportunities of seeing various things that escaped the observation of the devotees of tennis. Landscape painting always puzzles natives. Their own art is highly conventional, and they have very little notion of perspective. When they look at a painting they seem unable to distinguish the sky from the ground, or understand which is the top of a picture and which the bottom unless there is a very distinct figure in it. The presence of an Englishwoman sketching always excited the curiosity of the passers-by, and most of them found time to come and look over my shoulder. They did no harm; but at such close quarters they were not always agreeable by reason of what I have already mentioned.

One day I drove out with a friend some distance beyond the old Worriore cantonment to sketch the rock from the north side. We found a charming view from a road that ran along the top of an embankment. The evening sun lighted up the old fortress and touched the town at its foot. In the middle distance were broad stretches of cultivated fields of a rich green, intersected with pools of water reflecting the tints of the sky. In

the foreground was the rank large-leaved vegetation and feathery palms peculiar to a tropical climate. We seated ourselves upon the side of the embankment and began to draw. Presently the sound of a horn came from the direction of Worriore. It was blown at intervals and was accompanied by the beat of a tomtom. The party was evidently approaching by the road we had traversed. My friend became uneasy. She had a curious dislike for the natives, partly instinctive, and partly on account of the garlic. She rose to her feet and walked down the embankment into the fields. Feeling nothing of the same prejudice, I remained seated and continued sketching.

The party proved to be a funeral procession. The body was that of an old man. It was garlanded with oleander and jasmin flowers, and was partly covered with a white cloth, the face and hands being left exposed. It was extended upon a flat bier, supported upon the shoulders of bearers, who were chanting a monotonous inarticulate chant. Two men carried long horns made of tin, from which they produced notes like the hoot of a motor. A third had a drum. Behind the corpse walked seven or eight mourners, whose voices were occasionally raised in loud lamentations. It was a strange scene, with the flower-bedecked body of the old man stretched out upon the red and gold bier, the clean white garments of the followers stained here and there with the red dust which they had thrown upon themselves in the ecstasy of their grief, the brilliant colour of the sky, and the rich verdant landscape. The party approached slowly, and the chanting ceased as they came up to me. The bearers stopped, and all eyes were directed upon the stranger seated upon the ground.

With one accord the whole party sidled up close enough for their flowing garments to touch me, and leaned forward to look over my shoulder. The bearers

on the further side were as eager as the rest to get a glimpse of the precious paper I held in my hand. In their endeavour to see the picture they tilted their unconscious burden so that he rolled slightly on his side. For a few moments I was speechless from surprise and apprehension lest the body should be precipitated into my lap. At the hasty words, 'Go! go! go!' in their own language they moved on like obedient children, the bearers resuming their chant, the mourners their wailing, and the horns and drum their melancholy notes. The transition from grief to curiosity, and from satisfied curiosity to grief, was the oddest feature of all.

To the south and west of the cantonment are some isolated hills composed of rock. They are not more than three hundred feet high, but standing upon the level plain they look imposing. To one of these I found my way with Mrs. F. F. Smith. Her husband was one of the engineers in the South Indian Railway Company, and later on chief engineer. He arranged for us to be taken down the line in a trolly; from the railroad it was but a short walk to the hill.

At the foot of the hill there is a small temple standing in a walled enclosure. The entrance of the enclosure has two giant figures of demons in place of gate-posts. We did not attempt to enter the compound, but contented ourselves with making a sketch at different points of view. The guardian demons of the gateway attracted me, and I sat down upon a flat stone that seemed to offer a convenient seat. It was immediately in front of the images. In a few minutes there appeared a wild figure with long tangled locks. He had a white cloth about his loins, and it was his only garment. He addressed me in excited tones, and explained that I must move from my seat. It was the sacrificial altar upon which the offerings of blood were placed when pujah was done to the images. I rose at

once and glanced at the stone. It bore dark stains that corroborated his words, and though the sun had dried the surface, there was evidence to show that the last pujah was not of a very remote date.

Wandering round outside the wall of the temple compound we came upon the decapitated bodies of two goats lying in a pool of crimson blood. They had recently been killed, and the colour of the blood was intensely vivid. Pujah was going on inside the temple, but nothing could be seen of it. The heads of the animals were presented to the idol; the bodies were subsequently divided between the worshippers and the temple attendant.

I was once the spectator of a pujah done in my own compound. The tamarind tree, that was supposed to harbour a devil, had a devil-stone set up against its trunk. The stone rested on a platform built of brick and mortar. When the repair of the bungalow was nearly finished the heathen servants of our establishment arranged to do pujah to the devil, unknown to us. Their object was to propitiate him with offerings and to dispose him favourably towards the whole household, including the master and the mistress.

While the building operations were going on we shared a house with a friend in an adjoining compound. One evening I returned from my drive about seven. The dinner hour was eight o'clock. There was time to spare for a stroll in the garden. I caught sight of a group under the tree. The ayah observing said, 'Missus, come and see.' It was one of those lovely moonlight evenings which are the delight of native and European alike. There was a flickering gleam on the other side of the aloe hedge that divided the compounds, and a cloud of wood smoke arose. A fire had been kindled beneath the tamarind tree. The sound of a tomtom rose and fell, and figures moved to and fro through the smoke. The

picturesqueness of the scene was alluring. My curiosity was aroused, and I crept to the hedge to watch the strange mysterious rites which were about to be performed. The ayah and butler, who were Roman Catholics, were also gazing intently through gaps in the fence.

Upon the fire stood an earthen pot containing oil, which was already seething. The stone had been decorated with garlands, and the platform had received a coating of colour-wash on its sides in broad stripes of alternate red and white. On the surface of the platform was arranged a row of leaf platters containing various offerings. The centre leaf held the head of a cock that had lately been decapitated. The people belonging to our establishment, with their relations, stood round in a circle. Their hands were placed together in supplicatory fashion, the flickering fire illuminating their serious faces. The pujari was the coachman. He was bare to the waist, his head uncovered, and his long hair hanging down his back. I scarcely recognised him in such a guise. He began by reciting muntrums. One of the syces handed him a ladle of oil taken from the pot, and he poured it over the stone. Someone gave him another wreath of flowers, which he hung upon the dripping stone. During this performance the assembly murmured something by way of response, and bent their heads over their hands as if making obeisance. It was quietly done in the still summer night of the Tropics. The bats flitted to and fro, and large moths hovered over the long grass of the compound. The ayah's voice at my elbow startled me. 'Pujah done finish now,' she said. As I went back to my walk along the garden paths I could not help wondering whether it had been so arranged that I should be included as a spectator, if not a worshipper, in that heathen ceremony.

Early morning rides on a mount lent by a friend and

sketching expeditions in the afternoons were pleasant forms of recreation in between visits paid to the Eurasians, choir-practices, services, and superintending the clothing of the orphans. There was a boat at that time on the Wyacondah Channel. Colonel Byng and his wife made up some parties for expeditions upon the old canal. The caladiums, pampas grass, and wild vegetation, intertwined with masses of luxuriant creepers by the water's edge, gave excellent subjects for sketches. It was very warm under the shelter of the banks, and the water was muddy and uninviting. At the upper end of the canal there was a branch that was nothing more than a tributary stream. One afternoon we pushed our way up this stream and were startled by seeing a snake swimming across. A land-snake moves through the water with the same serpentine motion that it takes on land and its head is raised above the surface. The presence of the snake directed our attention to the tangled bushes on the banks. It was easy to distinguish more than one ophidian form coiled upon the branches that hung over the stream. A story was called to mind that three men boating on the Wyacondah had encountered a snake at this very spot and had rashly hit at it with an oar. The cobra is endowed with plenty of courage when attacked. The snake leaped into the boat and simultaneously two of the men leaped out of it. The third, who could not swim, armed himself with a stretcher and broke the back of the creature before it could fasten its fangs into him. The story told on the spot with the snake passing our bows resulted in a unanimous vote to turn back without delay.

The native has an even greater dislike and fear of snakes than the European. The following letter was sent to an Eastern paper for insertion :

'Sir,—I should like to bring to notice of public through widely scattered columns of your valuable journal a per-

adventure that overtook my personality whilst taking nocturnal perambulations on the road in order to caution fellow-citizens against simultaneous danger. Whilst wending my way along above said thoroughfare in the evening of the 22nd ultimo, and pursing a course as crow flies towards my humble domicile, I was suddenly and instantaneously confronted with monstrous hissing and much confounded in immediate vicinity. I first remained *sotto voce* and then applying close scrutiny of my double optics to spot whence proceeded above said disturbance I was much horrified and temporaneously paralysed to lo! and behold a mighty enormous reptile of Cobra de capello making frontal attack. My pedal appendages being only clothed in wooden sandals, I thereupon took to nether limbs and beat hasty retreat (as stated in war telegrams), or, in other words, made rapid retrograde movement by locomotion of lower shanks though personally much courageous. I should like to indignantly question—what are newly selected City Fathers cogitating that they should not take commensurate steps to relegate such carnivorous animals to limbo oblivion and ensure safety of pedestrians and foot-pads? Please answer me this inscrutable question, famous Sir!

'Praying for welfare and increase of filial bond I am. I am most obedient Sir your ever obedient servant B. C. B. N.B.—If this epistle is consigned to wastepaper-basket and no notice taken of my humble complaint, I shall memoriate in other papers.'

CHAPTER XXIII

SNAKES AND EAGLES

If one ask which is the more dangerous venom, that of a wicked man or that of a serpent, the answer is, that however subtle the poison of a serpent may be, it can at any rate be counteracted by virtue of mantrams; but it is beyond all power to save a person from the venom of a wicked man.—SLOKA.

THE isolated hills of Trichinopoly are not peculiar to that district. They occur all over the Peninsula. On the Mysore plateau many of them have a number of boulders strewn at their base; others seem to be nothing but piles of detached boulders and look like magnified heaps of stones. Every hill has its demon. If no temple has been raised for the purpose of propitiation and sacrifice, a stone will be found set up somewhere close at hand, like the stone beneath my tamarind tree, and pujah is done before it. The performance of pujah to these demons follows no particular rule. If the seasons are good and epidemics are absent in the neighbourhood the demon gets very little attention. Should the monsoon fail, the harvests be poor, or cholera make its appearance, offerings are brought and muntrums recited to appease his wrath.

The scattered boulders at the base of the hills, lying broadcast over the level plain, bring to mind the story told in the 'Arabian Nights' of the cruel princess who turned her lovers into stone. There are small boulders and large ones, lying as if the knight and his horse had fallen with his men-at-arms and retainers round him,

just as the spell struck them. Vegetation grows rankly between the rocks at the base of the hill. Bracken, giant grasses, brambles, and cactus push their way through rift and crevice. Over the hostile thorns the red gloriosa lily twines its long arms and lifts its crinkled petals into the sunlight. The brilliant scarlet creeps over the yellow tint as the flower warms in the fierce rays, and by sunset it is ruddy to its very heart. Tiny birds hop and twitter over the top of the boulders, dressed in the colours of the lichen that patches the rock. When startled they stand motionless and become invisible. Nature has taught them that their moss-tinted plumage will prove a better protection from the hawking-kite and predatory wild cat than flight. Butterflies pass over the rocky, thorny surface of the hill with enviable ease, as strong on the wing as birds. They come to deposit their eggs on the vegetation, and, having done so, they return to the paddy fields and jungle, where the flowers are more plentiful. Overhead the kites circle, swooping down now and then upon a snake that has come out of this thorny lair to sun itself upon a slab of rock. The monsoon winds sweep over the hill with flash of lightning and roar of thunder, but the princes lie there deaf to all sound and insensible to heat and cold until the spell shall be broken.

The story of the petrified lovers is not current in India. There is another legend to account for the presence of the stones. It has several variations, but the main features are the same.

Before man reached southern India it is said that the country was inhabited by devils, who were called Rakshas. They were evil creatures of darkness, the source of all kinds of trouble to men when they settled in the country. They with the snakes are guardians of hidden treasure, and they love wild solitary spots, which they still inhabit. Many of them were destroyed when the mountains fell. In

former days the mountains flew about in flocks and obscured the light; but one of the gods cut off their wings with a diamond sword, and since then the hills have been stationary. In their fall they buried Rakshas, dwarfs, men, and all kinds of creatures, some of whom are still alive, and may be heard to groan, or even move, when the earth quakes.

Some of the Rakshas escaped, and as soon as the mountains settled down they took up their abode in the rocks. They preyed upon men and animals, devouring them until not a living creature was left in the vicinity. There were two Rakshas, named Illavan and Vatapi, who devastated the whole countryside round a certain hill in the south. At last they were reduced to preying upon travellers who chanced to come that way. Their method was to invite them to supper. Being of a supernatural constitution, death had no terrors for them. Illavan retired with his brother to the cook-room, and there he killed him and made a savoury dish of his flesh. As the villages were deserted the unsuspicious travellers were glad to avail themselves of the invitation given, and they partook heartily of the excellent curry served up by Illavan. As soon as the travellers started on their journey Illavan called to his brother to return. Instantly he came to life, rending and tearing those who had eaten him so that they died; and no one knew how the unfortunate travellers came by their death.

There was a Tamil pundit, named Agastyan, who journeyed into far countries to learn wisdom. He was returning from Tibet full of knowledge to take up his residence upon a mountain in Tinnevelly, near Courtallum. He intended to devote his life to the instruction of the young men of the south of India in medicine, astronomy, and the worship of Siva. His way led him near the hill where the Rakshas lived. Among other things he had

learned the story of their iniquity from no less a person than Siva himself.

Illavan met him with the customary offer of hospitality, which was accepted. While the traveller rested the savoury curry was prepared in the kitchen. The pundit partook of it heartily, for he was hungry. Immediately afterwards he began his religious exercises, repeating prayer after prayer, muntrum after muntrum. He put on his sandals and set out on his southward journey. Still the muntrums fell from his lips. Illavan called to his brother again and again, but Vatapi was powerless under the strength of the holy man's prayers. In due course the Raksha was dissolved. Then the pundit turned upon Illavan and cursed him, so that he too died. The bones of the two brothers petrified, and were scattered abroad at the foot of the hills where they had lived, and may be seen to this day. Agastyan reach Courtallum, where he still lives on the top of an inaccessible peak, rapt in religious contemplation.

On the Nilgiri hills the demons are said by the natives to be giants of white complexion. Since the arrival of the English the demons have retired to clefts and caverns, where none can find them, and they never show themselves, as they are afraid the white people should lay a spell upon them.

The Golden Rock at Trichinopoly is a solitary hill that has figured in the history of our struggle with the French for the mastery in south India. It is so called from its golden colour at sunset. It is a mass of iron-stone, which draws to itself the lightning of the storms that sweep over the plain. It is believed that untold wealth is hidden in its clefts, but the treasure is guarded by the most venomous snakes. When a rich man dies and his wealth is not inherited by others, it is said that he is turned into a snake and guards his property in that form.

An attempt has been made more than once to find the

treasure in the Golden Rock, but the searchers have been driven away by the appalling number of cobras they have encountered. The sun heats the rock, and the snakes are drawn to the crevices, where they can feel the warmth, and yet escape the sharp talons of the kites. It is unlikely that anyone, having treasure to conceal, would place it where he would not dare to claim it again. The Hindus believe, however, that no snake can bite the holder of a rod made from the *pao da cobra*, the serpent-wood. If treasure were ever placed in the keeping of the Golden Rock, it is possible that its owner relied on the power of his snake-wood rod to recover it. There are two kinds of wood from which the magic wand may be made. One is the marsh-date palm ; the other is the *Strychnos colubrina*, a highly poisonous plant, which yields the nux vomica of medicine. The natives say that the snake will flee at the sight or smell of either.

In spite of the offer of rewards made by Government for killing snakes, the great ophidian race is in no danger of extermination. The rocky hills are safe asylums for all kinds of reptiles. It is not every Hindu who will turn his hand against the serpent. In many parts of the Coromandel Coast cobras are regarded with veneration, and are worshipped, but not to the same extent as on the Malabar Coast. Women usually perform the pujah, which consists chiefly of feeding them. Milk, butter, and fruit are placed near their holes. They come out readily, and grow tame with the familiar sight of their superstitious benefactors. There is a Tamil proverb that says, 'Give as much milk as you like to a snake, you will only get poison in return.' If by an unlucky chance a foot presses one of them it turns and buries its fangs in the ankle. Or if the careless wanderer approaches too near the hole where the eggs are lying, the cobra will strike at the intruder without further provocation.

I was once gathering grasses in a compound in Bangalore. The feathery heads were useful for decorating the drawing-room. They grew luxuriantly, and were of every shade of delicate brown and green. I was near a masonry culvert which conducted surface-water away from the carriage drive. As I was about to put my hand down to gather another stalk, I saw a cobra only a yard away with its hood spread. It had raised itself and was gently swaying backwards and forwards, making ready to strike as soon as the hand was lowered to its own height. I stepped back, and it dropped to the ground and slipped into the dense grass. Its colour harmonised with the brown tint of its surroundings. The polished surface of the scales gleamed with reflected light, and the black markings of the spectacles on the hood stood out clearly, a fortunate circumstance for me, as it was that which first attracted my attention. In its healthy vigorous life it was a beautiful creature. In all probability it had its eggs laid somewhere inside the masonry, where the warm stones retained their heat sufficiently to hatch them. The egg is white and blunt at both ends. The shell is not so hard as that of a bird's egg. I was presented with one at Trichinopoly by a gentleman who had pitched his tent over a large clutch of cobra's eggs. They were buried in the sand and were not far off hatching. I made no attempt, like Jerdon with his crocodile's egg, to hatch my gift, but broke it open and found the young cobra like a young bird considerably developed. Its head and eyes were large out of all proportion to the rest of the body.

Natives believe that snakes have feet, and are able to use them when they have any real necessity. A proverb says that, 'The snake knows its own feet.' The belief in the existence of feet has probably arisen from the wonderful agility which it shows when it is frightened and attempts to escape. It no longer glides along the ground, but

raises its body in curves, and propels itself with a corkscrew motion by pressure against the ground where the coil of its body touches. The movement is suggestive of leaps taken by the aid of feet. A large rat snake, perfectly harmless, and which might have been left to go its way in peace, was once pursued through my compound by a band of excited coolies. As it sped along the edge of the carriage drive, out-distancing the yelling enemy, it had the movement of a rope twisted by a rotary motion of the hand. Where it touched the ground the sand was pushed into a little ridge. Not being troubled with an instinctive antipathy to the serpent tribe, I rejoiced that the poor thing escaped. The coolies were of a different mind. They intended to put it in the curry-pot, if they had succeeded in killing it. Its flesh is said to be quite as good as eel.

It is difficult to understand how a snake can drink milk with a cleft tongue. It manages to imbibe the liquid somehow. Of all the offerings presented by its worshippers, milk finds the greatest favour, and will draw it from its hole when nothing else will tempt it. There is a belief that a snake will suck the milk from a cow, but with such a tongue this is an impossibility.

According to legend, the tongue of the serpent was not always slit. In the old mythological days, there existed upon the earth with Rakshas and demons a race of terrible serpents. It was through their audacity that the curse of a split tongue descended upon the whole species. The legend relates that certain treasures were lost during a deluge that drowned the world. The gods were anxious for their recovery. At that period the world was surrounded by seven concentric circular seas. One of these was of milk, and it was in this sea that the treasures were submerged.

Vishnu turned himself into a tortoise and stationed

himself at the bottom of the ocean of milk. The gods assisted by the demons, twisted the great serpent Vasuki round the mountain named Mandara, and placed the mountain on the back of the tortoise. They divided themselves into opposite parties, and using the serpent as a rope, they churned the sea with the mountain, the back of the tortoise serving as a pivot. The first thing recovered was the amritam or nectar, which conferred immortality upon all who drank of it. The demons, eager for its possession, contended with the gods for the precious liquid. In the struggle that ensued some of the amritam was spilt upon the earth. It fell upon the sacred coosham grass and the serpents licked it up. As they did so the grass slit their tongues as a punishment for their temerity. Ever since then the tongue of the snake has been forked. The old race of serpents have long since departed. The only sign left is the rainbow, which was formed by their dying breath as it escaped from their bodies and rose heavenwards.

The head of the snake is said to contain a small red pearl, which is highly prized as a charm. It brings the wearer good luck. I never had the good fortune to possess such a treasure.

The treatment of snake-bite is full of superstition and devoid of common sense. Charms and the repetition of muntrums are relied upon implicitly with the application of the snake-stone, which is a porous substance of the nature of pumice-stone or calcined bone. It is supposed to draw out the poison if bandaged tightly upon the wound. If the patient dies after these remedies, it is considered that his death is the fulfilment of the will of the gods, and what is written by them cannot be effaced by man from the book of fate.

The natives believe that a snake hears and sees with its eyes only, and that it cannot do both at once. If it

listens it is blind. If it uses its eyes it is deaf to all sounds. The snake charmer plays his pipes by the side of the white ants' nest, where the cobra has its lodging. It hears the strains of music in the dark cell and is attracted by the sweet sounds. Still listening it issues from its hole, blind to the presence of its hereditary enemy, man. The music draws it until it is within reach of his grasp. Then comes the rude awakening with returning sight. It is seized by the neck too close to the head for it to turn and bite. Its fangs are drawn and its poison-bags destroyed. The warm dry cell in the ants' nest is exchanged for the cold draughty prison-basket, and the unhappy snake meets with an ignoble end in an unequal fight with the snake charmer's pet mongoose. Sympathy is surely with the music-loving serpent!

The snake charmers are clever in their handling of the snakes and seldom get bitten. They are supposed to render themselves immune to the poison by inoculation. Nevertheless, they prove vulnerable sometimes. A snake charmer, who practised the trade of conjuring as well, was bitten by one of his own cobras and died from the effects. It transpired that the man was intoxicated at the time. He was handling his pet carelessly and must have hurt it somehow.

Natives divide the ophidia into castes. They use the four original divisions which were applied to themselves—Brahmin, Kshattriya, Vaisya, and Sudra. They believe that the snakes observe their caste distinctions as rigidly as human beings; and that they never break their caste by interbreeding, or by sharing the same hole with one of lower caste. The cobra and the bis-cobra, the most dangerous of the hamadryads, are of Brahmin caste. The bis-cobra prefers the jungle to the cantonment, which is fortunate for the gardener, as it is said to be of rare courage, and will act on the offensive at the very

commencement of its acquaintance with man. It does not wait to be hurt or even insulted before it attacks. With those corkscrew coils it will pursue at a pace that needs a good sprinter to keep his distance. I once met a man who had been so chased. There was one moment which he had no desire to live over again, and that was when he was in doubt as to whether he was gaining on the snake or the snake was gaining on him. If it had been the latter, it is unlikely that he would have lived to tell the story. The natives believe that if the bis-cobra is cut in two, a head will grow on the tail half and a tail will grow on the head half, so that there will be two snakes instead of one.

Thousands of people die in India every year from snake bite. The mark of the fangs upon the flesh is sufficient evidence to prove the cause of death. They are not difficult to make artificially. Poisoners are well aware of this, and the serpent bears the blame of much evil that might with justice be charged to man.

Visitors to India make no special study beforehand of the conditions of life in the Tropics. They are under a vague impression that the country abounds in tigers and snakes, and that both these terrors will haunt their footsteps at every turn. They look for a cobra sitting erect and combative upon the doorstep with its hood spread, and they expect to hear a tiger roaring in the distant jungle beyond the confines of the cantonment. I went through a quarter of a century in India without seeing one of the royal beasts at large; and the snakes I have encountered might be numbered on my fingers. Yet in a place like Trichinopoly the cobras are never far off and may be easily found.

A visitor who had been in the country for a few months expressed his disappointment at not having seen a snake. I undertook to gratify his curiosity at once. It was

a moonlight night, and I led him towards a depression in the compound which a recent shower had temporarily filled with water. Treading softly, and on my part very gingerly, we approached the edge of the water. He had the satisfaction of seeing a snake that was frog-hunting glide away into the swamp.

The enemy of all snakes is the eagle. In England it is a rare sight to see one soaring and wheeling overhead, with outspread wings that never seem to beat the air. Alive or dead it fetches a high price. In India it is not worth the expense of powder and shot. It is as common as the crow, although not quite so much in evidence. The eagle tribe, including kites and vultures, spends its time in the dazzling blue overhead, where it is invisible to the human eye. I have watched the sky over the barracks in the morning, when the meat rations were being served out. No sooner did the barrows of beef and mutton appear, than flocks of circling birds came into sight as if by magic. They were chiefly the brown species, the true kite and the Brahminy kite, which last is more correctly an eagle. I have also seen the hideous vulture, distinguishable by its bare red neck that gives it the appearance of being half plucked for roasting. It has a bold sinister eye when it alights, and it shows no fear at the presence of man, scarcely taking the trouble to stalk away at his approach, Its disgusting predilection for carrion should fill it with shame, and cause it to sneak away like the jackal; instead of which it will swoop down upon a bit of flesh only a few yards from your feet with the impudence of the crow.

The eagle tribe is furnished with terrible claws which are curved and of great length. It strikes its living prey with its feet, and the cruel claws dig deep into the soft flesh, penetrating the vital organs and causing death by internal hæmorrhage. With the snake the claws are less successful, and the reptile is not so easily dispatched. The

bird carries it to a great height and lets it fall to the ground, dropping itself close behind it. The snake is a tender-bodied creature, with a delicate backbone that is readily broken by the stroke of a slight cane. A fall from a height paralyses it, if it does not kill it outright, and the snake is eaten before it has time to recover consciousness.

It is strange that the Hindus should hold sacred the natural enemy of the snake. The Brahminy kite is sacred to Vishnu, and is known among them by the name of Garuda. Like the snake it is honoured by a kind of pujah which consists chiefly of feeding it. Pieces of meat are thrown into the air with the repetition of muntrums, and it is believed that Vishnu will reward the good action. Garuda is the emblem of the infinite. Its constant movement in a circle is symbolical of eternity. The sight of a Brahminy kite in the morning, especially if the day be Sunday, brings good luck. Many a Hindu takes the trouble to walk some distance to a spot where he is certain to see the bird so that he may be sure of good fortune.

It is one of the handsomest, though smallest, of all eagles. Its plumage is a glossy chestnut with white on the breast, neck, and head. The wings are pointed with black, which enhances the rich tawny colouring of its back. It is the only eagle whose size and appearance commends it as a possible pet. It might make itself useful as well as ornamental by killing the snakes in the compound, as the cat earns its living by destroying the mice in the house. Appearances are deceitful, however; there is something about the beautiful Brahminy kite which renders it impossible as a pet. Being of the same carnivorous mind as the vulture, it smells if anything a little worse than the Cooum River.

The note of the bird is a plaintive cry with a trembling at the end of it, as though it were on the point of bursting

into tears. Its articulation is 'kiang,' with the prolongation of the last syllable. In the days of the gods Garuda served as a steed for Vishnu. In addition to this duty it did the washing for the deity, and continued its service up to the advent of the kali-yuga, one of the Brahminical ages.

With the coming of the kali-yuga, the world entered on an iron age of misery and misrule. A great upheaval of the Universe took place, and there was a terrible flood. All mankind perished except Manu and the seven holy men known as the Rishis. They were saved with their wives, Vishnu himself piloting them on the face of the deep. The waters subsided in time, and the earth was repeopled by the children of the Rishis. When the holy men died they were fixed in the firmament as the seven stars in the constellation of Ursa major. Their wives are to be seen in the Pleiades.

One day Garuda departed to the tank as usual with the week's wash. During his absence the kali-yuga dawned, and the whole face of the Universe was altered. When he returned he was utterly bewildered by the change that had taken place. He searched everywhere, but he could find no trace of his deity; the gods were gone from the earth for ever.

He still flies about in his fruitless search, calling for his god and carrying the clothes round his neck, as any Hindu can see who looks at the bird. His melancholy distressed cry for Vishnu will never cease. If he found the god he would not recognise him, for in the awful birth of the kali-yuga Vishnu himself was changed from white to black.

CHAPTER XXIV

CUDDALORE AND PONDICHERRY

Beware of becoming attached to any country which is not your own, or of serving any master who is a foreigner; and leave a guru, who can do you no good.—Sloka.

On the Coromandel Coast is an old seaport town called Cuddalore. It is in the district of South Arcot, about a hundred miles south of Madras. Near it a river runs out into the sea over a broad shallow bed full of sandbanks; and the sea breaks upon the shore with a violence that has proved more than once an effectual protection to the town when enemies have attempted to land.

The locality is full of interest. The ground round Cuddalore has been bathed in the blood of Europeans and natives, shed during the many struggles that took place for supremacy. The contests, in which Europeans took a part, began at an early date in the history of British India. The first conflict arose over two officers belonging to the Company's garrison. They were taken prisoners by the reigning Rajah of the district and carried off to Gingee, an old fortress inland that figures often in the history of South Arcot. The outcome of the incident was a collision between the Company's troops and the army of the Rajah. It was a novel experience for the Europeans. They went out in regular formation, armed with pikes and guns. The army that opposed them was composed of a rabble mob, wearing no uniform and

carrying a motly variety of weapons—bows and arrows, Elizabethan blunderbusses, curved Oriental swords, daggers, lances, and loaded staves. This disorderly crew rushed upon the enemy with yells and screams. Each man acted on the initiative, without any regard to his companions or to his leader. The manœuvres of the army seemed to be comprehended in the one word, 'Charge!' The English withstood the charge, and were left masters of the field with two officers and a dozen of the rank and file killed. The enemy lost a hundred and fifty killed (1711).

Barely half a century after the founding of Fort St. George at Madras the Company's servants decided that a settlement was desirable at or near Cuddalore. The cotton materials manufactured in the villages of South Arcot were greatly in demand at that period in Europe, and commanded a good price. They were not procurable in Madras, and could only be bought at Cuddalore, Porto Novo, and Pondicherry. An attempt was made to open a factory at Porto Novo, but it failed. The French were in possession at Pondicherry, which town they purchased from the native ruler (1672). The Dutch had established themselves in premises which they rented at Cuddalore. The attempt to hire a similar block of buildings in Cuddalore that might be adapted proved ineffectual, owing to Dutch jealousy and intrigue, and the English were obliged to look elsewhere. In their search they discovered an old disused fort near the mouth of the river, on the opposite bank to Cuddalore, but further down.

The fort had been built by a rich Hindu merchant named Chinnia for the purpose of trade. When Aurungzebe advanced southward intent on conquering the whole Peninsula the Hindu merchant gathered together his family and his treasure and sailed away. The fort was left empty and deserted. The reigning Rajah was ready

to sell to the foreigner that which was neither his own property nor of any use to him. Elihu Yale was Governor of Fort St. George at the time. He quickly came to terms, and entered into possession forthwith in the name of the Company (1689). He gave it the title of Fort St. David, whether after his own Welsh patron saint or after the little son whom he had so lately lost history does not say.

It was conveniently situated, being out of sight of the Dutch and having a waterway connection with the sea by means of the river which washed the fortifications. In addition to the buildings and earthworks, the English purchased the land on which they stood. The extent of the settlement was to be decided by the firing of 'random shott' from a cannon, a truly Oriental method, which still obtains in the north among the frontier tribes. When the wild tribesman was asked why he was so eager to obtain the latest pattern of rifle, being already in possession of a good weapon, he replied: 'Surely the Sahib knows that by this means alone can we enlarge our village boundaries.'

There was some excitement in the gunroom at Fort St. George when the order was received for the gun of the longest range and for the best gunner to be sent to Fort St. David. The range of the different guns was tested, and a careful selection made. The chosen cannon was despatched by sea with the most expert gunner. The cannon-balls were thrown out from the ramparts in a semicircle from north to south and carefully marked down. The line included some villages and intersected others. One wonders how the villagers liked this method of demarcation for themselves as well as their wandering cattle and goats. No complaint is recorded as having been made, so it may be presumed that no casualties occurred. The villages thus obtained are known to this

day as 'the cannon-ball villages.' The origin of the trouble between the English and natives, which resulted in the first battle, occurred through those divided villages. The Rajah demanded rent and kist for the portions that belonged properly to the English. The matter was finally settled by the purchase of the whole by the Company.

The boundary line was marked by the planting of a hedge some thirty feet wide. The fortifications were repaired; warehouses, dwellings, and barracks were built, and the earthworks were tunnelled to make powder-chambers and store go-downs for merchandise. The buildings have disappeared, but the earthworks remain. They are described thus in the Manual: 'The curious little barrack-yard with the wretched casemates where the European soldiers were quartered, and some of the subterranean Roman ways, alluded to by Orme, are in good preservation. The latter seem to have gone completely round the fort under the glacis, and to have formed a means of communication for the garrison; while at short intervals other little galleries, running off at right angles and terminating in powder-chambers, served as mines. At the south-east corner of the fort the gallery ran down to the water's edge.'

The river is a sleepy backwater near the fort; but inland it forms an important watercourse. At a certain time in the year the torrent rushes down from the Mysore plateau in a great body, sweeping everything before it. Occasionally the bridges of both road and railway are carried away. The flood comes suddenly and may catch the unwary dhoby asleep on the sands. At such a time he has to run for his life, with barely time to snatch at his money and jewels hidden in the sand by his pillow. When the river is not in flood, it is a peaceful stream that meanders over the gleaming yellow sands like a blue ribbon. Buffaloes wallow in its shining pools, and the

dhobies spread their white garments to dry on the warm sand of its bed. Fishermen wade waist-deep in the stream and cast their nets with inimitable skill. The shoals of small fish look like living bits of silver as they are drawn out of the water. They are of a muddy flavour, but much sought after by the natives for curry. Gulls fly over the surface of the pools with melancholy cry. Sandpipers run over the shining mudbanks lower down, where the water is brackish and where the reeds grow, and tiny sunbirds flaunt their metallic tints in the brilliant sunshine on the banks.

There had been a 'wash-out,' as the railway people familiarly term a flood, a short time before I paid a visit to Cuddalore. The road bridge, a fine erection with many arches, had been broken in the centre and the heavy masonry piers partly demolished. Enormous blocks of stone and brickwork were found some distance down the bed when the waters abated, showing how great had been the strength of the flood. On my way from the station I had to cross in a boat, as there had not been time to repair the bridge.

In one of these floods a passenger train on the South Indian Railway was feeling its way along the line in the hands of a careful European driver. He arrived at one of the bridges. The water, breaking all former records, was just beginning to flow over the top. As his engine passed on to it he felt a strange trembling of the structure. It was the work of a moment to reverse the engine and back off. No sooner did he regain the embankment than the bridge was carried away with a dull roar of crumbling masonry, and the river rushed on its way unimpeded by arch or pier; it was a narrow escape for the unconscious passengers.

When I visited the fort it was nothing but a group of deserted mounds, overgrown with coarse grass and those

tough milky-juiced plants that come under the order of *Euphorbiaceæ*. The juice is sticky to touch and acrid to taste. The name is said to have been derived from Euphorbus, a physician to Juba, King of Mauritania. If the character of the man of medicine was in keeping with the character of the plant, he must have been an extremely disagreeable person. The black goats do not seem to object to the Euphorbia. They poke their long noses in among the plants and emerge chewing. Whether they eat the objectionable plants or find something more palatable underneath I cannot say.

On the glacis of the fort facing the river a bungalow had been built. It was occupied by the European missionary. Fortunately for himself he was away in the district a good deal; otherwise he must have felt the loneliness of the situation. Trees have been planted and a garden laid out round the house. Beyond the compound boundary the vegetation is rough and thorny. There is an old piece of the fort wall near the bungalow which has been utilised as a support for steps down to the river. The desire to explore is strong, but the thought of snakes kills the desire at its birth. If any warning is necessary it may be found in the monument put up by Dr. Busteed, C.I.E., to the memory of his little dog Nettle. The dog was bitten by a snake among the ruins.

In its palmiest days the fort was never strong; and it was too small for the force that was required to protect the property of the Company at Cuddalore. There was no room for enlargement or further strengthening. As long as attacks from natives only were expected, it sufficed; but when the French, under Lally, brought their guns to bear upon it (1758) it easily fell into their hands. The best of the troops had been withdrawn to protect the interests of the Company in Bengal under the leadership of Clive, and the remnant left to garrison the

fort were for the most part invalids, veterans, and pensioners.

The French settlement of Pondicherry is on the coast, a few miles north of Cuddalore. This town and Cuddalore were made the unfortunate objects of retaliation between the two nations. When Lally took Fort St. David he gave the inhabitants three days to clear out, and then blew up the place with gunpowder, destroying three gateways and making breaches in the ramparts. A few years later the English took Pondicherry (1761). They revenged themselves for the demolition of their fort by razing the French town to the ground by the same means. It was done under the direction of Josiah Dupré. Mr. Garstin says in the Manual of South Arcot that according to Voltaire, Dupré was the grandson of a Frenchman, who was a refugee after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When one of the Roman Catholic priests remonstrated with Dupré and accused him of severity, his reply was to the effect that Lally had given the inhabitants of Fort St. David only three days to turn out, whereas he had given the people of Pondicherry three months.

Between the fort and the Company's garden-house was a room built by the Danish missionaries, and used for a school during the week and for services on Sunday. It stood in a garden, and on the top of the roof was a little cross. Some Roman Catholic fugitives took refuge in the room, hoping that they might be spared, as they were of the same religion as the conquerors. The French were told that the chapel was a Protestant building, and that the refugees were not Roman Catholics. Without further inquiry they set fire to it and burned it to the ground, their native allies cutting the unfortunate people to pieces as they tried to escape.

With the proclamation of peace the damaged towns of Pondicherry and Fort St. David were restored to their

respective owners. Fort St. David was repaired to a certain extent, but a great portion of it was too much injured to be capable of restoration. Pondicherry was rebuilt on lines laid down by the ambitious Governor, Dupleix, which would have made it the handsomest city in India. Sonnerat, the naturalist and friend of Buffon, was there at the time. He speaks of the beauty of the new town that rose on the ashes of the old Pondicherry, and says that it surpassed anything that had yet been seen on the Coromandel Coast. It was barely completed when war broke out again. Under the plea of assisting Haider Ali, the French appeared before Fort St. David and Cuddalore town, where the English had entrenched themselves as well as in the fort. The English made a counter attack on Pondicherry. They took the new town and utterly destroyed it (1778). It cost them a large sum of money to demolish the handsome buildings, and one cannot but regret the necessity of its destruction. The French captured Fort St. David for the second time (1782), and in return for what the English had done to their town they completed the work of demolition and left the fort a heap of ruins beyond possibility of repair. Then came peace with the usual restitution of property.

For the third time war broke out, and Pondicherry was again taken (1793). It was, however, a very different town, poor and insignificant compared with its short-lived predecessor. It was occupied by British troops for some years, and restored to the French at the signing of the treaty of peace in 1816.

Perhaps the most cruel of all the acts of the French was the handing over to Haider Ali of a large number of English officers and men—soldiers and sailors—taken by the French Admiral Suffrein in a sea fight off Cuddalore. It must have been known by that time what kind of fate they would meet with at the hands of Haider. They were marched on

foot in the heat of June from Cuddalore to Seringapatam, their wounds undressed and their supply of food and water utterly inadequate. At Seringapatam they were put into irons, the officers fettered indiscriminately to some of the roughest and coarsest of their men. Their scanty food was of the very worst kind. Many succumbed to their inhuman treatment as Haider intended that they should. The remnant that survived were released in 1785, after three years of terrible suffering, with others who had been taken prisoners many years previously. The wonder is that they had strength to live through such an ordeal. Nearly all were naked when they were released, and many of the earlier prisoners had long been given up as dead.

Among other treasures lost in the destruction of the second Pondicherry was a fine collection of natural history specimens made by Sonnerat. He had travelled as far as New Guinea for the purpose of forming the collection, and had brought it to Pondicherry to be shipped to Paris. Pennant, in his 'Eastern Hindoostan,' relates a curious incident connected with this collection. He says: 'On January, the first, 1779, the *Deux Amis*, a small French Indiaman, was wrecked near my house. Among other letters found in it was one from M. Sonnerat, containing a sum total of all the plants, animals, birds, &c., which he had collected, and full of exultation in his good fortune. I lent it to a friend, who took it into his head to forward it by post to Le Jardin de Roy [at Paris] as an insult on the French nation, and so [he] deprived me of what I should have esteemed an interesting piece of history.'

Lally's fate was sad, and calculated to raise pity even in the breast of his enemies. He was recalled to France and tried for mismanagement of the campaign. He was imprisoned, and finally beheaded. When he heard the sentence he threw up his hands in despair, demanding of

his judges if this was to be his treatment after forty-five years of faithful service for his nation in the East. He broke out into imprecation and abuse of the men who had passed the sentence. It was of no avail. He was led to the scaffold, and, lest he should address the people on his way there and endeavour to enlist their sympathy on his behalf, he was gagged and bound.

Dupleix, the Governor of Pondicherry, a man of unbounded ambition, and who would undoubtedly have become the master of the Coromandel Coast had he been properly supported, suffered from the ingratitude of his superiors. He was recalled, and his place was taken by a man who was utterly incapable of standing at the helm in such troublous times. Poverty and disgrace were his reward, and we may surmise a broken heart as well.

It was at Fort St. David that Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, was taken prisoner. He belonged to the garrison when the fort was in the hands of the French. The English attacked it under General Stuart. The garrison made a sortie, and he was one of the party sent out. Bernadotte had a romantic career, although he was himself of an unromantic turn of mind. He was the son of a French lawyer of Pau, and was destined by his father to follow the law. A spirit of adventure prompted him to run away and enlist. He went to India, and became a sergeant in the Regiment of Acquitaine. In the sortie he was wounded as well as taken prisoner. The commandant of the Hanoverian regiment, Colonel Wagenheim, took a fancy to him and invited him into his own camp, where he treated him with great kindness. When he had recovered from his wound Bernadotte was released in exchange for English prisoners. He rejoined the French army and rose rapidly from the ranks. When only twenty-eight years old he was made a colonel, and a year later he was put in command of a brigade. He distin-

guished himself at Austerlitz and was created Prince of Ponte Corvo.

When he entered Hanover with the victorious French troops under Napoleon he met his host of Cuddalore days at the levée. He recognised Colonel Wagenheim and greeted him warmly, repeating his expressions of gratitude for the kindness shown to the unknown French sergeant.

At this time Sweden was full of trouble, which involved the loss of Finland (1809). A year later Europe was electrified by a request from the heirless Charles XIII., backed by the Diet, that Marshal Bernadotte might be made heir to the throne. The honour was accepted, and he was given the title of Prince Charles John of Sweden. He was not idle in his exalted position. Through the force of his arms Norway was conquered and came under the Swedish crown. There it remained until recently, when by a bloodless revolution the monarchy of Norway was restored. Bernadotte arranged the constitution of the government of the two kingdoms under one ruler (1814–5), and when Charles XIII. died the French Marshal was crowned king as Charles XIV. He married Désirée Clery, a lady of the same family from which General Cornelius Francis Clery was descended. Henry Clery, the great uncle of the General, migrated to France, where he entered into the wine trade at Marseilles. One of his daughters married Joseph Buonaparte and became Queen of Spain. The other was Désirée, and she was the grandmother of the present King of Sweden. It is said that Désirée refused the great Napoleon when he was a young and unknown officer in the French army.

The house in which I stayed was the old garden or factory house of the Company. Originally it was without an upper storey. The walls were seven feet thick and the roof domed so as to render it bomb-proof. Lord Valentia mentioned it in his 'Travels.' He went through South

India just after the country had come under the rule of the Company.

The natives never quite understood what was meant by that mysterious Board of Directors on the other side of the globe. When Lord Valentia came to India they were under the impression that the Company was an old woman and that the Governor-General was one of her numerous family. The arrival of the noble traveller was announced to the Vizier of Oude as 'The Lord Wellesley's sister's son and the grandson of Mrs. Company.' Lord Valentia wrote thus of the Garden House: 'The factory house is a chaste piece of architecture built by my relative, Diamond Pitt, when this was the chief station of the British on the Coromandel Coast. It has a noble portico, and had a terraced roof that pleased Mr. Lally so much that he carried it away to Pondicherry.'

If the house was built by Pitt it is probable that he laid out the garden as well. He was a great gardener, and frequently mentioned his horticultural experiments in his letters home. As I wandered among the flowers with my kind hostess I thought of the redoubtable old 'Pirate Pitt,' as he was once termed by the Company before he became their zealous servant. At the time when he directed the familiar mâli, or Molly, as some people call the garden coolie, the forest was close to the house and required cutting away. When cleared of jungle the soil was good and only needed water to be productive. From his letters we learn that vegetable-seeds were sent out from England. Country ships brought plants and seeds from China and the Straits. Men like Sonnerat, Bulkley, Anderson, Roxburgh, and Jerdon were always ready to help in experimental agri- and horticulture.

We dined in the large central room over which there are now a drawing-room and bedrooms. The story was told of how the French surprised some English soldiers,

who with their officers were quartered in the house. They were taken prisoners, disarmed, and placed under a guard. The Frenchmen then proceeded to explore the building. They discovered a quantity of Madeira and brandy in the storeroom and forthwith refreshed themselves. Half an hour later they were all completely intoxicated, including the guard that had been set over the prisoners. One of the Englishmen managed to free himself from the rope with which he had been bound and set his companions free. They recovered their weapons and took their captors prisoners, disarming them in their turn, and tying their hands. As soon as the Frenchmen were sober enough to walk, they were marched off to the fort, where they were held as prisoners until they were exchanged.

There is another and more gruesome story of the assassination of seventeen Frenchmen in the dining-room by the English. It was said by the native servants that the ghost of one of these men walked, but I could not hear that the spectre had shown himself to any European.

The old town of Cuddalore is about a mile from the fort. The factory and warehouses of the Company were fine buildings, and a great number of troops were crowded into the barracks. One of the streets is named after Clive. It was the scene of a quarrel between Clive and Fordyce, the chaplain, who for some reason had abused the other behind his back. The words were uttered in the house of a Dr. Belsches who lived in the street; they were repeated to Clive, and he gave his traducer a thrashing just outside the house. Fordyce complained to the council, and an explanation was demanded. When both sides had been heard the council blamed Fordyce and reprimanded him. He was annoyed at their hostile attitude and left the council chamber with disrespectful remarks, for which they suspended him. Clive was

exonerated from all blame in the matter. It was in Fort St. David that the gambling incident occurred when Clive refused to pay losses which he averred were due to cheating on the part of the men who were playing with him.

When the wars were ended the barracks at Cuddalore were used for the Invalid Battalion. Here the old soldiers of the Company found rest from their labours. They 'married into the country' and lived comfortably on their pensions. There were Hanoverians and Swiss as well as English. When the De Meuron Regiment of Swiss mercenaries was disbanded many of the men went into the Company's Coast Artillery. Like the English, they married the women of the country, as the register books testify, and settled there permanently.

It was at Cuddalore that Forjett (or Forgett), the man who saved Bombay from disaster in the Mutiny, was educated as a boy. His father was a pensioner. He died and left his boy to the care of an old friend and comrade named Hillier, who sent the child to the barrack school. It was a good school, and had a reputation for giving its pupils a better education than was to be obtained from others of the same class in India. Forjett profited by it, being of a studious disposition. General Conway happened to be passing through Cuddalore and remembering Hillier, who had served under him, he went to look up his old sergeant-major. There he saw young Forjett. The appearance of the boy pleased him, and he offered to take him to Bombay, where he was going, and to find an appointment of some kind for him. Hillier accepted the offer gratefully, and shortly afterwards Forjett entered the police service at Bombay. He rose in course of time to a high position in the force. Douglas, in his 'Western India,' tells the story at length of how Bombay was saved from the horrors that overtook other towns through the

promptness and foresight of Forjett. He was the prototype of Kipling's 'Strickland Sahib,' the man who could speak the language and assume the garb of a native without detection. It came to Forjett's ears that the sepoys were holding seditious meetings at a certain house in the town belonging to a native. The officers of the regiment, like many others similarly situated, were not only unsuspicious, but they reposed absolute faith in their men. To convince them that they were wrong, Forjett arranged that they should overhear what passed at one of these meetings. The result was that timely arrests were made and the town was saved. The merchants and tradesmen of Bombay recognised their indebtedness to Forjett and showed their gratitude by the gift of a substantial sum of money.

The town of Cuddalore, that once hummed with military life and shook at the cannon's roar, has sunk into quietude. It has its bazaar with stalls of vegetables and meat, shops of brass, copper, and tin ware of rough country make, a 'Europe goods' emporium, where ribbons, sardines, cheap looking-glasses, &c., may be bought, and its toddy shops. Groups of placid natives haggle and bargain as though time had no value. Marriage processions pass through the streets, and the dead are carried out to the burial-ground. Over all shines the wonderful tropical sun, turning the yellow sand to gold and the whitewashed walls to gleaming marble. In the azure of the sky, Garuda circles, calling for his deity as his eye is cast earthwards in search of a meal. Happily there is no battlefield with stricken horse and bullock to bring him down and tempt him to forget his sorrows in the terrible feast.

A few tough old pensioners occupy the bungalows in the old town that were once the residences of the English officers. They find recreation in fishing, and in an

occasional spree when they brew trouble for themselves. The race will die out, but their reputation will last long after the old fellows are gone. The memory of the wars of a century or more ago is green among the natives of the south, and they have a wholesome respect for the British soldier. When he is drunk they fear him more than a little. The uproarious laugh that follows the joke as he strolls along with a boon-companion is a sure sign to the timid Hindu that Tommy Atkins has had too much of the fiery arrack in the toddy shop.

There was an old pensioner at Trichinopoly who occasionally found himself in trouble. He used to send to the chaplain praying him to come and extricate him from his difficulties. He had a Eurasian nephew who tried to keep the old man in order by hiding his trousers. On recovery from one of his 'sprees,' as he called them, he wrote a pitiful letter begging for an old suit. His disrespectful nephew had deprived him of his clothes, and he was 'left in a condition not fit for a gentleman. It was impossible to walk abroad like a dirty Mohammedan in pyjamas.'

A pair of white ducks was sent, and a day or two later a visit was paid to the old Irishman. He was repentant and excused himself on the score of having received his pension. He had had a few glasses of drink, and feeling rather merry and light-hearted, he had fastened a brass pot round his neck with a bit of string, and had played a little tune on it with the door-key. As he walked along the bazaar, sure, he thought he would give 'em a bit of song to cheer 'em up. But the natives had got no music under their black skins. They took offence at his song, and the police locked him up. When he had paid his fine and had gone home his rascally nephew took away his trousers. His reverence really must speak to the boy seriously. It was not the proper way to treat his old uncle.

'Sure, sir, there was not the leastest bit of harrum in the song at all, at all. It was a very good song, all about ould Oireland. I'll just sing you a verse of it that you may see for yerself.'

A Eurasian boy in the school at Trichinopoly thus described the British soldier in an essay:

'The soldier has to learn how to fight and how to shoot and how to drill. He works all the morning in the guard-room. When he is not on duty, he and five other soldiers take a carriage and drive round the town. This is their favourite amusement. They stop many times to drink, and at the end of the afternoon they are quite drunk. Then they fight the natives in the bazaar until the police take them away. It takes many police-peons to catch and hold them. Ten peons on each side are hardly sufficient for one English soldier when he is drunk. When his time is up in this country he returns to England and is made a lord.'

CHAPTER XXV

GINGEE AND ITS GHOST.

The quality of gold is known by means of the touchstone; the strength of a bull is known by the weight it will carry; the character of a man is known by his sayings; but there is no means by which we can know the thoughts of a woman.—SLOKA.

GINGEE, the old rock fortress of North Arcot, is not as easy of access as towns like Cuddalore and Pondicherry, which stand upon lines of railway. It is, therefore, not visited by the ordinary tourist. The Government official who goes through the district with his servants and tents has an opportunity of seeing it in the performance of his duty. Mr. Henry Sewell, with whom I was staying, had just returned from one of his periodical tours. His wife had accompanied him, and she had much to say about the old fort that was of interest.

The fortifications extend over three rocky hills that are in close proximity to each other. Being perched up on high, the fort has not suffered such terrible things at the hands of its enemies as Fort St. David, which stands on level ground. Gingee was once a place of great strength; it was the home of the ancestors of Sivajee, but not his birthplace, as has sometimes been stated. As early as the year 1382 it was a stronghold of importance. The date of its foundation is not known; it is conjectured that it was built early in the fourteenth century. There is a legend connected with the event which ascribes the

foundation to a worthy Naick of Conjeeverum, a town some forty-five miles distant, on the plain of the Coromandel Coast.

This Naick, whose name was Tupakala, was a devout follower of Vishnu. He possessed a garden which he tended with love and care. The flowers grew and bloomed luxuriantly. Being a worshipper at the temple of Conjeeverum, he dedicated his garden to the deity Varada Rajah Swami, the pig incarnation of Vishnu. Every blossom that arrived at perfection without blight from insects or weather he presented at the shrine. One day his servants came to him in terror with the news that a boar of enormous size had entered the enclosure and was rooting up the plants. The Naick called for his bow and arrows, and hurried to the scene of devastation. His garden was well-nigh destroyed. In furious anger he chased the mischievous beast from one corner to another, shooting his arrows at it, which it always succeeded in evading. Finally it escaped unhurt from the garden, and went off towards the jungle. The Naick was determined to kill it lest it should return and renew its depredations. He followed closely at its heels and it led him into the jungle. He kept pace with it, and whenever he had an opportunity he discharged an arrow. Every time, however, he drew his bow, in some mysterious manner the beast escaped injury.

At length the pursued and pursuer reached the hills at Gingee. The boar ran up the hill on which the temple now stands; the Naick followed closely. Suddenly a cleft appeared in the rock and the boar entered. As it did so its shape changed, and Tupakala found himself in the presence of his deity. The god informed him that he had assumed the shape of the animal and ravaged his garden to test his fidelity. He had purposely led him to this spot that he might point out to his faithful follower

a place where he desired a temple to be raised in his honour. It was to be dedicated to him as Varada Rajah Swami, the pig avatar or incarnation of Vishnu.

The Naick prostrated himself and expressed his willingness to execute the order of the swami. At the same time he explained that excepting his beloved garden and beautiful flowers he possessed no riches. It would cost money to build a temple such as would be worthy of the diety. Vishnu directed him to pay a visit to an ascetic, who was living on one of the hills close by.

This ascetic had spent his life in searching for the wonderful plant that has the same property as the philosopher's stone, of turning certain objects into pure gold. He had discovered the plant and brought it home to his hermitage on the rock. The leaves required boiling, and a holy man had to be thrown into the infusion, when he would instantly be changed into gold. While the ascetic pondered on the means of procuring a holy man for his experiment the Naick appeared, and told him of his adventure and the commission which the swami had charged him with. The hermit said nothing, but he divined from the incidents that had occurred that Tupakala must be a devout worshipper of the deity and a holy man. He determined to make the experiment at once with the wonder-working plant and sacrifice his visitor. Bidding the Naick be seated, he built up a fire and prepared the infusion. As soon as it should boil it was his intention to seize the stranger and plunge him into the caldron.

As the Naick sat by the fire the evil that was in the mind of the ascetic became known to him. He closely watched the water in the pot. At the very first sign of seething he took hold of the ascetic and cast him into the infusion. The water closed over him, and as Tupakala watched he saw the body turn to a bright yellow. He poured away the liquid and cut off a limb. It was of

pure gold and solid throughout, a heavy bar of the precious metal.

He passed the night in the hermit's cave, and at sunrise he rose and looked at the golden figure to see if it were really true or only a dream. There was the body shining in the rays of the newly risen sun, and wonderful to relate the arm had grown again. Here was an inexhaustible source of wealth, and the Naick made good use of it. He built the temple and the great fort that subsequently became one of the most important strongholds in South India. When the building was finished and the treasury filled to overflowing, the wonderful image of gold, whole and unblemished, was thrown into the tank inside the fort, where it is said to be still lying.

Gingee passed from the hands of one ruler to another, and then was captured by that prince of robbers and freebooters, Sivajee, who held it for twenty-two years, and who put in a Mahratta Rajah as Governor. It was about this period that the two English officers were carried off from Fort St. David and imprisoned there. Aurungzebe's troops wrested it from the Mahratta Prince (1698) and occupied it for a time. The French attacked and took it in 1750, but it proved very unhealthy for the Europeans. During the eleven years that it remained in their possession they lost twelve hundred men out of the garrison. It was taken by the English (1761), since which date it has been without a garrison. The fort has one of those horrible places of torture such as found favour with Oriental rulers in the old days, and would be used again were European influence removed. That at Gingee is in the form of a huge boulder which has a natural well-like hollow. Into this living tomb prisoners were lowered to die of starvation. There is a similar kind of oubliette at Trichinopoly in the form of a cleft of considerable depth in the living rock. No one who was lowered into the

cleft could get out without assistance. It is terrible to think of the deeds done in those days by men who knew no pity. Mutilation, the cutting off of hands, tongue, nose, and ears were ordinary means of punishment for the lesser crimes of thieving and lying. Impaling, starvation, and imprisonment in places unsuited to human health and life were the reward of the greater crimes. Manucci, the Venetian doctor who was at the court of Aurungzebe for many years, mentions them. He treated many patients whose noses had been cut off, and gave them substitutes for the lost member by peeling down a portion of the flesh of the forehead and fashioning it into the semblance of a nose. He speaks with some satisfaction of the success of his efforts, and says that the result was good and the disfigurement much lessened. It is as well that the hoary old rocks cannot relate what they have seen and heard. Their tales would make the blood run cold.

The natives believe that ghosts and demons haunt the deserted fortress. Mr. and Mrs. Sewell were in camp for several days at the foot of the Gingee rock. At night as soon as it was dark strange sounds came from the direction of the fort. They were like the cries of some forsaken creature left to starve and die in the prisoners' well on the rock. The camp servants declared that they were the cries of ghosts and devils. Being of a practical turn of mind Mrs. Sewell received their assurances with scepticism. The peons were disturbed that the mistress should think that they were telling 'lie-words,' and to prove the truth of their statements they brought an old man from the village to support them in their story.

He had a terrible tale to relate. Many years ago when he was a boy his grandfather went up the rock one afternoon alone to search for treasure. While the sun was above the horizon he was safe, but the moment it touched the earth and disappeared every evil spirit awoke

in its full strength and power. His grandfather, absorbed in his task, did not notice how the light was fading, and he was overtaken by darkness in the midst of his search. The old man remembered how they listened and watched for him as night came on with its tropical swiftness, growing more anxious each minute that passed. Suddenly a horrible shriek fell upon their ears. It was followed by cries such as might still be heard after dark. All night they listened and watched, not daring to climb the rock, their blood curdled by the screams of the demons. It was not until the sun was well above the horizon that they ventured to look for the old treasure-seeker. They found him dead with every bone in his body broken, and his features mangled and crushed beyond recognition. It was evident, quite evident, said the ancient villager, what had happened. His grandfather had encountered the evil spirit that guarded the treasure, and it had killed him.

The cries were to be heard every night while Mrs. Sewell was there. They were uncanny and could not be accounted for. Jackals abounded, but no jackal could have shrieked in that manner. Their cry is unmistakable. Neither did the sounds come from a leopard nor from a tiger or wild cat. The peons were triumphant with their ghost and devil theory since no other solution could be suggested for the mystery.

Some months later Mrs. Sewell was travelling by rail towards the hills. She had to change at a certain station. Suddenly she was startled by the sound of a cry. 'The Gingee ghost!' she exclaimed.

Led by the uncanny wailing she went in search of the demon. Standing on the platform, half hidden by a pile of luggage and fruit-baskets, was a cage containing a couple of baby hyænas. The mystery was solved and the demons stood revealed. In later years I heard that self-same cry on the Nilgiri hills below Dodabetta. It was a

weird scream of a nature to suggest a devilish origin. Remembering the story of the Gingee ghost, however, I was able to assure the timid servants that it was not a devil.

Natives believe that evil spirits assume the shapes of animals. The sight of the hyæna would not have brought conviction to their minds that the disturber of the night was nothing but a hungry animal. Soon after we arrived in Trichinopoly a murder case came before the cantonment magistrate. A villager had killed an old woman, a stranger, who was travelling south, begging her way along. The poor old body had been forsaken by her family, who had gone to Ceylon. She was in search of them. The man was in his field having just finished his day's work. The sun had set, and it was the moment when the devils of India are supposed to awake and go forth on their errands of mischief and spite. He saw the old woman approaching and took her for a devil. Snatching up his marmotty, he rushed at her and slew her on the spot, in the full belief that he had conferred a benefit upon the hamlet by his prompt action. This was the only reason and excuse he could offer for his conduct.

Although many Europeans died of disease and were killed round the old Fort of Gingee, there is no sign of a cemetery to be seen in or near the place. A piece of ground must have been set apart for that purpose, as was customary at every station occupied by Europeans, whether English, French, or of any other nation. Probably tombstones were erected over the graves to mark the spot. If this were so, the monuments were destroyed when the fort was given back to the native Prince. The stones, no longer protected, were carried off by the inhabitants of the town that lies at the foot of the hills. The Hindu discovered long ago that a monumental slab

makes an excellent curry-stone. Caste scruples have not interfered with the preparation of curry-stuffs or the building of houses with the spoils of a Christian cemetery. A few engraved stones have been rescued in various parts of the Presidency; numbers that might have borne valuable family records and preserved names that live in history have been lost for ever.

Of late years Government has interfered to preserve old burial-grounds where Europeans have been interred from desecration and destruction; and a record has been made of the most important of the names mentioned.

The great plain of the Carnatic lying between the Coromandel Coast on the east and the plateau lands of Mysore on the west was once studded with forts of various degrees of strength. Many of them have been utterly destroyed like that at Trichinopoly. Some are in ruins like Fort St. David and Gingee. A few remain intact like Fort St. George in Madras, although, as a place of defence, it would stand little chance if the artillery of modern days were brought to bear upon it.

The earliest were mere earthworks faced with sun-dried bricks. They were sufficiently strong to protect the inhabitants from such aggressors as were armed only with pikes and bows and arrows. When the more warlike Mahrattas descended upon the Carnatic from the north-west, they took possession of the old mud forts without difficulty, and pulling them down, rebuilt them with dressed stone. Their method of building showed considerable military skill, and it has been conjectured that they had Europeans among them to teach them the art of fortification.

One of the best specimens of fort building by the Mahrattas is to be found at Vellore, whither I went to pay a visit during my residence at Trichinopoly. The fort is situated on the plain near some rocky hills which at the

period of its erection were too far off to command it. The massive blocks of stone that form the walls and bastions were dressed with such precision that in putting them together no mortar was necessary. Each stone fitted like the section of a puzzle into its place. The labour—most probably forced—must have been infinite to shape and build on such a system. Walls and bastions still stand as firmly and symmetrically as when the builders left them; not by virtue of the blood sacrifices, too probably human, that were made as the foundations were laid, but by the consummate skill of the master-mind who directed the painstaking mason. The evidence of this enormous amount of labour is striking throughout the Presidency. The stones had to be quarried and carried to the spot where the building was to be erected. The earth had to be excavated to form the moat that surrounded every fort that did not crown a hill. There were no cranes, no powerful engines to lessen the task. The toilers had nothing but primitive tools, strong ropes, and their own strength to serve them. The labour force was unrestricted by any limitations in the matter of age or hours. The full wage of an ablebodied man did not exceed fourpence a day. His wife was content with twopence, and his children earned only half that amount. The length of the day of labour was from sunrise to sunset, and the wages were paid in food at a valuation set by the employer himself.

The fort at Vellore is eloquent of the busy past. Every stone tells its tale. When finished it was reckoned the strongest building in the Carnatic. A testimony to its strength lies in the fact that it never fell to Haider Ali, although he blockaded it and cleared the country round it of food supplies. As is usual with Indian forts, there is a temple and a palace within the walls. Like that at Dindigul the shrine was desecrated by the Mohammedans,

who killed a cow in the adytum. The outrage was committed when the Nabobs of Arcot ruled the district. Close to the temple is a tank. Tradition declares that there is a subterranean way from the tank leading out of the fort into the country and passing beneath the foundations of the walls and bed of the moat. Connected with this passage there is a jewel chamber. The entrance to the tunnel is submerged, and when I looked for trace of doorway I could see none. Once the water sank unusually low, I was told by a resident, and the entrance was uncovered. Tempted by the hope of finding treasure, some one ventured to explore the passage. He did not get very far. The presence of snakes drove him back, and before he could summon up sufficient courage to repeat the attempt the water rose again and covered up the entrance. Tales of subterranean passages and hidden treasure are related of every fort and temple. The Hindu is a born gambler, and he will spend days in a fruitless search for what usually proves a will-o'-the-wisp. If treasure is found the secret is kept.

The moat at Vellore contained crocodiles. Pliny relates that these reptiles were turned off into the moats for the purpose of preventing desertions among the garrison. Tavernier corroborates the statement, which seems reasonable. The saurian is undoubtedly a very unpleasant creature for a swimmer to encounter. The crocodile, common to moats, tanks, ponds, and rivers of India, is better known as the mugger. It is the scavenger of the fresh-water world, as the jackal is the scavenger on dry land. It eats fish, animals, and human beings. There is a horrible tradition that in the old days, when native princes hunted the mugger, the best bait to draw the reptile from his lair was a black baby. The wailing of the deserted child never failed to bring it out. Many tales are told of men who have ventured within its reach,

and have swum the moats in defiance of the mugger. They have not always escaped. Some have been wounded; others have lost their lives. When the crocodile has secured his prey he does not consume it at once, but buries it in the mud as a dog buries a bone.

In some parts of India the mugger is held sacred, and is fed by its devotees like the cobra. The pujah is an act of propitiation. A power of evil is recognised in the personality of the mugger, and its hideous appearance goes a long way to support the belief. The only individual who prefers a request is the barren woman. She seems to think that it can assist her, a strange belief considering that the reptile is her deadly enemy. Many women going to the river or the tank to draw water have been seized and carried off. Lying flat and motionless upon the river bank, or floating like a log upon the water, the mugger escapes the notice of his victim. She stoops to fill her pot. The grey log becomes animated with hideous life. There is a sudden silent rush. The enormous jaws close with a snap upon the tender flesh of a limb, and before she can utter a shriek for assistance she is drawn under water and held there until her struggles cease. Then she is hidden away in the reptile's larder. Her companions have not noticed the tragedy, so quietly has the undertaker, as Kipling aptly calls him, gone to work. Presently she is missed and a search is made. No sign is visible to give a hint of her awful fate. Her water-pot lies at the bottom of the river out of sight, and she is never seen again. Should vengeance in the shape of a sportsman ever overtake the mugger and an unerring bullet lay him low, the secret of the girl's disappearance is revealed. Her bangles and anklets with those of other victims are found in the stomach. A ball or two of black hair that once shone in soft glossy locks may also be discovered with the jewellery.

A party of the English residents of Trichinopoly made an excursion to the Cauvery while I was there. A boat was procured and some of them went for a row on the river. As they glided along a lady trailed her hand in the water. Suddenly a log-like object came silently to the surface scarcely a foot from the tempting white fingers. With a startled exclamation one of the rowers bade her take her hand out of the water. The mugger disappeared, sinking below the surface as suddenly as he had come up, and was not seen again. The danger was over and the matter was treated lightly, but there was a disagreeable possibility about the incident which might easily have turned it into a tragedy.

A legend relating to the miraculous origin of the mugger may account for the veneration in which the reptile is held. An ascetic of superlative sanctity took a vow that he would travel throughout the entire length of Hindustan without making his toilet. When he reached the end of his journey he stepped into one of the sacred tanks of the north and shook himself. His travelling companions that had made the journey as passengers upon his person fell into the water. So imbued with virtue were they from having lived so long with their patron that they did not drown. They grew and increased in size and numbers until the tanks and rivers were stocked with muggers.

Vellore was taken by the English (1761) during the war with Chunda Sahib and the French. From that time it was an important post between the Coromandel Coast and Mysore. In 1806 it was the scene of a serious mutiny among the sepoys. For half a century the Europeans had been busy evolving a serviceable native force out of the raw material. Their efforts were attended with marked success, and the sepoy proved an efficient fighting man. In the desire to make him a perfect soldier

the military authorities lost sight of the important fact that first and foremost he was a Hindu full of conservatism. The traditions of his caste and his religion were nearer to his heart than even life itself. He accepted the uniform without objection, although it was different from the dress of his ancestors. When it came to depriving him of his caste marks and interfering with his turban, wherein all his dignity and self-respect lay, he rebelled. Instead of the turban he was ordered to wear a head-covering which resembled that of a low-caste person. The belief was general throughout the ranks that this was only the first step towards forcing Christianity upon him. Colonel James Brunton, an experienced old officer of the Company, warned the Commander-in-Chief that it was unwise. His caution was unheeded; the first batch of protesting sepoys were punished and the order was rigidly executed.

One hot morning in July 1806 just before dawn the smouldering sparks of discontent broke out into open rebellion. The sepoys shot their officers and a considerable number of European soldiers as they lay asleep in barracks, and took possession of the fort. Within the walls was a palace where the sons of Tippu were in residence under the charge of a military political officer. The mutineers declared for the state-prisoners, and called upon the eldest Prince to come out and join them, a step, fortunately for himself, he did not take. The English flag was pulled down from the fort flagstaff, and the Mysore flag, said to have been handed out from one of the palace windows, was hoisted.

A party of the 69th European Regiment, stationed at Vellore, made a gallant attempt to dislodge the rebels. They succeeded in retaking the gateway and three of the entrances under a heavy fire. The raising of the drawbridge was thus prevented, an important matter, as it

would have delayed the relief of the fort. The fourth and innermost gate was in the hands of the enemy, who kept up so fierce a fire that it was impossible to take it without guns. The 69th also succeeded in reaching the flagstaff, and a soldier attempted to haul down the objectionable flag. He was shot in the attempt. His death did not deter others from the hazardous task. The flag was lowered by two men, who volunteered, amid a shower of bullets.

Meanwhile a message had been promptly sent to Arcot asking for assistance. Colonel Floyd's old corps, the 19th Dragoons, received the news just as they were about to go on parade. The men, who boasted that they were 'proof against sun and arrack' and were the 'Terrors of the East,' started then and there with Colonel Gillespie (afterwards Sir R. R. Gillespie) at the head of the force. On arrival at Vellore they found that they would have to wait until the galloper guns arrived before they could burst in the inner gate. While they waited Gillespie at his own request was drawn up by a rope on to the gateway, where he encouraged the men who held the position.

When the guns arrived the barred gate was blown in under the direction of Lieutenant Blakiston, who gives a full account of the rebellion in his 'Memoirs,' and the fort was retaken. Colonel Fancourt, who commanded the garrison, was murdered with twelve officers. A hundred men of the 69th also were killed and nearly as many more were wounded. When the mutiny first broke out, Colonel Fancourt ran out of his house, which was near the mainguard, to ascertain the cause of the firing. He was shot down close to his own door. Mrs. Fancourt had a narrow escape. With the help of her servants she hid in a fowlhouse, where she lay half dead with terror under a heap of fuel until the Dragoons arrived. Another

Englishwoman was saved from peril by a sepoy whose wife was her ayah. He took her to his barracks, disguised in a long military cloak, and guarded her until the danger was over. If help had not been so ready at hand, and the 19th so quick in responding to the call, the death roll would have been far greater, and would have included the English women. Fortunately the sepoys were too fully employed in holding the fort to find time to sack and burn the houses in the cantonment.

It was thought best to remove the Mysore princes to Calcutta. Probably the rebellion had their full sympathy. The claws of the young tigers were growing and their father's kingdom was close at hand. They had a large number of retainers, many of whom attended the seditious meetings of the sepoys. It was but natural that hope should spring up in the heart of Futteh Haider, the eldest of the four. Some years later one of these princes, a pensioner in England, was a large holder of stock in the East India Company, the Company that had defeated his father.

The country round Vellore is rich in fields of grain. The hills break the monotony of the plain and are picturesque in their rocky outline, but they shut out the air. On the top of Koilasghur, sometimes called Kailasa, there is a bungalow. The site is suggestive of airy breezes and a temporary escape from the fiery heat. Appearances are not to be trusted, however. The spot has no water supply and the elevation is not above fever height. In spite of these drawbacks the bungalow has had occupants at various times, who have braved the dilemmas attendant on a difficult transport, and reconciled themselves to the irregular visits of the milkman and the dhoby.

Buried in an old number of the Bangalore parish magazine is the following story from the pen of the editor,

the Rev. H. A. Williams, chaplain. Whether it relates to the house on Koilasghur he does not say.

'About 5 P.M. one afternoon twelve years ago the general of a certain division galloped up to my house and told me that a very sad event had happened in the station. The wife of the judge had fallen down dead. On making further inquiries, I was informed that one of the court peons had just come in with the news and was unshaken in his statement.

'To understand the matter aright, my readers must know that the judge had built a house for himself on the summit of a high hill, which rose more than a thousand feet above the station. It was reached by a very circuitous and rough road engineered by the judge himself.

'On asking the general if it would not be well to ride up to the house and verify the fact on the spot, he said he feared it was only too true; and as it was getting late and the next day happened to be Sunday, he thought I had better make immediate arrangements for the funeral. He also considered that it would be best to have the burial in the evening of Sunday in place of the usual service, the cemetery being two miles distant.

'Regarding the expression of his wish as an order, I rode off to the town as soon as possible. On arriving at the house of the church clerk, who was also the local undertaker, I told him the sad news and we proceeded to business. First I asked him whether he could make a coffin and have everything ready in time. He said he had on hand a large first-class coffin which was made for a man. As the poor deceased lady was on a somewhat large scale perhaps it would suit. I was shown the grim article and agreed with him that he could not do better. I told him to send it up without delay, as it was heavy and the hill on the side facing the town was precipitous, it was ten miles round by the easier road.

'I then rode back and comforted my mind that I had done my duty zealously and expeditiously. Our community was a small one, and in spite of some mutual failings we had been a very united and pleasant little society. Many were the parties and afternoons we had shared together, and as I sat down to my solitary meal I felt regret for the loss of the lady. It was a sad duty that I had just performed, and I had done my best to discharge it.

'The evening passed and night came. I was sleeping with an easy conscience, when a loud knocking outside woke me up. I hastened to the door and there stood another court peon with a note from the doctor stating briefly: "False alarm. Mrs. So-and-so is doing well and is eating her supper."

'Oh! agony; oh! horror, to think of that huge coffin carried up to the front door in the morning just as she was sitting down to breakfast!

'It was then past midnight. The town where the undertaker lived was three miles off, and there was about the same distance again to the foot of the hill, across a dreadful rough country intersected by deep nullahs and sprinkled plentifully with rocks. Was it possible I could reach the base of the hill and stop the coolies with their horrible burden before it was too late? The lady would surely have a fit in reality if she saw them. Thinking it was hopeless to get across the country and to catch the coolies, I sent a runner down to the clerk with a letter saying that Mrs. Judge was not dead, and that he must get back the coffin at once.

'And now it is time to follow it. Obedient to my orders the clerk had despatched the coffin with extra coolies for the hill journey. They were ordered to deliver it as expeditiously as possible. They toiled along for about four miles and then began to ascend the hill.

Finding their burden heavy and the path rocky, they sat down when they were half way up and waited for the breaking of the day.

'I could never follow events exactly after that point, and I never dared to question the judge. One thing was certain that the coffin did not go up to the house. I believe that one of the coolies went up and told the judge that there was a large box waiting for him on the hill-side. Being an active man he went down to see *what it was like*.

'Acting on the principle that the least said is the soonest mended, I was quite satisfied to hear that it returned to the clerk; and I paid the coolies.

'The judge never alluded to the subject, but the lady did not forgive me so easily. Some weeks afterwards we met on a public ground. She shook hands with me and exclaimed: "Oh! how shocking! Death is written in your face. It is truly awful; you are perfectly ghastly!"

'I understood what she meant and laughed as I explained that it was not my fault. The general had ordered me to make the arrangement for burying her, and therefore she ought to slay him and not me. Thereat we were good friends again, and I have never engaged since to order another coffin for a lady who had fainted.'

. . . . .

After a residence of some years on the plains we returned to England on furlough. Never had the green marshes and silvery stretches of the Thames seemed so sweet as on the morning when our homeward-bound vessel passed out of the turmoil of the channel into the smooth water of the estuary. A lark singing overhead seemed a messenger sent expressly to greet us. The deep tone of the lowing cattle, so different from the pig-like grunts of the Indian cow, was a direct call from home;

and grey smoky London was positively beautiful to our homesick eyes.

Down in the depths of East Anglia we found a temporary anchorage among old friends and faces. Their welcome was warm, their comments outspoken to frankness. Said the oldest inhabitant of the village with a note of surprise: 'So you've been living in India all this while, hev' yer? Well! you don't look like it, for yer haint turned yaller!'

INDEX

À Becket, Gilbert, 143, 144
À Becket, Matilda, 145
À Becket, Thomas, 143, 145
Adam, Mr., 46
Adyar, 87
Adyar Club, 68, 69
Adyar River, 68–71
Agastyan, 303, 304
Ahmednuggar, 186
Akil-ud-dowlah, 149, 150
Akola, 51
Alfred the Great, 72
Aliwal, 40
Allen, Grace, 157
Allen, Major, 185
Alum Bagh, 134
Amir Mahal, 130, 131
Amraoti, 51
Amritam, 308
Anderson, J., M.D., 108, 111, 112, 325
Angria, 93, 94
Arbuthnot, 46, 70
Arcot, 90
Arcot, Nabob of, 340
Arcot, North, 331
Arcot, Prince of, 130, 131
Arcot, South, 314, 320
Armstrong, Captain D. E., 239
Arnee, 185
Arnold, Dr., 44
Arnold, Matthew, 45
Arnold, Sarah, 181
Aston, Colonel H. H., 185
Auchmuty, Sir S., 180
Aurungzebe, 284, 315, 334
Austerlitz, 324
Ayeetha, legend of, 253
Azim Jah, Prince, 130, 131
Babblers, 226
Baird-Smith, Colonel R., 39–43
Balfour, 113, 127
Ball, Rev. C., 187
Bangalore, 31, 155, 306
Banks, Sir J., 111
Banyan tree, 63–65
Barbet, 226
Barker, Miss C., 89, 93
Barnard, 40
Bayly, Colonel, 232
Belsches, Dr., 326
Benfield, P., 125
Benson, Dr., 85
Benza, P., 112
Berars, 51
Bernadotte, 323, 324
Binny, 127
Bird, J., 234, 235
Blacker, Colonel V., 28
Blacktown, 24, 77, 83, 88, 100, 117, 119, 121, 122, 124–126
Blakiston, Lieutenant J., 185, 186, 344
Bliss, Sir H., 36
Bloome, Serjeant, 181
Boddam, 81
Bombay, 45, 94, 327
Bostock, 70, 71
Botanical Gardens, 38, 111
Bo-tree, 65
Bouchet, 176
Bradley, 45
Branson, R., 38, 128
Brewer, Mrs., 155
Brodie Castle, 69
Brodie House, 69
Brodie, J., 69
Brohier, J., 80–82

Brown, A., 180
Browne, Colonel, 233
Brunton, Colonel J., 343
Buchanan, Dr., 5
Buckingham, Duke of, 35, 98, 100–107
Buffon, 321
Budniera, 51
Bulkley, E., 108, 325
Buonaparte, J., 324
Burke, 125
Burma, 193
Burr, 85
Busteed, Dr., 319
Byng, Colonel, 299

Calcutta, 81, 132, 345
Caldwell, Bishop, 168, 240, 242, 245, 247, 248
Caldwell, Mrs., 245, 248
Caldwell, Colonel, J. L., 31
Call, Sir J., 81
Cambay, 145
Campbell, P., 207
Capper, Colonel, 25
Capper House Hotel, 24
Capuchins, 74
Carlyle, 151
Carmichael, D. F., 36
Carol, 186
Carnatic, Nabob of, 99, 177, 230
Carter, H. R. P., 38
Caste, legend of, 274
Cautley, Sir P., 39
Cauvery River, 164, 166, 176, 230, 289, 342
Cawnpore, 133
Ceylon, 81
Chamberlain, Sir N., 38, 41
Chamberlain, Streenivasa, 269
Chambers, G., 85
Chamier, Colonel S. H. E., 36
Chamier's Road, 68, 69
Chapman, J., 183
Chardin, Sir J., 127
Chardin, D., 127
Charles XIII., 324
Charles XIV., 324
Chatham, Lord, 94
Chennaputnam, 82
Chepak, 82, 99, 130
Chepak Palace, 131
Cherry, 34
Chetput, 79, 108, 122
Child, Sir J., 121
Chilianwalla, 40
Chinnia, 315
Chintadripettah, 84, 87, 116
Chora, 1
Choultry Gate, 119, 123
Choultry Plain, 27–29, 83, 88, 108, 116, 117, 228
Choultry Street, 93
Christ Church, Trichinopoly, 191, 234
Christie, Turnbull, 112
Chunda Sahib, 171–173, 342
Clarke, R., 34
Clery, Mdlle. D., 324
Clery, General C. F., 324
Clive, 14, 99, 171, 172, 174, 176, 286, 319, 320, 326, 327
Closeburn, 147
Clough, 45
Cochin, 52, 127
Cockerill, Surgeon-Major R., 37, 102
Cogan, A., 3
Colladam, 171
Colleroon, 171
Colombo, 67
Coimbatore, 66
Conjeeveram, 126, 136, 332
Connimeer, 91, 92
Conway, General, 327
Coonoor, 57
Coote, Sir Eyre, 14, 84, 110
Cooum, 24, 75, 84, 88, 108, 116, 118, 123, 125
Coplestone, Bishop, 55
Coppersmith bird, 226
Cornish, Surgeon-General, 37
Cornish, H., 38, 70
Cornwall, Captain H., 94
Cornwallis, Lord, 14, 84
Corrie, Bishop, 248
Cotton, Bishop, 47, 248
Cotton, J. J., 34
Courtallum, 168, 303
Cranganore, 5
Crawford, 141
Crows, 227, 228
Cuddalore, 29, 82, 90, 91, 314
Cupid's Bow, Madras, 24

Curgenven, P., 93
Curgenven, Rev. T., 94
Curgenven, W., 95

Da Costa, 140
Dalton's bastion, 176
Darke, C., 230, 233
Darke, Rebecca, 230, 232
Darke, Rebecca Juliana, 231, 232
Dare, 127
David, 202
Day, Francis, 3
Dealtry, Bishop, 47, 264
Deccan, 113
De Fries, 127
De Havilland, Major F. T., 31–33, 82
Delhi, 35, 39, 40, 133
De Monte, 68, 69, 74, 87, 127
Denmark, 179
Dennison, Sir W., 71
De Quincey, Miss F. E., 42
De Quincey, Saher, 42
De Rozario, H., 140
De Sausmerez, T., 34
Deux Amis, The, 322
De Vries, J., 127
Dindigul, 285, 339
Doab Canal, 39
Dod, Miss, 44
Dodabetta, 336
Donald, W., 37
Douglas, J., 327
Dragon, The, 109
Drury, Archdeacon, 35
Drury, Mrs., 35
Drury, G. D., 35
Duff, Lady Margaret, 69
Dupleix, 321, 323
Dupre, 320

Edward VII., 238
Egmore, 88, 108, 116
Elers, Captain, 151, 185, 233
Eliot, G., 34
Elliot, W., 113
Ellichpore, 51
Elphinstone Hotel, 29
Elwes, Archdeacon, 57, 58
Elwes, Mrs., 58–60
Emmanuel Church, Madras, 35
Erode, 163, 164, 289
Euphorbus, 319
Eurasian Association, 139

Fay, Mrs., 126
Fife, Earl of, 69
Finland, 324
Flamboyant, 63
Fleming, Myles, 183
Floyd, Sir John, 231, 233, 344
Fluke, W, 183
Folke, 94
Fontmell, 35
Forbes, L., 37
Fordyce, Chaplain, 326
Forjett (Forgett), 327, 328
Formby, Dr., 85
Fort St. David, 82, 316, 334, 338
Fort St. George, 27, 39, 76, 82, 117, 126, 191, 315, 316, 338
Fossett, C, 182
Fountaigne, 81
Fox, Rev. H. W., 45, 46
Franklin, Sir J., 57
Franklin, Miss E., 57
Fraser, W., 147
Fraser, Lieut. T., 100
Fryer, 87
Furnell, Surgeon-Major, 37
Futteh Haider, 345

Garden Bridge, 88
Gardner, Alan, Baron, 145
Gardner, Colonel W. L., 145
Garrow, 117, 127
Garrow, G., 34
Garrow, J., 34
Garrow, Theodosia, 34
Garstin, 320
Garuda, 312
Gell, Bishop, 25, 44–58, 235, 248
Gell, Miss C., 48, 58
Gell, J. F., 57
Gell, Rev. J. P., 57
Gell, P., 44
General Hospital, 87, 88
Gentoo Town, 118, 120, 123, 124

Georgetown, 8, 24, 87, 117, 118, 128, 129
Gibbs, 132, 134, 136, 137
Gillespie, Sir R. R., 344
Gingee, 314, 332, 334, 337, 338
Globe, The, 1, 4
Goa, 7
Golden Rock, 304
Gordon, Major Conway, 36
Gordon, Captain Evans, 37
Government House, 98, 99
Graham, General, 35
Graham, Marianne, 35
Grant, Captain, 186
Guava Garden, 89, 123
Gulmohr, 63
Gutherie, Colonel, 37
Guzarat, 40
Gyfford, 91
Gyles, 230

Haider Ali, 28, 171, 188, 321, 339
Hamilton, Captain A., 92
Hansi, 147
Harington, 127
Harris, 113
Harrow, 45
Hart, 133, 134
Hastings, Warren, 83
Havelock, Sir A., 98
Havelock, Sir H., 133
Hawkins, W., 233
Heathcote, The, 78
Heber, Bishop, 5, 64, 131, 191, 235, 236, 248
Hendrick, W., 184
Herklots, 113
Heyne, B., 112, 148, 165, 166
Hill, Captain P., 135, 136
Hillier, Serjeant, 327
Hobart, Lord, 84
Hobart, Colonel, 37
Hodson, 46
Hogg, 42
Hope, Captain F. H., 70
Horne, General, 232
Hughes, 45
Hyde, Archdeacon, 139
Hyderabad, 147, 148, 151, 236

Idaiyangudi, 240
Illavan, 303
Imhoff, Mrs., 83
Imlach, 140
Innes, L. C., 36
Ipomea creeper, 23
Italy, 7
Irwin, 233

Jalandhara, 220
James, Rev. H. P., 225
James, W., 183
James II., 122
James, Mrs., 158
James, Commodore, 81
Java, 2
Jerdon, T. C., 113–116, 324
John, 195
Johnstone, G., 64
Jortin (Jordan), 184
Juba, 319
Julfa, 68, 127

Kali, 11, 272, 293
Kali-yuga, 313
Keene, H. G., 42
Kennet, Rev. Dr., 5
Kenney-Herbert, Colonel, 37
Keough, 104
Keston, 147
Khair-un-nissa, 148, 151
Kindersley, R., 37
King, Surgeon-Major, 34
Kipling, 341
Kirkpatrick, J., 147
Kirkpatrick, Colonel J. A., 147–149, 151
Kirkpatrick, Colonel W., 147, 152
Kirkpatrick, Miss K., 151
Klein, C. D., 180, 183
Kohlhoff, 182, 183
Koilasghur (Kailasa), 345, 346
Kolomayi, 288, 291
Krishna, 221

Lake, General, 146
Lally, 99, 124, 125, 319, 320, 322, 325

Lancaster, Sir J., 109
Landor, 34
Law, 172
Law Courts, 89, 124, 172
Lawrence, Colonel Stringer, 83, 172, 175, 176
Lawson, Sir C., 38, 70
Light, 34
Lloyd, 159
Leeming, 106
Lelant, 93
Lemoze, W., 181
Lennon, Major, 233
Lewis, T., 183
Leyden, J., 112, 113
Locke, 34
Lotteries, 30
Love, Colonel, 99, 130
Loyola, Ignatius, 6
Lucknow, 134
Lutter, Serjeant, 184
Luz, The, 58, 73, 74
Luz, The, church, 74

M'Adam, 31
McBane, J, 182
McIver, The Misses, 70, 71
McIver, J., 70
McIver, Sir Lewis, 71
Mackay, 28, 83
Mackenzie, Captain, 186
Madeiros, L., 98, 99
Madras Literary Society, 113
Madras Harbour, 11
Madras Municipality, 121
Madras Mail, The, 35, 38, 70, 113
Madura, 188, 197, 285
Malabar, 305
Male Asylum, 30
Maliapha Emporium, 72
Mandara, 308
Manilla, 68
Manu, 313
Manucci, 335
Marco Polo, 72, 74
Margosa, 66, 67
Marmalong Bridge, 68, 127
Martindale, 140
Master, Streynsham, 92
Master, C. G., 37
Masulipatam, 2, 46
Mathew, 197
Matlock, 44
Mayne, J. D., 71
Medical College, 87
Middleton, Bishop, 34, 248
Middleton, Sir H., 109
Milman, 248
Minas, 227
Moberly, Colonel, 37
Monegar Choultry, 19
Monackgee, 172, 173
Moonaswamy, 54
Moorat, 127, 128
Mootimah, Mary, 180
Morgan, Corporal, 182
Morley, Bishop, 49, 54, 58
Morning Glory, 226
Morse, N., 98
Mount Road, 29, 67, 100, 106, 129
Mowbray Road, 67
Muckwas, 3–9, 33, 36
Muckwa Chief, 9
Muhammad Ali Nawab, 82
Munro, Sir T., 84
Munro, Miss K., 147
Munro, A., 147
Mylapore, 6, 68, 72, 73, 98, 117, 120, 128, 129
Mysore, 83, 301, 317, 338, 342
Mysore, Rajah, 51, 178

Nana Sahib, 133
Napier Park, 116
Napoleon, 324
Neem, 66
Neill, 132, 133
Neumann, 184
Newbolt, Sir J., 113
New Guinea, 322
Nicholson, 41
Nicks, J., 89–92
Nicks, Mrs., 88–92, 119
Nicks, Elihu, 89
Nilgiris, 112, 113, 304, 336
Nizam, The, 237
Noble, 45
Nungumbaukum, 108, 111, 116, 122

O'Brien, 214
Ogilvie, J. D., 34
Oldenburg, 127

Ootacamund, 35, 240
Orme, 173, 317
Oude, Vizier of, 325

Palghat, 58, 60
Parcherry School, 35
Parkes, Lady Fanny, 145
Parry, 127, 227
Pas Rose, 225
Patterson, Major, 186
Peel, Sir Robert, 230
Pennant, 322
Pepul, 65
Phillips, Captain J. W., 151
Phipps, 184
Pigot, Lord, 83
Pinsent, C., 85
Pitt, Miss D., 94
Pitt, Governor, 77, 78, 88, 94, 98, 325
Pliny, 340
Pohle, Rev. C., 180–182, 191, 204, 231
Pondicherry, 28, 35, 91, 315, 320–325
Poonamalee, 180
Popham, Sir Home, 125
Popham, Captain J., 126
Popham, Stephen, 125
Popham, Mrs., 126
Popham, W., 126
Porto Novo, 315
Pote, C., 140
Power, 187
Prescot, Captain, 233
Prescott, Colonel, 52
Price, Sir F., 37
Probyn, Sir L., 34, 36
Ptolemy, 72
Puducottah, 175
Purdie, 183
Puttoor, 205, 248, 288, 289
Pycroft, Sir T., 108

Raksha, 302, 303
Ramaswamy, 55
Ramnad, 188
Ramrod, 55
Reilly, 266–269
Richards, 201
Ricketts, J. W., 140, 141
Rideout, Colonel J. W., 34
Rishis, 313
Robins, Mrs., 209
Robinson, 182
Robinson, Sir W., 36
Roberts, Lord, 40, 100, 236–238
Roberts, Lady, 237, 238
Roebuck, 127
Roorkee, 40, 41
Ross, Surgeon-Major R., 108
Ross, J., 181
Rotherham, Miss F., 95
Rotherham, J., 95
Rothmuller, 182
Roxburgh, 113, 325
Rugby, 44
Ruttamullee, 239

Saidapet, 37, 111, 112
St. Chrysostom, 130
St. George, 3
St. George's Cathedral, 27, 35, 48
St. George's Bridge, 99
St. James's, Delhi, 147
St. John's, Notting Hill, 57
St. John's, Trichinopoly, 210, 235, 239
St. Mary's, Fort St. George, 19, 30, 84
St. Mary's Bridge, 87
St. Paul, 143
St. Peter's, Madras, 7
St. Thomas, 4, 6, 11, 72, 74
St. Thomas's Mount, 6, 25, 27, 28, 68, 225
St. Thomé, 71–73, 99
St. Thomé Gate, 29
St. Timothy, 143
St. Xavier, 4–6
Salkeld, Rev. R., 35
Salkeld, Lieutenant, 35
Sandhurst, Lord, 45
Sargent, Bishop, 248
Savage, Ensign, 182
Sayers, Rev. Dr., 85
Schwartz, Rev. C. F., 178–181, 187–191, 204, 234
Seaton, Captain F., 77–79
Serfogee, 188
Seringapatam, 188, 322
Serpent wood, 305
Seton-Karr, Mr., 45
Seven sisters, 227

Sewell, H., 331
Sewell, Mrs. H., 335, 336
Shaw, J., 38
Sherbourne School, 93, 94
Sherer, 45
Shortt, 113
Siebel, 81
Simla, 36
Sindamoni Gate, 184
Singampatti, 168
Sivajee, 283, 331
Skinner, Colonel J., 85
Smith, Captain C. J., 85
Smith, Mrs. F. F., 296
Smith, Colonel Joe, 29
Snaith, 237
Sobraon, 40
Somerville, Lord, 96
Sonnerat, 321, 322
Srirungam, 172, 175, 286
Stanley, Dean, 45
Steavenson, J., 38
Strange, Sir T., 70
Stratton, G., 34
Stuart, General, 323
Suffrein, 321
Sullivan, H. E., 36
Sunnaswamy, 55
Surat, 19, 94
Surfflict, 109
Sweden, 324

Tait, Archbishop, 46, 47
Tamarind, 66
Tanjore, 172, 188, 189, 250, 252, 258
Tarrant, H. A., 38
Tavernier, 340
Taylor, Rev. W., 189
Thames, 88
Thomas, 261
Thomas, Sir W., 125
Temple, Colonel J., 70
Tennant, Colonel T., 36
Teynampet, 29, 73, 111
Tinian pine (Casuarina), 23
Tinnevelly, 168, 240
Tippoo, Sultan, 29, 30, 112, 171
Tirumal, 170
Tolson, Captain, 78
Tomlinson, Mrs., 58–60
Tondiman, 175
Tranquebar, 178, 179
Travancore, 52, 113, 289
Trichinopoly, 50, 66, 102, 113, 163, *passim* to 310
Triplicane, 82, 83, 98, 99, 122, 128–130
Trollope, A., 34
Trollope, T., 34
Tulsi, 220, 222
Tulip tree, 67
Tupakala, 332, 333
Turnbull, 85
Turner, 248
Turner, J., 182
Tuticorin, 247
Twineham, N., 183
Twining, 227

Uniara, 147
Ure, Dr. and Mrs., 151
Uscan, P., 68, 127

Valentia, Lord, 130, 324, 325
Vansittart, 81
Varada, 333
Vasuki, 308
Vatapi, 303
Vaughan, Dean, 45, 47
Vellore, 338, 340, 342, 344, 345
Viceroy, The, 101, 102
Victoria, Queen, 223
Vincent, 261
Vishnu, 220, 283, 307, 312, 332, 333
Voltaire, 320

Wagenheim, Colonel, 323, 324
Wales, Prince of, 98, 238
Wallace, 233
Wallajabad, 181
Wallajah Bridge, 80, 82–84, 88
Wallajah, Nawab, 130
Walthamstow, 94
Wandiwash, 110
Webster, Forster, 238
Weir, 64
Weldon, Colonel T., 37
Wellington, Duke of, 29, 84, 100

West Hampnett, 36
Whitehead, 56, 57, 243
Whitetown, 119, 122, 123
Wight, R., 112
Williams, 184
Williams, Rev. H. A., 346
Wilson, Bishop, 55, 241, 248
Wilson, Sir A., 40, 41
Wood, Colonel, 188
Wordsworth, 140
Worriore, 170, 230, 232, 248, 294
Wyacondah, 230, 299
Wyatt, Rev. J. L., 240
Wyatt, Mrs., 248
Wyvern, 37

YALE, Elihu, 83–92, 98, 118, 123, 316
Yale, Mrs., 89, 119

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO. LTD., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON